The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833 — SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1890. — PRICE FIVE CENTS

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WAH-KEE'S LAUNDRY,

No. 8 W. Wayne St

Shirts	10
Collars	2
Cuffs, per pair	4
Drawers	8
Undershirts	7
Night shirts	8
Socks, per pair	5
Handkerchiefs	2
Neckties	3

Big reduction from above prices for Starching and Ironing only.

THE ATLANTIC MEAT MARKET.

Round Beefsteak, 8lb for 25c.
Beef Roast, per lb, 7c; Loin Steak, per lb, 10c.
Soup Beef, per lb, 5c.
Pork Chops, per lb, 7c.
Roast of Pork, per lb, 6c.
Side Pork, per lb, 6c.
Smoked Ham, per lb, 10c.
Smoked Shoulders, per lb, 6c.
Smoked Boneless Ham, per lb, 10c.
Bacon, per lb, 8c; Pickled Pork, per lb, 8c.
Pure Kettle Rendered Lard, per lb, 8c.
Blood Pudding, per lb, 7c.
Bologna Sausage, per lb, 7c.
Wiener Wurst, per lb, 10c;
Head Cheese, per lb, 7c.
Liver Pudding, per lb, 5c.
Pork Sausage, per lb, 8c.
Poultry, Butter and Eggs always on hand, as cheap as the cheapest, at F. PARROTS,
jan27-1m No. 98 E. Columbia St.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.

Our Line of New

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

This season has been a surprise to the Ladies.

Amongst the many buyers in this department this week it has been the general verdict that for

Style, Workmanship, Material,

And Low Prices, our line this season far excels any other ever shown in the city.

Why try to make your

Underwear!

Or pay a big price for an inferior quality of goods, when we will sell you the best made and of the best material for the same money.

So Many Ladies' Say:

"I can't buy my underwear ready made as I can't get anything to fit me. They are never large enough."

WE HAVE

Convinced a great many ladies during this week that we can fit them, and some who have never been able to buy ready made Underwear before.

Our sizes are not cut scant, but are cut full and large and with the assortment we have, we can suit and fit anyone.

We cordially invite every Lady to come and inspect our line.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.

54 Calhoun St.

WRECKS OF A DAY!

A Fatal Collision at Bairdstown, O.--Fearful Crash in Michigan and Another in Ontario.

NORTH BALTIMORE, Ohio, Feb. 15.—A west bound freight and an east-bound stock train collided near Bairdstown last evening. Both engines and several cars of both trains are a mass of ruins. A large number of hogs and sheep were killed.

A young man by the name of Bowersox, of Garrett, Ind., who was riding on the engine of the stock train, was fatally injured. William Reynolds, brakeman of the local freight, is missing. His body will probably be found beneath the debris, as he was upon the second car when the engines collided. Brakeman Ellison, of the local, is injured to some extent, but will probably recover.

RUSHED DOWN GRADE.

IONIA, Mich., Feb. 15.—Twenty-three freight cars broke loose from a train at Stanton Junction, yesterday morning, rushed down a heavy grade towards this city at a speed of forty miles an hour, and crashed into a freight train standing on the track in the yards. Twenty-three cars were smashed and many of them thrown from the track. A brakeman who was standing on the train in the yards, was hurled to the ground and had a leg broken. A man and two horses which he was shipping in one of the run-away cars were taken from the wreck uninjured.

TRAINS WRECKED.

CAYUGA, Ont., Feb. 15.—Two long freight trains on the Canada Southern division of the Michigan Central railway collided near here Thursday night. Twenty-five of the cars and both engines were completely wrecked. Forty other cars were more or less damaged. The crews escaped by jumping.

TEMPERANCE CRUSADERS

Charged With Firing a Drug Store in Missouri--The Fire Record.

HAMILTON, Mo., Feb. 15.—W. E. Irving, a druggist of this place and owner of a drug store at Nettleton, a small town a short distance east of here, received a telegram from his Nettleton manager yesterday, informing him that his store at that place had been destroyed by fire early yesterday morning. Mr. Irving had been warned by the temperance crusaders that something would happen if the indiscriminate sale of liquor at his store was not stopped. It is believed that the crusaders set fire to the building.

MUSKEGON, Mich., Feb. 15.—The Dayton Manufacturing company's works at North Muskegon with contents and lumber, burned to the ground last night. Loss, about $180,000; partly insured.

O'NEILL, Neb., Feb. 15.—The O'Neill roller mills were destroyed by fire Thursday night. The loss is $50,000; insurance, $24,000. Three thousand sacks of flour and all of the office furniture was saved. The elevator and its contents were also destroyed.

IN THE COURTS.

New Suits Entered and Old Ones Dismissed--The Claim Docket--Other Business.

The court house is usually a busy place on Saturday. To-day was no exception.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Judge O'Rourke dismissed the cases of Ernst F. Liebman and James M. Henry vs. John W. Hayden. Costs paid.

Arguments made for a new trial in the case of Taylor vs. Hiler, on which verdict was rendered but no judgment.

Next Saturday the claim docket will be called and claims not prosecuted will be dismissed.

The following cases were dismissed: Leopold Wolf against John Leikauf; Henry Pfeiffer against Joseph Violin; Benjamin Rothschild against Nelson Bailey and others.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Walter M. Steppacher, enters suit against Alexander S. Lauferty, complaint on account, $565. J. M. Robinson is attorney for the plaintiff.

John Suelzer enters suit against Thomas Ahern on account, demand, $175. W. & E. Leonard are attorneys for the plaintiff.

Ellen Ahern and Thomas Ahern, enter suit against Gottlieb Epple, partition of real estate. Morris & Barrett are attorneys for plaintiff.

John Orff against William J. Snyder; judgment for plaintiff, $154.

Moses H. Marks and others against J. S. Mosler; dismissed.

Louis Ohnhouse against J. S. Mosler; dismissed.

Henry A. Grothalman and others against Frederick Brase and others; foreclosure mechanic's lien; judgment for plaintiff, $108.96.

James B. White against Jesse Bona and others; dismissed.

THE 'SQUIRES.

The case of William Klump, against Henry Spangler, brought in the court of Justice France, has been dismissed.

Yesterday before 'Squire France, Frederick Spangler, of Marion township, was fined $1 and costs for provoking William Klump, of this city.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The county commissioners will be in session next Wednesday, when they will visit Monroe township to look after several bridges, which are reported to be in an unsafe condition.

THE PREACHED WORD.

The Pulpits From Which It Will Be Proclaimed To-morrow.

Pastor Northrop invites you to "The Tabernacle."

Services at Trinity M. E. church Sunday morning and evening, by the pastor. Let there be a general rallying.

A number receive the hand of fellowship at the Christian Chapel to-morrow at 10:30. Baptism administered at 7.30.

Meeting for men only at the R. R. Department Y. M. C. A. at 3 o'clock, standard time. One hour. All men cordially invited.

In the Third Presbyterian church, Rev. J. M. Boggs will preach at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. Young people's prayer meeting at 7 p. m.

Services at the Grace Reformed church to-morrow morning and evening. The evening services will be illustrated with pulpit paintings. Topic: "Gaining the World and Losing the Soul."

St. Paul M. E. church.—The revival meetings at this church continue with unabated interest. Services to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. The meetings will continue next week.

First Presbyterian church, Rev. D. W. Moffat, pastor. Services at 10:45 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m., and meeting of the society of Christian Endeavor at 6.30 p m.

Rev. J. H. Deaner, of Findlay college, Findlay, Ohio, will fill the pulpit at the Church of God to-morrow morning and evening, 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:15 a. m.

Quarterly meeting services at the Berry Street M. E. church. Love feast at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m., by Rev. H. N. Herrick, followed by communion services. Preaching in the evening at 7:30.

Services as usual at the Wayne Street M. E. church to-morrow. Preaching at 10:30 a. m., and 7:45 p. m., by the pastor. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Epworth league at 7 p. m. All are cordially invited to all services.

Song service at the City Y. M. C. A. Sunday, at 4 o'clock, city time. The meeting will be led by Nathaniel Barton. Young men, you are cordially invited to come out and take a part in the exercises. You will come again if you do.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Hon. R. C. Bell is at Indianapolis.

J. H. Bass was at Pittsburg to-day.

Born to Rev. C. F. Kriete and wife—a daughter.

Mrs. E. A. Barnes, of Detroit, is the guest of her parents, Judge and Mrs. Morris.

Misses Rosie Simon and Lena Scharf gave a reception last evening in honor of their guest of Chicago.

The Zions Lutheran congregation will meet to-morrow to consider plans for their proposed new edifice to be erected at a cost of $30,000.

In the case of Taylor vs. Hiler, mention of which was made in yesterday's issue, Mr. Hiler secured a judgment of $50 against the company.

Two drunks, Thomas Green arrested by Officer Patton, and John Sayer arrested by Officer Limecooly, were sent to jail by the mayor to day.

Mr. Adolph Geismer is now at Thomaston, Ga., in the interest of Scribner's publications. Mr. Geismer expects to re-engage in business in this city at an early day.

The announcement is made of the approaching marriage of Miss Clara Fleming, of this city, to Mr. Wm. Lewis, of Media, Pa. The ceremony will be solemnized at Richmond, Va., February 18.

Mr. P. A. Lynn, general commercial agent of the Wabash with headquarters at Pittsburg, was in the city last evening. Mr. Lynn was predecessor of Col. F. N. Kollock, local agent of the Union line.

The marriage of Miss Briggie Murphy to J. P. Downs will take place Tuesday morning at 8:30 o'clock at the Cathedral, Father Delaney officiating. Reception at 8 o'clock in the evening at the residence, 30 Butler street.

W. S. and W. B. Bash will send Minnie B. and Luella, their fast horses, to the auction sale at Cambridge City, Ind., March 11. Dr. Loag will send his team of driving mares and Rockhill Bros. & Fleming will send four colts.

The funeral of the late Miss Louise Andrews occurred this morning from St. Mary's Catholic church. The young ladies' sodality, of which the deceased was once an active member, attended the service in a body. The ceremonies were very affecting. Miss Andrews formerly lived here, but she lately made her home in Auburn. She was taken sick here on her way home from Peru, died here, and was buried beside the grave of her mother.

MONTANA'S SENATORS.

The Contested Election Case of Montana is Being Argued in the Senate To-day.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—The senate committee on privileges and elections to-day began the hearing of the contested election cases in Montana.

Mr. Payne, counsel for Messrs. Sanders and Powers, opened the hearing with an argument, claiming that the legislature, in joint assembly, voted for Sanders and Powers and claimed that they were duly elected and entitled to seats in the senate unless that body could overcome the legislature and prove that they were unqualified for the position or had obtained their seats by bribery or fraud.

In the case now under consideration he said, the certificates of election contradicted each other, two lacking the signature of the governor and two lacking the signature of the secretary of state. The journal of the house, he said, showed that in joint assembly Sanders and Powers had been elected. He reviewed at some length the action of the legislature, arguing to prove that the five senators and ten representatives occupying their seats January 14, afterward evicted, were senators and representatives respectively, until their eviction.

The senate which met January 1, was a defacto senate and constitutionally the senators holding credentials, accepted by the senate, were entitled to act as members of the senate and their actions as senators were valid until they were dispossessed of their seats.

SWEET MUSIC!

Interspersed With Recitations by the Talented Miss Twaney.

A recital will be given by some of the young ladies of the Second Presbyterian church at the new chapel next Tuesday evening, February 18. A first-class musical program will be presented, interspersed with interesting and amusing recitations by Miss Twaney. The object of the entertainment is to secure funds to be used in paying for a fine new piano which the young ladies have purchased for the chapel of the new church.

The following is a program of the evening's entertainment:

PART I.

1. Greig.....Norwegian Wedding Procession
   Miss Large.
2. White.....Madeline
   Mr. Bash.
3. Nora Perry.....Lady Wentworth
   Miss Twaney.
4. (a. McDowell.....Hexantanz
   (b. Chopin (a. Prelude.
   (b. Impromptu.
   Miss Ninde.
5. Vocal Solo.....Selected
   Mr. Yarnelle.

1. Dancla.....Redowa de Wallerstein
   Gertrude Beuke and Carlie Olds.
2. Vocal Solo.....Selected
   Miss Sturgis.
3. (a. James Whitcomb Riley....Nothin' to Say
   (b. Samuel Lover.....Low Back Car
   Miss Twaney.
4. St. Heller.....In the Forest (a. Springtime
   (b. The Chase
   Miss Large.
5. Balfe.....Trust Her Not
   Messrs. Lang and Yarnelle.

THE MAYOR AND GAMBLING.

The Chief of Police to Receive Strict Instructions to-night.

It was ascertained to-day from a reliable source that Mayor Harding will call into his presence to-night, Chief of Police Frank Wilkinson, for the purpose of giving him strict instructions concerning gambling.

The mayor has given these orders before.

A SENTINEL reporter called at the mayor's office to learn the truth of the statement.

"Yes," said he, "I am going to have this gambling stopped. I know to a certainty that several of these dens of iniquity are being operated in bold defiance of the law."

"Haven't you given orders before!" asked the reporter.

"I have; I hope this will be the last time, too. To-night I will instruct the chief of police to do his duty again. If gambling is not suppressed after this order I shall file complaint against the officer before the police commission."

Chief Wilkinson is a conscientious and faithful officer. He will, without a doubt, do his duty, helping to down this geat evil.

It might be news to the mayor and police, and again it might not, to know that gambling is also carried on in this city in broad daylight.

HAMLET WITHOUT THE HAMLET.

Members of the Caledonian Club in an Embarrassing Dilemma.

Last night nearly twenty-three persons, mostly members of the Caledonian club, met at the Aldine hotel, according to pre-arrangement. The object of the gathering was to indulge in a banquet and present Hon. J. B. White with a gold-headed cane.

A committee was detailed to escort Mr. White to the hotel, where he was to meet with the surprise. Through some misunderstanding, Mr. White failed to appear and the banquet was proceeded with under gloomy circumstances.

The affair was not under the official arrangement of the Caledonians, but members individually.

The cane has not yet been presented. It is a fine stick and bears an elegantly engraved inscription.

Going to Dakota.

With the present week Mr. Seymour J. Smith terminates his long residence in Fort Wayne and removes with his excellent family to Pierre, S. D., where he will embark in business on his own account.

For the past fifteen years Mr. Smith has been in the employ of Messrs. Morgan & Beach, wholesale hardware dealers, and for all of that time has represented that firm "on the road."

If Mr. Smith needed any further recommendation to the good people of Pierre than his long and successful career as a business man entitles him to, THE SENTINEL would be glad to say that Fort Wayne has no more upright citizen and the commercial interests of the city have had no better or more energetic representative. That he will succeed goes without saying. A gentleman of his sterling worth seldom fails. He will be greatly missed and at the meetings of the Travelers' Protective association, of which he has been an officer, there will be especial regret at his going.

LOCAL LINES.

Mr. Aaron Rothschild is in Chicago.

Mr. H. G. Olds has returned from Chicago.

Wm. Gerke, of St. Joe township, has pneumonia.

Mr. Louis Hirsh, of Louis Wolf & Co., is quite seriously sick.

Mr. George Mullen is assisting behind the desk at the Aldine.

Miss Carrie Heilbroner is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Klopfer, at Dayton, Ohio.

George Anspaugh has been appointed postmaster at Edgerton, the newly established postoffice east of here.

Mr. D. F. Comparet sustained a severe fall at his home yesterday, which inflicted a deep gash on his scalp.

Mr. A. S. Barrett, the "scalper" who went to Salt Lake City, is now a clerk in the leading shoe store at that place.

Mr. A. W. Stace is removing his grocery business from Lafayette street to the corner of Francis and Lewis streets.

Mr. J. W. Hanley, of the pension office at Indianapolis, is in the city having been called here by the illness of his mother.

Hon. J. H. Bass has purchased the business block owned by Tony Trentman and occupied by A. S. Lauferty, the clothier.

Mr. Fred L. Crall, cashier of the Hoosier Manufacturing company, left to-day for a brief visit with his parents at Ashland, Ohio.

Mr. Emiel Rosenthal has accepted a position with Friend's Enterprise as salesman and will enter upon his new duties March 1st.

One of the large windows in the store room of Mr. Frank DeLagrange & Co., on Hanna street, was accidentally broken yesterday.

Mrs. M. L. Wilhelm has been seriously ill with neuralgia, superinduced by la grippe, for four week, and is not yet able to be around.

Andy Fox, son of the contractor, has gone to Pittsburg to assist Bob Cunningham in erecting towers for the electric light company.

Messrs. George W. Ewing and George B. McKinnie went to Lafayette to-day, where they will attend the institution of a lodge of Elks this evening.

Married, Mr. Joseph F. Bricker, of Dunfee, Ind., and Miss Jennie Snider, of Arcadia, Ohio, Rev. Thos. J. Loring officiating. The young couple will make their home in Dunfee, Allen county, Ind.

Willie Lewis, the boy who was held for the supposed theft of a lawn mower and other articles, was released by the mayor to-day, there being no proof. The boy's mother who has been at the hospital, hobbled into the court room to appeal for her son's freedom.

Mr. A. E. Ludwick died at 6 o'clock this morning at the City hospital of paralysis, aged about twenty-eight years. His home was on the Goshen road, in Washington township, and he was unmarried. He was a brother-in law of Mr. D. D. Wolf, of 612 East Wayne. Funeral Monday at 1 p. m., from the home of the mother of the deceased and interment at Hatfield's cemetery.

The committees appointed by the various Knights of Pythias lodges meet this evening, at the office of Dr. J. W. Younge, to further perfect the arrangements for special memorial exercises by this order, on Sunday, the 23rd inst., in memory of the late deceased and lamented Justus Rathbone. These exercises will be conducted at the Masonic Temple and will be largely attended by knights from outside the city. It is expected that Grand Chancellor Suit will be present on this occasion.

The Trades and Labor council held a meeting last night, with President Marsh in the chair. Vice President Green sent in his resignation. The council adopted a resolution favoring a shortening of the hours of labor to nine hours a day, and also a resolution favoring the enforcement of the laws against gambling. The committee on securing speakers for Labor Day, September 1, 1890, reported that it was in communication with some of the leading labor orators of the country, and the prospects looked bright for the securing of good speakers.

THE FIRST GUN!

The Grand Lodge A. O. U. W. Next Week--The Grand Officers and Committees to Be Present.

The first important meeting that comes here, since so much fervor has been shown by our public spirited organizations in securing conventions to Fort Wayne, is the meeting of the grand lodge of the A. O. U. W. which will be held next week.

The meeting is the bi-ennial of lodges of Indiana. It will attract to this city the grand officers of the body, and from 150 to 200 delegates.

The session will be convened Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock, in Pythian hall, and will continue two days. On Tuesday evening a banquet will be given, at which members of Fort Wayne, No. 19, and Summit City, No. 36, the local lodges, will be present.

The business of the grand lodge is confined to the officers and delegates.

The grand officers will arrive to-morrow evening, and will register at the Aldine.

The list is as follows:

P. G. M. W.—Noble J. York, Monon.
G. M. W.—N. S. Byram, Indianapolis.
G. F.—L. H. Carr, Rushville.
G. O.—F. D. Neal, Cicero.
G. Recorder—F. Baker, Evansville.
G. Receiver—James Cox, Terre Haute.
G. I. W.—Joseph Morris, Indianapolis.
G. O. W.—F. Stampfli, Evansville.
G. Medical Ex.—Paul H. Curtner, Hazelton.

Committee on Credentials—J. F. Francis, Indianapolis; J. R. Duncan, Crawfordsville; Charles Smith, Terre Haute.

Committee on Finance—Emil Levy, Evansville; J. R. Ferguson, Evansville; J. McBith, Monticello.

Committee on Laws—J. W. Spain, Evansville; C. C. Genung, Evansville; P. H. Barrett, New Albany.

Mr. W. J. Vesey, of this city, is grand guide and is the only officer of the grand lodge in this city.

This is one good convention. Let more of them come. The Summit City can take care of them.

E. H. McDonald, of No. 19, and N. Conover, of No. 36, will be the representatives.

Those from this city who are entitled and will take the grand lodge degree are E. H. McDonald and D. B. Kehler, of No. 19, and Rev. S. A. Northtop, J. E. Lonergan, W. S. Harrison, N. Conover and Dr. T. H. McCormick of No. 36.

Big Deficiency.

ROCHESTER, Feb. 15.—A deficit of $60,000 has been found in the accounts of City Treasurer John A. Davis. He says it is due to advances to contractors and city employes.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—For Indiana: Continued cool and fair weather, variable winds, fair weather Sunday.

Judge Robert Lowry and Attorney S. L. Morris are home from Columbus, Ohio, where they took depositions in a case.

The Massachusetts Shoe Company have removed to 36 Calhoun street, first door north of Main street.

Hanging lamps at cost for the next thirty days at the China Bazaar, 12 East Columbia street.

Those ladies fine Dongola button shoes that the Massachusetts Shoe Company are selling for $1.50 pleases everybody and it seems as though everybody is buying them.

Lamps at cost at the China Bazaar.

For a good cigar smoke the B. & O., the best 10 cent cigar.

The Massachusetts Shoe Company have removed to 36 Calhoun street, first door north of Main street.

Call at the Nickel Plate city ticket office, 5 Aveline house block, for reduced rates to all points. Open all the time. You will save money by calling on them.
15-2t

The Massachusetts Shoe Company have removed to 36 Calhoun street, first door north of Main street.

Madam Silvers, of 190 Montgomery street, is meeting with good success in fortune telling, and will tell you the past and future. Prices, 25c, and 50c.

Go to Golden & Monahan's closing sale for bargains in gent's furnishing goods; 66 Calhoun street.

CHICAGO MARKET.

CHICAGO, Feb. 15.—Wheat: February, 74½; March, 75; May, 77½; June, 77⅞. Corn: February, 27½; March, 28; May, 29⅝@⅞; June, 29¾. Oats: February, 20; March, 20; May, 20⅛@21; June, 20⅝. Pork: February, $9.70; March, $9.75; May, $9.97½; June, $10.05. Lard: February, $5.80; March, $5.82½; May, $5.92½; June, $6.00. Short ribs: February, $4.70; March, $4.70; May, $4.80 @4.82½; June, $4.87½.

WILL NOT APPEAR.

The Boston Symphony Orchestral Club Cancel Their Engagement at the Temple To-night.

The Boston Symphony Orchestral club, which was to have given a concert at the Masonic Temple theatre to-night, have cancelled their engagement, and as a consequence amusement lovers will not witness their performance this evening.

This action on the part of the manager, Mr. Max Bachert, is certainly a strange piece of work and calls for the severest censure. He made the engagement with the Temple management some time ago for an entertainment in this city. A few days ago he sent to the Temple management a telegram asking what were the prospects for securing a good audience.

Treasurer F. E. Studor answered him at once, but the wily manager, who probably had a chance to show at some other city to-night, where possibly he thought he could make more money than he could here, claimed he had not received the telegram, and wired from Dayton, Ohio, yesterday, as follows:

If you think we can't get a good audience for to-morrow, will cancel. Telegraph quick.

Mr. Studor immediately answered as follows:

Advance sale all right; prospects good. Impossible to cancel the date.

Then came a telegram from Mr. Bachert saying that they had cancelled the engagement and would not show here to-night. Treasurer Stouder at once wired the manager that he would hold the company responsible for expenses and rent of the Temple and a law action will probably follow.

The action of Manager Bachert is the lowest type of unfairness and it is to be hoped that the Temple folks will compel him to pay dearly for his inexcusable breaking of an engagement. The show would have had an excellent house had it appeared here to-night.

$25.00 REWARD!

The Land and Improvement Company Make a Proposition.

They Will Give Our People a Chance to Name the New Park.

And Will Pay $25 00 to the Person Proposing the Name Adopted.

The gentlemen composing the Fort Wayne Land and Improvement company, feel that they would like to have the citizens of Fort Wayne and vicinity have a part in naming the new city park, which they propose to lay out in their recently acquired property east and north of the city. They have decided, therefore, to invite all our people to assist in the selection of a pretty and suitable name.

To the person proposing the name which shall finally be chosen the directors have decided to award the sum of twenty-five dollars. And any person, old or young, is privileged and invited to compete for said prize, under the following conditions: No person is to send in more than one name, but a family consisting of a number of persons may send in one name for each, but each must be sent in in a separate envelope. The name proposed is to be plainly written on a sheet of paper, together with the name of the person proposing it, and his or her place of residence. This must be sealed and the envelope addressed and endorsed as follows:

SECRETARY LAND IMPROVEMENT CO.,
FORT WAYNE,
INDIANA.

NAME FOR PARK.

Thus addressed, they are to be mailed or left at the company's office, room No. 12, Pixley Long block.

On receipt of all envelopes, thus marked, the secretary will number each in the order in which it is received and, without opening, will file them away until 6 p. m., Feb. 27, the date appointed for the closing of competition. The secretary shall then open all envelopes in the order in which they are numbered and shall record, in a properly ruled book, the name proposed, the number borne upon the envelope, the name of the person sending it in, and his place of residence. When this is done, the secretary shall prepare a list of the names suggested, but shall not inform any person by whom any such name has been sent in. The stockholders shall then be called together and the list of names being submitted, they shall proceed to ballot for the name of their choice, each person to vote upon such shares as have been subscribed b him, or for which he may hold a written proxy. Balloting shall be continued until some name shall receive a majority of all the stock voted. After each ballot the names receiving the smallest number of votes, to the extent of one-tenth of the number voted for shall be dropped and shall not again be voted for. If before a choice is reached the number of names be reduced to less than ten, the name receiving the smallest number of votes shall be dropped at each succeeding ballot. When a selection is finally reached, if it be found that two or more persons have sent in the name chosen, the prize shall go to the person shown by the secretary's books to have first proposed it.

By order of the board of directors.

D. N. FOSTER, President.
C. A. WILDING, Secretary.

Fresh Lot Buckwheat and New Maple Syrup.

Home-Made Buckwheat Flour, 35c sack.

Self Rising Buckwheat, 20c sack.

New Vermont Maple Syrup, 20c quart.

FRUIT HOUSE.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

THE pathetic adventures of a carrier pigeon lately employed by the Empress of Austria to bear a letter to her daughter the Archduchess Marie Valerie, may be noted by writers of fiction in quest of new incidents. The bird was one of those which are trained for service at the arsenal of Pola, and when the Empress recently sailed from Pola to Corfu she took this pigeon on board her yacht, having arranged to let it fly with a letter for her daughter at a certain distance from the coast. It was supposed that the pigeon would return to Pola, and orders were given to forward the contents of the letter which it carried immediately by telegraph to the young Archduchess. Unfortunately a peasant with a gun saw the bird and shot it. He did not notice the letter, which was no doubt blown off by the shot, and so, while he bore home the Empress's winged messenger for supper, the letter remained on the ground. It was accidentally found a few days afterwards, and now royal newspapers are proposing that to prevent a recurrence of such mishaps pigeons should no more be shot at all. It is a wonder that nobody has suggested that carrier pigeon on State service should be put into a showy uniform, like those in which the Austrian civil servants are shortly going to astonish their fellow-subjects.

JOHN MYLCHREEST, of Middletown, N. Y., is a queer chap, and as adroit in some ways as he is defective physically. John is 13 years old, and has no arms; he never had any, so he has had to get along handily without them. He makes his feet do the chores ordinarily intrusted to the hands by other folks, and he does some feats that would be notable if done by persons who have hands as well as feet. For instance, being fond of horses, he has learned to drive them expertly, and he manipulates the reins entirely with his toes. He lolls back on the wagon seat, gathers up the lines deftly with his toes, sings out, "G'lang!" and rattles away, cracking his whip and having a grand time. The reins he holds in the flexible toes of his left foot, the whip in the cluster of right-foot toes, and he plies the lash, if necesaary, and saws the lines if the steads cut up, and goes through town at a rattling gate with the skill of an accomplished and two-handed whip. When John is not on the turf or behind a roadster taking an outing, he is in the newsboy business, and it is a smart chap that can sell papers and make change with his hands as swiftly and as handsomely as young Mylchreest can do those things with his nimble ten toes.

BILLIE MUSTARD is an eccentric old man well known among the farming community of Buttler County, Ohio. During the summer and fall months he worked as a day laborer among the farmers, being a good man wherever he was put. He was saving, and when winter approached he resorted to Four Mile Creek, where he dug a hole in the bank and there constructed a cot of straw and such other materials as he could gather and spent his nights there. During the continued rainy spell his domicile caved in, burying the old man to the waist, and in this position he was compelled to dig himself out, which occupied two days. Billie has led a queer life, but has through all his vicissitudes borne a name for honesty and sobriety. A few days ago some of the neighbors had him removed to the county infirmary, where he will probably end his days, as he is far advanced in years.

A REPORTER witnessed an extraordinary scene in the vicinity of Biddleville, N. C. In front of a small cabin a pulpit had been erected. In this stood a colored man "preaching" at the top of his voice. There was no one except the reporter and the preacher near, and the former stood and listened, but was not noticed by the speaker. On inquiry it was found that the preacher was Robert Bell. Two years ago he was fired from the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Beddleville because he would go into his church barefooted. He was warned against this offense, and, heeding it not, one Sunday, as he attempted to ascend his pulpit shoeless, half a dozen good, pious deacons seized him and fired him from the church. On that day Bell declared that he would preach three times every day in his own yard, and he does it, though no one goes to hear him.

THE possibilities of the canine brain may not yet have been fathomed even by dog-lovers. The Caribou (Me.) Republican tells of a wonderful feat of a Newfoundland in that town. It seems that when the office of the Vaughan House was opened the other morning, a hole six inches in diameter was found to have been burned completely through the double flour near the stove. The dog, known as Joe, was shut up in the room, and an examination showed marks of the dog's claws in the charred wood. Mr. Smith, the proprietor of the house, says Joe is a first-class fireman, and if he sees a burning cigar stub, a match, or a spark on the floor, he will scratch them with his front paws until the fire is extinguished. Mr. Smith has no doubt but that Joe saved the building, and perhaps the inmates.

AT a grocery store in Belfast, Mass., recently, while quite a number of persons were gathered therein, the proprietor got them to guessing on various things, finally coming to pea beans. A number of guesses were made as to how many were in a bushel. The most reckless person in the party guessed as high as 50,000. From that there were various other estimates of a smaller number. "Well, sir," said the grocer, "there are 119,000." Of course no one would believe him until he explained that there were sixty to a half ounce, and proved it. "Then how many bank notes will it take to weigh as much as a silver dollar?" he said. "One hundred!" Seventy-five!" "Three hundred!" cried out several. "Not right," said the grocer; "just twenty-two"—which he illustrated and proved.

THE following instance of cannibalism is given by a correspondent in Santiago, Chili: "Peo Perez, accompanied by a small boy, Enrique Belle, aged seven years, left Valparaiso to travel on foot to Santiago. Upon arrival at the entrance of the railroad tunnel, near San Pedro, Perez seized the boy and undertook to eat him alive. The story says that he ate the fingers off one hand and ate part of one foot, and bit pieces out of the cheek. He then commenced sucking the blood. In the meantime the boy fainted. The guard of the tunnel surprised Perez in the midst of his feast, but could not arrest him, as he fled up the mountain. The boy was taken care of and Perez has since been arrested.

HENRY WOOD, a farmer near Beach City, Stark County, Ohio, welcomed a plausible young stranger claiming to be a deceased brother from California. The newcomer had the family history quite pat and was treated as one of the family, furnished good clothes, loaned a good deal of money and obtained a lucrative situation. He courted and was engaged to a daugeter of Wood, as he was supposed a cousin. The day before the marriage the chance arrival of an old friend of the California brother made khown that his only son had died several years ago. The imposter fled, narrowly escaping arrest. A likeness to the Wood family had made the deception easy.

ONE of the most novel captures of a criminal ever known has occurred in Sandoval, Marion County, Ill. Early in the morning five prisoners broke jail, one of whom was Elijah Francis, a former prominent live stock dealer, who, in October last, was charged with wrongfully taking a carload of cattle from farmers and shipping them to the St. Louis market. Francis was caught on the 12th of November last by Chief Walsh at East St. Louis, and has been in jail ever since until his escape. Francis was discovered by workmen in the Sandoval coal mine, 800 feet under the ground. He got on to a coal cage unseen and was lowered to the bottom of the mine.

PROBABLY the youngest Ohio widow on record is Mrs. Dros Ickes, who lives with her mother in Columbus. She is yet a mere child, being only 14 years old. Her mother's name is Mrs. Winteringer. Ickes worked for Mrs. Winteringer, and fell in love with her young girl. The couple eloped and were married three weeks ago to-day at Ashland, Ky. At the request of the mother they returned and lived with her. Ickes was seized with the worst type of la grippe, which ran into pneumonia, causing his death.

John Smith, living on Crooked River, Fla., while proceeding to town in a small boat, was attacked by a saw-fish, which he judges to have been about ten feet long. It was at close quarters, and the big fish, making a rush at the bow end, passed by, only splintering the end slightly, but striking it a blow with its head that brought the boat to a standstill and probably stunned the fish, for he darted off and did not return to the attack for several minutes. His second visit was no better than his first.

THE oldest horse in Maine died in Bangor not long ago. This was the mare Kate, owned by J. L. Craig, and she lacked but a few months of being forty-two years old. She was never sick, and the day before her death was doing her work as usual, appearing as smart as a four-year-old. When they went in to hitch her up the following morning, however, she was found dead in her stall.

AN almost unheard-of crime was committed in a provincial town of France. A girl of 10 years was walking in the fields with her little two-year-old sister. The baby grew fretful, and the girl tied the little thing to the tail of a cow and then hustled the animal into a gallop. The girl went home and told what she had done. When the child was discovered it was a shapeless mass.

AN English scientific man claims to have discovered a substance so nearly like gold that even acid will not tarnish it, and which can be manufactured very cheaply. He is going to put it on the market.

THERE was a funeral in Paris, Ky, recently, in which eight women acted as pall bearers. Sarah Jones, colored, was the person buried, and eight sisters of a colored lodge bore the remains into the church.

Couldn't Break His Oath.

A good story is told of the late Hon. R. B. Forbes. In 1876, Governor Rice commissioned him a justice of the peace, an office he had never held. A few weeks later the commodore entered the counting-room of Messrs. Rice, Kendall & Co., and inquired for the Governor, saying that he had sought his excellency in vain at the State House, where he was informed that he might find him at his store. Colonel Rice, son of the Governor, told Commodore Forbes that the Governor was elsewhere engaged, and could not be seen for several hours, and offered to convey to him any message that might be intrusted to him.

Seating himself and leaning upon his cane with both hands, the old gentleman said thoughtfully: "Several weeks since Governor Rice honored me with a commission as justice of the peace. I have come to ask him to revoke it. The fact is, I have a troublesome neighbor whose annoyances increase constantly to such an extent that I have made up my mind to give the fellow a thrashing. Now, on reading my commission carefully, I find that I cannot thrash the rascal without breaking my oath to preserve the peace of the commonwealth, and I have therefore come to beg your father to revoke my commission." He said this in all soberness and good faith.

Colonel Rice's reply was to the effect that "Commodore Forbes should remember that the Governor had also taken an oath, not less solemn than his own, to support the laws of the State, and that if he should revoke Commodore Forbes' commission for the purpose of permitting him to break willfully a law his own conscience would be quite as difficult to satisfy as would be Mr. Forbes'." The venerable mariner said that this aspect of the case had not entered his mind, but he now saw the force of the reasoning. On retiring from the store, however, the irascible old gentleman murmured in a tone half of anger and half of sadness: "I think I must thrash the chap, anyhow!"—[Boston Gazette.

The House of Hapsburg.

Rudolph, of Hapsburg, born May 1, 1218, was the founder of the House of Hapsburg. For five hundred years his descendants were Emperors of Germany, and one of them is Emperor of Austria. Rudolph was chosen Emperor in a time of great lawlessness, not because he was a great lord, but because he was an upright and brave man. It is related of him that once when he was hunting in the mountains he found a priest who was carrying the sacrament to a dying person, stopped by a swollen brook. Rudolph dismounted and made the priest ride his horse across the brook and to his destination. When the priest sent the horse back Rudolph would not take it, saying that the horse that had carried his Lord was too good for him to ride any more.

How They Increase Their Incomes.

The ticket agents on the New York elevated railways occasionally turn a snug little penny by keeping a sharp lookout for the old and rare coins which they may receive and selling these to the old coin collectors. Many of the coin collectors have certain agents whom they regularly visit and inquire eagerly for "any finds." Most of the money passed in to the ticket agents, of course, is small change, and some very rare coins have been picked up in this way.

ALMOST A SAVAGE.

A WHITE MAN'S STRANGE LIFE IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

He is Made Second in Power Over a Tribe of Natives—Helping a Shipwrecked Crew.

The Portland (Me.) bark Tweksbury L. Sweat, William Gooding, captain, sailed from Newcastle, New South Wales, March 7, 1889, for Hong Kong, under charter for New York. She proceeded on the fifth of April following, when she encountered a gale and was driven ashore on Susanna Reef, near Pozeat Island, one of the group of Caroline Islands, in the South Pacific.

The crew escaped in one of the ship's boats and managed with great difficulty to reach a small islet to the northward. From this islet after the storm subsided they made the island of Pozeat, which is inhabited by a race of fierce savages. As the boat approached the island a fleet of canoes put of to intercept them. There were about thirty canoes, with eight or ten men in each, and all were armed with knives and spears. Some of the savages could not wait for the boat to come alongside, but jumped overboard and swam to her, each man carrying a long wicked-looking knife, held between his teeth.

The first savages to reach the boat clambered in until the boat was nearly swamped. Then they began to strip the sailors of their coats and outer garments, throwing the garments aboard their own canoes, which by this time were paddling alongside. The white men were soon despoiled of everything but their undershirts, these being left to them, and the whole fleet drew in toward the land.

When they got ashore, and while the shipwrecked crew were standing surrounded by the noisy crowd of natives, a man dressed as all the others, only with a cloth about his hips, pushed his way through the crowd and spoke to them in the English language.

To the astonishment of Captain Gooding, to whom the man addressed himself, the seeming native introduced himself as Charles Irons, an Englishman, and offered to render any assistance it was possible for him to give.

Later, the captain learned Irons' history. It appears that he was left at Pozeat Island by a trading vessel about four years ago, his business being to represent the traders in the cocoanut oil trade, but the vessel had never called for Irons since leaving him, and he had gradually assumed the habits of the natives and finally became so much like them in appearance and manner of life he was not in any way to be distinguished from the people among whom he lived. He had taken to himself seven wives, and was regarded by the natives as a man of importance, second only to the chief of the tribe.

Irons had been so long among the natives that he had forgotton many of the common things of civilization. A day or two after landing at Pozeat, Captain Gooding, who had become in a degree uncertain about his reckoning of time, not knowing exactly whether the day was Thursday or Friday in the week, asked Irons if he knew what day of the week it was. Irons answered that he did not, and more than that he did not know what year it was.

Captain Gooding says that the natives would never have allowed him and his crew to leave Pozeat if it had not been for the good offices of Irons. Irons interested himself in behalf of the shipwrecked men and hired a canoe from the natives with presents of English calico, from stores in his possession. With this canoe Captain Gooding, Second Mate George W. Harrison, and one of the ship's crew set sail ten days after their arrival at Pozeat, leaving the remainder of the ship's company and First Mate Richard Watchman, seven men in all, at Pozeat.

The captain and his men made their way in the canoe by a roundabout course from island to island, touching at eight different ones and making stops at each, varying from two days to a month's duration, finally arriving at Ruk, where there is a missionary station.

Here they were cared for by the missionaries and obtained the use of the boat belonging to the station. In the missionary boat they made sail back to Pozeat direct, and taking the members of the crew they had left there, returned to the missionary island.

Two months after their return the missionary vessel Morning Star arrived and took them all to Honolulu, where they landed November 18. From Honolulu Captain Gooding and part of the crew were brought by the steamer Australia to San Francisco, arriving there November 29.

This story, told by Captain Gooding on his return, was published in the New York Herald's London edition, and the managing owners of the wrecked bark, Chase, Leavitt & Co., of Portland, Me., and and Captain Gooding of Yarmouth, are in receipt of letters from London making inquiry in regard to the Irons who appeared to figure as prime minister of the savage Pozeat.

Both letters are from the same source, the "Probate and Divorce Registry, Somerset House, London," and are signed by Lancelot C. Irons. The writer says he has reason to believe the white man on Pozeat Island is his younger and only living brother, and says: "We last heard of him in December, 1878, when he was trading with the savages of New Guinea in a ship that chartered from Brisbane." He gives a minute description of his brother as he appeared at that time, and says his full name is William Charles Frederick Irons.

The letter to Captain Gooding contains questions as to particulars of identification and inquiries as to how assistance might be sent to the man at Pozeat if he proves to be the person sought for. The letter to Chase, Leavitt & Co., concludes: "I and all my people feel sure that the Englishman mentioned is our brother, supposed to have been murdered by the savages eleven years ago."

Captain William Gooding says he has no doubt the man at Pozeat was the William Charles Frederick Irons inquired for. The description given in the letter from Somerset House tallies in all points with that of the man he met at Pozeat.

Captain Gooding says that at his first meeting with the man at Pozeat, in surprise at being addressed in the language of civilization, he exclaimed: "What! Can you speak English?"

"I ought to," was the answer, "for I was born in London."

Captain Gooding says he left Irons at the missionary station at Ruk, Irons having accompanied him there on the return voyage of the missionary boat. When they arrived the missionaries were greatly surprised to see Irons, for they had heard a report of his death at the hands of the savages in December, 1878. The party also met at one of the islands in the Ruk lagoon Harry Chisholm, who was at one time a shipmate of Irons. He was surprised to see Irons alive, having heard the report of his death.

From information gathered by Captain Gooding it appears that both these men were at one time together in a vessel trading among the islands. This may be the ship chartered at Brisbane that Lancelot Irons refers to in his letter. One feature of the traiding carried on by the vessel was the kidnapping of natives from Caroline and more northern groups to the Fiji and other islands. It was during a trip of this kind among the New Guinea islanders that the fight occurred which led to the report of Irons' death.

The business was broken up by men-of-war ten or twelve years ago, since when Irons has lived a savage life at Pozeat.

Chisholm, who is Irish by birth, has lived in about the same condition. He is a man of influence in one of the three tribes of natives inhabiting a large mountainous island in the Ruk lagoon.

This lagoon is about thirty miles in circumference, and contains seven or eight islands. Captain Gooding thinks Irons would like to return to civilization if his future support were assured.—[New York Herald.

NINE INDIANS AFTER SCALPS.

And How it was that Senator Pettigrew Ate One of Them for Dinner.

"It was not until I found the three white men scalped in the creek that I realized how close the hostile Indians were," said Senator Pettgrew of South Dakota. "My camp was made about fifty miles from Bismarck—it was in 1873—which was then a settlement of forty or fifty buildings, maybe, most of them dance houses and saloons. A more wicked town it would be difficult to imagine. The northern Pacific road had its terminus there and the toughs and bad characters from all the country round naturally congregated at the point from which trans-continental freight was shipped down the Missouri. However, I wasn't speaking of territorial civilization, but of the savages, of whom I spied nine while out hunting on this occasion in the breast-high grass of a valley. I was shooting for the pot, and just happened to look toward the southwestern horizon when I was interested to observe the number of Sioux I mentioned stealing along in single file around the bottom slope of a hill about a mile away. They were coming in my direction, and, inasmuch as the red men were fiercely on the war path against all whites at that time, my first thought was to make for the camp, for I did not desire to figure without a skull covering, like the three unfortunates to whom the attention of myself and my companion had been called in the water way.

I managed to reach camp in time by a frantic race and found there only the cook, who had already seen the Indians approaching and had got ready all the guns belonging to the party. There were eight Winchester rifles, each carrying a magazine of bullets, beside other arms, and, inasmuch as both the cook and myself were first-rate shots, we felt confident of being able to easily dispose of nine Sioux before they could even do so much as get within their own gun-shot range. But we had one great anxiety, namely, for the seven other members of the expedition, who had gone out in another direction with only one shot-gun among them. After we had loaded the few pistols that had not been prepared we bent our attention upon the enemy. I asked the cook to hand me a field glass, so that I might inspect the foe more closely. You know, in that part of the world the atmosphere has this peculiarity—that objects seen at a distance are very much distorted to the view ofttimes. For instance, a dog afar will seem as big as an elephant, and other things will seem in various ways transmogrified. Thus you will not be so much surprised when I tell you that upon looking through the glass I beheld nearing us in single file nothing more or less formidable than nine antelopes. We had one of them for dinner that evening.—[Washington Star.

A Four-Year-Old's Protest.

A Chicago gentleman has a four-year-old boy who is an inveterate gum-chewer. The boy's name is John, and he thinks it is a great hardship to put aside his gum when he goes to bed at night. He is inclined very much to rebel against such discipline. A few Sundays ago he went to the cemetery with his parents. Passing a pasture along the track, little John saw a cow lying down and chewing her cud. He at once exhibited wild alarm and excitedly exclaimed: "Oh, ma, look there! That cow has gone to bed chewing her gum, and you won't let little John do that." One evening John's elder brother and sister were discussing anatomy and looking over a physiological work. John was particularly interested in the pictures of sections of the human being. After they had got through he took the book, and, pointing to the lungs, heart, liver, and arm, a leg and other dissevered members of the human frame, he inquired: "Does it take all these to make a boy?"—[Chicago Herald.

Birds That Speak.

The parrot is generally supposed to have the monopoly of the power of talking among birds, but as a matter of fact, the parrot is decidedly inferior to the mynah. There are always examples of these birds in the insect house at the Zoo, and they repeat various phrases with great clearance of utterance.

Curiously enough the hen has a gruff voice, while the cock speaks in a clear, high tone like that of a child. The mynahs can be easily provoked into showing off their power of speech, and will greet the visitor with "Good morning" in response to his salutations. The mynah is a kind of starling, and this latter bird is well known for its imitative powers. Some years ago an account was published of a "talking canary," which could articulate quite plainly and would repeat a series of phrases.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

The Aged Poet Laureate.

Alfred Tennyson smokes a big clay pipe, and never uses the same pipe but once. He dislikes notoriety and is said to have burned all his letters, so that his future biographer will have a hard time of it writing his life. He says he does not propose after he is dead to be "ripped up like a pig." To strangers he is surly and even rude, but with congenial spirits the native sunshine of his nature shines out. He does not believe in poetic inspiration, but believes that all good poetry is the result of hard, patient and persistent work. He has been known to spend a whole day over a single verse. Neither the blame nor the praise of the public affects him, but he does his work in his own way regardless of the critics. There are thousands of level-headed people in England who believe that when he dies the greatest poet of the world will pass away.—[Boston Herald.

CHANGING COLOR.

A BLACK MAN BECOMES ALMOST PERFECTLY WHITE.

A Remarkable and Rare Instance of Leucoderma—Cause of the Extraordinary Transformation.

A black man rapidly turning white is the marvel to a select few of the prominent physicians of Columbus, Ohio.

"Black as the blackest" could well have been applied to him at one time.

Now he is becoming perfectly white—his arms and limbs, together with the greater part of his body, being pink-skinned, and in most parts where the change has taken place quite as fair as the fairest and plumpest of women.

It is the most remarkable case of leucoderma that has yet been brought to the attention of the medical profession.

The man who is undergoing this singular transformation is Henry Harvard. He is a United States prisoner at the Ohio Penitentiary, where he is serving a sentence with two Georgia moonshiners. Last September Henry and his two companions were arrested not a great distance from Macon. United States Revenue officers had swooped down upon his companions, catching them manufacturing illicit liquor. Harvard was with the men at the time, though it was never proved that he had a hand in manufacturing the stuff. When the officers made the capture, he pulled a revolver from his pocket and gave every evidence of a desire to use the weapon. He is a powerfully built fellow, and it took several blows before he was felled to the ground. He was placed under arrest, and, charged with resisting government officers, was given two years in the Ohio Penitentiary. Received in the early part of last September, with good time off, he still has about a year longer to serve behind the bars of the "Pen."

When he arrived at the Penitentiary the attendants who took charge of him were somewhat surprised at the spotted condition of his face. When he divested himself of his clothing preparatory to a prison bath they discovered his body about evenly divided as between white and black.

It was the impression of some of the attendants at the time that he was a very dirty white man. They could not satisfy their minds with this reasoning, however, after giving him a thorough bath, as no change in his color was apparent. Completely puzzled, the attendants applied for information to the two prisoners who had accompanied Harvard to the Penitentiary. To their astonishment one of these, a fellow named May, told them that a Georgia physician had examined Harvard and had pronounced him afflicted with leprosy. He was at once placed in an unoccupied shed under guard to await an examination by the physicians of the Penitentiary on the following morning, it then being too late in the evening to do any thing in that line.

Early the next morning the strange case was called to the attention of Dr. C. Alleyne Howell, the assistant physician of the Penitentiary. He made a complete examination, and at the conclusion pronounced that Harvard's condition was not due to leprosy. The prisoner was entirely free from any taint, he discovered. Further than that Dr. Howell offered no opinion, assuring the attendants, however, that they need entertain no fears of contracting disease through coming in contact with Harvard. The doctor had made an interesting discovery. It was that the prisoner from Georgia was changing his color. It was some days afterward before he fully satisfied himself as to this. The outer skin was peeling off. That was plain. Information regarding this wonderful specimen of an operation of the system rarely ever witnessed was at once imparted to four or five of the leading doctors of this city. Harvard was brought before them, and they pronounced his case the most remarkable of any of the very few similar ones known to the profession. Together they have quietly watched developments, and have during the past four months seen Harvard almost entirely shed his black skin and assume that color of his more fortunate fellow-being, the white man.

A more perfect specimen of physical development could scarce be imagined. He is over six feet, and weighs about 212 pounds. Stripped to the skin, his huge muscles play like those of the trained athlete, his limbs being well moulded, and his form of excellent build. It presents a sight, too, that will cause the most learned of physicians to gaze in wonderment. The feet are perfectly white and so are the hands. It is not of the darkish white, either, so common with those through whose veins courses colored blood. The calves of the legs a distance above the knees are also white. Part of the hips are black, and then around the body, the back, stomach and chest are white, with that pinkish, soft tint of the maiden. The arms are white and fair to a short distance above the elbows. The tips of his shoulders are black, and their tops, as though he wore epaulets, are white. Across the shoulder blades is the black stripe, jutting up to the hair upon his head in two streaks, just back of the ears, and running up in a tiny streak to the base of and in front of each ear. The back part of the neck is white. So is the under part of the jaw and a greater part of the skin about the throat.

It is the face, however, that presents the strangest spectacle. About the eyes, down over the cheek bones to the strong jaws, and on each side of the forehead, is skin as white as that of any man in full health. Above the top of each eye, and from temple to temple—in fact, the centre-piece of the forehead—is deep black. Upon the right jaw are two streaks of black—one extending to the corner of the mouth, giving him the appearance, at first sight, of bearing an ugly scar there. His face is an intelligent appearing one.

Harvard is in perfect health, works every day, and is employed in the most trying place in the Penitentiary—the foundry, where the dust is so great and the work so hard that no man but one in full possession of health could keep up under it. He talks freely of his condition, though he endeavots to avoid the gaze always directed at him when any number of visitors to the prison are about.

"I have been changing color now for sixteen years," he said to me. "I have been examined by several Southern physicians, who were attracted to me through curiosity. None but one described my change in color as due to leprosy," and Harvard laughed heartily. "I have never had a sick day in my life, and never contracted any disease—at least I have never suffered from any. I will take that back about the sickness, though. I had the lock-jaw a few years ago, and noticed that after getting better my color changed faster than before."

Now, to a cause for this changing of color. As the physicians describe it, [illegible] skin. This latter varies in color according to the color of the man. A very black man will have pigment that is black and that of the mulatto will be yellow. Beneath this pigment come the lymphatic glands. They are the absorbents of the body. When the absorption goes on abnormally in the direction of excess then the color matter is absorbed, and the condition presented by Harvard is the result. His black color by the contrast assumes a sort of brownish cast, as though it were varnish and daubed on with a brush.

The physicians who have knowledge of this case are deeply interested in its developments. They say that there has been but one case of the kind that has attracted any wide-spread attention. That was a colored man at Hot Springs, Ark., who died while undergoing the change. [Cincinnati Enquirer.

Stopped Her Merriment.

Four bright-eyed little shop girls boarded a Clark street grip car recently just as it started into the tunnel, and sat all in a row near the rear door. They all drew out their purses together and each produced five pennies to pay their fare. The conductor was at the front end of the car collecting fares.

"Oh, say, girls," exclaimed one demure little miss, when she saw the great wealth of copper about to be bestowed on the unhappy conductor, "it's mean of us to give him all these pennies. It bothers him awfully to get rid of them, for the company won't take pennies from him. My brother used to be a conductor and he told me about it."

"It's too bad," said another girl, going down again for a bill of exchange. "I'll give him a nickel."

"So will I," remarked the third girl.

"You girls havn't a little bit of nerve," exclaimed the last girl, a freckle-faced maiden with a pug nose. "Give me the pennies and I'll see that he gets them."

The pennies were turned over and the conspirator awaited her victim.

On the seat opposite the girls sat a thin-faced, black-eyed little woman who nearly went into convulsions of merriment at the prospect of the conductor's discomfort. And when he came along and the mischievous miss poured the pennies into his hand the black-eyed woman snickered out loud. Calming herself for a moment, she paid her fare, handing the conductor a quarter. He took it, dumped the twenty pennies into her lap, and went about his business.

And the rest of the way through the tunnel the deadly liquid fire in the glances she shot at the four little shop girls dimmed the lustre of the electric lights in the roof of the car.—[Chicago Tribune.

Doom of the Wooden Indian.

"The wooden Indian in front of our stores," said a tobacconist to a reporter the other day, "is like the flesh-and-blood red man. He is being sternly pushed by the white man.

"Just look along our streets. In many cases in front of the cigar stores, instead of the wooden Indian, we see the Roman soldier blandly puffing a Havana. Again, in place of the wooden Indian are those other familiar fancy figures of young men of the period, airy, jocular, and suave, with the invariable silk hat tilted on the back of the head. These figures are intended to give a light and pleasing air to the cigar store in contrast to the grave air of the Indian. For my part I like the stolid Indian with his feathers and tomahawk. He seems appropriate.

"Some other cigar store keepers have supplanted their wooden Indians with colored minstrels in full costume, and the signs seem to be rather popular. Other dealers strive to give their stores an Oriental air, and the turbaned Turk has elbowed away many an Indian. Still others, filled with royal patriotism, have banished their stalwart Powhattans, and adorned their store fronts with genial statues of George Washington, smoking peacefully a painted stump of 'Old Virginy.'

"And some of these cigar-store warriors have a history. That one out there," and the tobacconist pointed to the huge brave who guarded the entrance, "was once the figurehead of one of our men-of-war that fought in the war of 1812."—[New York Times.

Hong Kong's Floating Population.

The floating population of Hong Kong, as it is called, numbers some 60,000 souls. They are a busy and energetic community, as distinct from the Chinese on shore as though they belonged to a different race. They seem to be a sort of mutual aid association, each supplying the wants and needs of the other. It would seem hard to fancy several generations of Europeans passing their lives within the confines of a small boat, seventeen feet long—fathers, mothers, children and grandparents living together like animals in a cage, never leaving their home, yet seemingly as happy as a listless existence and no responsibility could make them.

Of course some are busy, very busy, and paddle about all day long, crying their various wares, with yells at once discordant and unbearable to ears not accustomed to their sound. The others seem to fish, and by whatever means they always appear to have a well-stocked larder of such simple viands as they are accustomed to.

To describe a sanpan, one has only to imagine a long, clumsily constructed boat, with a thatched roof over the centre and divided into three compartments. They are propelled somewhat after the fashion of the Venetion gondola. The children occupy one end, the old folks the other, while the centre is devoted to cooking purposes.

One of Magician Keller's Stories.

"While in India," said Magician Keller to some friends recently, "I saw many things done by the native masters of legerdemain that completely 'stumped' me and some scientific gentlemen that were with me. The most wonderful performances were in hypnotism.

"Framjee Cowasjee Jeejeebhoy, a millionaire Parsee merchant, son of Framjee Cowasjee, the founder of the Bombay Institute of Physical Inquiry bearing his name, gave me his word for this remarkable story:

"In the north of India was a famous hypnotist who possessed the power of hypnotizing himself. His wife, who knew his secret, was accustomed to revive him whenever he exercised this exceptional power. He killed a man and was sentenced to execution. Several days before the time for the execution he hypnotized himself, passing into a condition which to all appearances was death. So perfect was the semblance that the English Government physicians who were called in officially certified that he was dead, and ordered his body cremated. But at this point his wife appeared. She was stricken with grief, and wept until the hearts of the authorities were touched. She was permitted to take away the body for private cremation. [illegible]

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON CONSIDERED.

Reflections of an Elevating Character—Wholesome Food for Thought—Studying the Scriptural Lessons Intelligently and Profitably.

The lesson for Sunday, Feb. 16, may be found in Luke iii., 7-22.

INTRODUCTORY.

It was the fifteenth year of Tiberius Cæsar; the period in the reign of the second Cæsar, when that flower of the Roman civilization went aside, a self-exiled voluptuary, to plunge into luxury and wantonness at Capreæ. Just at this time of notorious wickedness in high places came the rebuking voice at the Jordan. Rebuking, and yet, at the same time, reassuring. For while it laid bare men's sins it also pointed forward—the "refiner's fire" become a beacon—to an escape from the sins and the dawning of a better day. In any case, it betokened the utter weakness of human strength and the total worthlessness of human greatness or goodness. The only hope for lost man was in the verifying of the prophetic message, brought by this man of the wilderness. And the verification is at hand.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

The axe is laid. Is lying. As if ready for instant work.——Unto the root. Rather, at the root. It has not yet been applied to cut.——Bringeth not forth. Same word as above in v. 8. Do. A tree's doing is in its fruitage.——The fire. More accurately, into fire. No particular fire, except the analogy.

Asked. Or were asking, kept asking. This, like the "then said he" of v. 7 (he was saying), is in the imperfect tense, implying frequentative action.——What shall we do then? See the original. Using the same word as John employed in vs. 8, 9, but translated bring forth. What shall we bring forth.

He answereth and saith unto them. A close rendition into idiomatic English might be, Answering, he would say to them.——Two coats. One of these garments was sufficient in that clime. It was equivalent to saying he that hath an extra coat.——Impart. Literally, to share with.——Meat. Food.——Likewise, i. e., share with the needy out of his abundance.

Publicans. Tax-gatherers under the Romans; much despised by the people.——Master. Teacher.

Unto them. Exceedingly personal preaching. The Greek represents him as speaking straight at them (pros autous).——Exact. No mere searching word could have been spoken to the tax-gatherer.——Appointed you. Prescribed. The publicans were accustomed to extort amounts largely beyond the legal requirement. The same word is used by Paul, 1 Cor. 16: 1, "Concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order," etc.

Soldiers. Probably Jewish or half-Jewish militia who chanced to be in that vicinity.——Do violence. To shake violently, to intimidate. Soldiers were not indisposed, as with the prætorian cohort at Rome, to use their power beyond their legitimate province and to their personal advantage.——Accuse any falsely. To take money by false information. Literal blackmail. The word itself is transferred into our language, sycophant. Its root is the word for fig, irregularities in the Athenian fig industry first occasioning the expression.——Wages. Originally, provender or provisions. Evidently John believed a man could be a good soldier. He does not denounce the calling, per se.

And as. Either in the sense of time or reason why, the indecisive participial form being used.——In expectation. Waiting to see.——Mused. Comparing one thing with another, in mental indecision.——Christ or not. The later translations (see Variations) are better: May not he himself be the Christ?

Answered. Replying to the questions in their hearts, as did Christ very often (Mark 10: 51, cf. Matt. 20: 31).——One mightier than I.——Worthy. Not the same word as in v. 8 (axios), but here (ikanos) meaning fit or competent. Unloose. A most menial task.——With the Holy Ghost. Rather, in. Indicating the fullness of the gift. See Pentecost (Acts 2).——Fire. This has been taken by a recent writer to apply to God's "consuming fire," i. e., judgment.

All the people, i. e., all who would.——Jesus also. Probably along with the rest, at the time of the baptism of all.——Praying. Christ's example at the baptismal waters.——Heaven was opened. God's honoring of the ordinance.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance. John was the truth-telling prophet. We might suppose that such an outspoken designation as "generation of vipers" would offend and turn the people from the preacher. It did offend, but it did not drive his congregation away. Why? Because it was the truth. Like a very nest of serpents they were, slipping out of their dens, "warned," as it were, stirred up by some molesting instrument. This sudden apprehension, or fright, John says, is not enough. He something, he says: begin to live as if you had really repented of the past and abandoned it. And to such straightforward preaching they responded with eagerness. May it not always be so? "You have grievously offended my husband," said the Christian sister to our neighbor pastor. "I am glad of it," said the pastor. The next day the man himself called. "You hurt my feelings, last night," "Yes, but it was the truth, was it not?" Then followed an earnest personal conversation, and the man went forth a converted soul. Tell men the truth about themselves. It will do them good.

These stones. "Sermons in stones," indeed. What a multitude of helps to the preacher of righteousness are lying about him and at his very feet; nature mutely waiting to be used for driving home the truth. These stones are used to shatter the dogma of traditional righteousness. "Children of Abraham," the men about John were calling themselves, as if that were any exoneration for ill-doing or any plea for acceptance. Look at these stones, said John: God is so far from being dependent upon you or under obligations to you that he can, as at the first, take these and raise up from the earth a new chosen generation. There is just an intimation here of the new dispensation. Dull, lifeless, hopeless—very stones the Gentiles seemed to be, in the eyes of the self-righteous Jew. Such indeed, in a sense, they were. But out of these very stones, quoth John, God is able, by renewing grace, to raise up children unto Abraham. And truly, what hope for these Jews, themselves, were this not so?

What shall we do then? They are not asking, as did the three thousand at Pentecost, or the jailer at Philippi, "What shall I do to be saved?" It is doubtful whether John could have answered such a question; certainly not as Peter answered it with the power of the resurrection and the mighty demonstration of the Spirit. The question here is what shall we do to repent? how shall we prove our sincerity? A query it is, not to be forgotten to-day, and to be as carefully and truthfully answered as by John. In fact, it is included in the "apostle's doctrine" at Pentecost as a sort of subsidiary inquiry. "Repent and be baptized" said Peter. If baptism be the immediate token of such repentance, then the life outlined by John here is the perpetual declaration of the change within. Let us take the Bible as our lamp and light. Step by step it guides us on our way, answering, one by one, every sincere question of the soul.

He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost. Christ's coming meant, not a new Spirit, but a new impartation of the Spirit. The Holy Ghost was in the world from the beginning, else how could the prophets of old have looked forward to Jesus? John himself was speaking by that Spirit. Ever since the foundation of the world it has been his office to testify of the Son, first, as he that was to come; now, with power, as he that is come and is raised up to sit upon the right hand of the Majesty on high. Hence Christ is said to baptize with the Holy Spirit, and just here we place the accent. Christ pours out the Spirit with such strength and fullness as to overwhelm and engulf; the whole being lost, as it were, in the new bestowment. Is it not to this that Paul refers in the thrilling language of Eph. 3: 19, "that ye might be filled with the fullness of God?"

A voice came from heaven. Does not God give to us similar tokens of assurance? When we have obediently and trustingly accepted of him, does not the Spirit descend upon us, noiselessly, indeed like the dove, and with the dove's peace left resting in the soul? Yea, more, the voice from heaven is ours also. For whence is that voice "crying Abba Father" within? Well we know. "God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying Abba Father." And yet, as Paul here at Gal. 4: 7, says, "Thou art no more a servant, but a son." Christ gives his brethren a testimony that [illegible] like unto that which came to him. Let us remember that it was when he [illegible]

IN THE VINEYARD.

...e Gems of Thought Culled ...or Sabbath Day Reflections.

...HOLESOME READING FOR ALL.

...he Mercy of God—A House-Going Minister—Beyond the Grave—The Religion We Want.

The Mercy of God.

The mercy of God is discriminative. It flows out most to those who need it—like the ministrations of a mother. Wherever, exclaims one, you find a man wrenched and broken down; wherever you find a woman crushed and despairing, wherever you find wrestling, struggling and downfall, there Christ is. He is mighty to help, comfort, save.

Beyond the Grave.

Dr. Lyman Abbott has been installed as pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, at a salary of $8,000 per year. In accepting the place he made a statement of his faith, from which it appears that he believes in the miracles, in the divinity of Christ, and in a possible chance of repentance and forgiveness on the other side of the grave. On the latter point he says:

I refuse to believe that the accident of death transmutes God's mercy and makes repentance impossible, and so closes the door of hope upon the soul forever. What may be the resources of God's mercy in the future I do not know, and shrink from the dogmatism which attempts to define them. I am sure that when the glad day comes the song of rejoicing will rise from every creature in Heaven and on earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea. If there are then any voices not joining in that choral of redeeming love, I believe it will be because they are silent in that second death from which there is no resurrection. Endless conscious sin I do not believe in. I could endure the thought of endless sufferings, but not of sin growing ever deeper, darker and more awful. It has grown to me unthinkable, I believe it is unscriptural.

The Religion We Want.

We want a religion not merely of creeds, but of conduct; a religion that softens the step and gives gentleness to the voice, that checks the impatient word and hasty rebuke; a religion that is respectful to superiors, courteous to inferiors and considerate to friends; a religion not merely for the church and the Sabbath, but that lives in the family and keeps the husband from being cross if his dinner is late, and the wife from fretting if the husband sometimes forgets the scraper and the door mat; that keeps the mother patient if the baby is fretful, and can amuse and interest the children as well as govern and instruct them; that cares for the comfort and the welfare of servants as well as pays them; that projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy home like the eastern fig tree, bearing at once the beauty of its tender blossoms and the glory of its ripened fruit. "I would not give much for that man's religion," said Rowland Hill, "whose very cat and dog are not better for it." Every Christian should so live as to be able, with the good Methodist brother, to say: "If you don't believe I am a Christian, ask my wife." We want a religion not merely for the prayer meeting and the public profession; but for the home, for the counting house, for the marts of business, for the entire life—one that shall smooth the rough places of the world, and make daily life brighter and better, cherishing the spirit of Heaven here, and so preparing for Heaven hereafter. —*Detroit Free Press.*

A House-Going Minister.

When the famous Dr. Chalmers said "A house-going minister makes a church-going people," he uttered a wide truth. For it is not only the fact that the pastor gains the affection of his congregation by visiting and knowing them, and making them his personal friends, thus putting love behind duty in persuading them to frequent the house of God; it is also the fact that in this way he obtains information, gets hints, picks up suggestions vastly and variously helpful to him in his ministrations. Preaching without exact knowledge of the persons preached to is like shooting at a target in the dark—a bullet in the bull's-eye would be a miracle.

Called as he is to preach on a single theme, wide and deep though it be, he is in danger of becoming monotonous. A lawyer is supplied with a new subject by every fresh case. A physician has a new study in each patient. An editor is provided with a new topic through the news from day to day. The preacher alone is thrown back upon his own invention, judgment, predilection, choice in the selection of themes. Unless he is a genius (and geniuses do not march in regiments) he will become repetitious and unedifying, if he makes his own unaided knowledge his source of supply. His pastorate will be short. His congregation will admire him the first year, tolerate him the second and git rid of him the third.

But if he be given to pastoral visitation he will find himself supplied, by just keeping his eyes and ears open, with endless subjects. As he goes from house to house he will get what the lawyer gets in each case, what the physician gets in every patient, what the editor gets in to-day's news—a constant succession of fresh topics. In one house, there is abundance; in another, poverty; in this one, sickness; in that one health; here, sorrow; there, rejoicing; in one place, trouble; in another, disgrace—all the varieties and contrasts of the human life.

What field of homiletics is equal to this? How else can the preacher so surely vary his style and method? Now he will preach to life, for his themes are fetched from life. Knowing by personal contact the thoughts, feelings, habits of his flock, he can apply the Gospel to their needs with unerring skill. For homiletical purposes, reading is tame compared with seeing and hearing. "The world," says the French proverb, "is a book." Many clergymen know too much about literature and too little about life. The pulpit should speak the language of the people. This is a good recipe for a long and useful pastorate.—*St. Louis Republic.*

COMBINATION AMONG WOMEN.

Combination among skilled women workers is increasing every day, though slowly, for women arey naturall conservative, and they do not readily accept the principle of unionism. They have many of them suffered sorely from the effect of strikes, and though they realize that prolonged combination, if carried out consistently, must improve their position and in the long run raise their wages, never lose sight of the long period during which their employment must cease, till their ultimate demands are conceded. Added to which they do not forget the bitter feelings aroused—the breach between employer and servant, and above all that in a struggle, such as a long strike always must be, it is only the strong who win, the weak ones go to the wall. All these things make women shy and slow to join a trade union, while the introduction of foreign labor in England, and the increasing demand, on account of their cheapness, for foreign goods, have made a much deeper impression on their minds than is generally admitted. The skilled woman worker has, howeveo, the security of knowing that she can take up her stand with a greater chance of success, for with the best women workers, as with the men, the supply is rarely in excess of the demand. And were technical instruction given to women a good deal of the better class work they cannot do would be carried out in England, instead of being executed by Frenchwomen, who are trained for it in the many technical schools which exist for women in France.

In Scotland the question has been warmly espoused by the women who work in Glasgow and Dundee, and the prospect of combining for the unskilled as well as the skilled workers, is very much more promising there than in England. Scotchwomen are more independent and self-reliant, added to which, though the pay is bad, their surroundings are less deteriorating than those of the London women, and their dwellings are better and rents are lower. The rapid increase of the population and the influx of people from the country to the large towns make the problem of how to deal with our unskilled female labor every year more difficult. The education hitherto given to women in England is purely intellectual, and when a girl has passed the stantard, she at once goes into the ranks of the unskilled. If she can give time she may be apprenticed and learn a trade, but the number of girls who can afford to do that is getting fewer every day. The few shillings a girl can earn at once is much too important an addition to the family income to be rejected, and as the majority of them marry while practically children, neither the necessity of being apprenticed nor of joining a union appeals to them.—*English Illustrated Magizine.*

NOT LUCK.

A barque was wrecked on the New Jersey coast one wild winter night, and the only persons saved were two boys who got to shore over the terrible billows on broken pieces of timber.

It was a sad sight when next day four hearses were driven to the village cemetery with bodies of seamen, washed ashore in the night. The boys were the only mourners who followed the funeral managed by town officials. Their homes were far away, and they were soon to be sent back to the port from which they had sailed.

The dozen men of the crew of the doomed barque could not be saved, although the life-saving crew of a neighboring station did everything in human power to get lines or boats out to the ship when she went to pieces scarcely a thousand yards from shore.

"It's boys' luck," said one of the life-saving crew, when the drenched boys came safely through the roaring surf on their piece of timber; "let a boy alone to get ashore, if there is a scrap of a shaving or a hen-coop to hang to."

"'Specially if a fellow's got sense enough left in his head to stick to his piece of timber," said one of the rescued boys.

Then it came out that the Captain and his crew were all under the influence of liquor when the gale began, and that the greater the danger became, the more they drank to lessen their sense of the peril.

"It was pretty tough to see such sailing, and not dare to open our mouths," said the other boy. "We'd never have gone to pieces if they'd had their heads enough to hold her steady and off shore."

"That's just it," said his companion. "They didn't have their heads. A fellow's got to be 'all there,' if he wants to make a port in a storm."

Isn't it a good thing to be sure that one has one's head at all times? Many a young man has made shipwreck of his whole life, because in a time of danger and perplexity he has put into his mouth that which "steals the brains away." It is not luck but pluck which wins, and it is the truest sort of pluck to refuse any truce with such an enemy. —*Youth's Companion.*

DEATH advertises itself in many ways, and it generally performs what it advertises.

THE LADIES.

A Budget of Interesting Talk Relating to the Tender Sex.

SOME FEMININE CHARACTERISTICS.

Matters Sober and Satirical, with a Spice of Humor, Prepared Specially for Our Fair Readers.

Mrs. Langtry's Complexion.

Apropos of the Jersey Lily, a point or two which the vulgar herd does not know. Langtry owes that wonderful complexion to the intensely hot baths she takes. The tub is filled with hot waters, and she dabbles first one foot and then the other in it until she can endure it; then in she goes, and comes out looking like a lobster instead of a lily. She does not believe in cold baths. She wears very little underclothing. They are dainty silk shirts of delicate hue, mauve being the favorite. The satin corsets all lace behind, and there is a broad steel down in front. Long silk stockings, which reach nearly to the bottom of the corset, are worn, and except for two or three of the coldest winter months certain bifurcated, lace-trimmed garments are not worn; neither any petticoat save a short affair that barely reaches the knee.—*Chicago Herald's New York letter.*

Saved by His Wife's Tongue.

Timothy Dwyer and Annie his wife, had a talking match before Magistrate Pole recently, and although Timothy was less glib with his tongue he quit the winner. The woman had sworn out a warrant charging the husband with non-support, and after she had been sworn she started to talk, and rattled off statements of Timothy's infidelity at a rate that would make Neil Burgess blush as he heard her. As the lightning-like statements fell from her lips only occasional fragments could be understood, the balance being lost in the rapid rolling and whizzing of her tongue.

Magistrate Pole finely choked her off, and remarked to Timothy that he readily understood that there were many women who drove their husbands from home.

"I discharge you," was his ultimatum, and the garrulous wife talked from the Magistrate's desk through the long corridors, and was only checked by the elevator man, who threatened to drop her to the bottom of the well unless she shut up.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

A Severe Rebuke.

A severe but well-merited rebuke was administered not long ago, says the New York *Evening Sun's* Woman-About-Town, to a society girl by a young man who has the courage of very creditable conviction upon a certain common lack of the nicest courtesy among young women who are really very well bred, and who would not offend for the world if they stopped to think. He told the story himself, as follows:

"During one of my busiest weeks I invited a young woman to go with me to the theater on a certain first night. When the evening came I reached her home shortly before 8 o'clock. I waited in the reception-room for some time. Then the mamma appeared. We chatted for a quarter of an hour longer. Still no signs of the young woman. I looked at my watch; it was just time for the curtain to rise at the theater. I particularly wanted to see the opening of the play.

"Then I rose and took one of my checks from my pocket. 'Madam,' I said to the mother, 'here is the check of Miss D.'s chair, and the carriage is at the door. Will you be kind enough to ask her to come when it suits her best. For myself, I want to see the opening of the play.' And I walked out."

"And what did the young woman do?" asked three breathless listeners all at once.

"She came in the course of half an hour. She had good sense enough to take the rebuke in the right way. She knew she deserved it."

"Oh, but I would never have forgiven you!" sighed the chorus.

Why Some Women Grow Old.

It is a fact, as is claimed by many, that the middle-aged men among the working classes look much younger than their wives. What is the reason for it? The same authorities affirm that men in business look older than their wives, and in both cases they lay the cause of the early appearance of old age to overwork. By overwork they must mean work too long continued, for it is admitted that a person will live longer and enjoy better health to do very hard work for a few hours, following it with rest, than to do light work with but little intermission.

Working men do heavy work for ten hours out of the twenty-four; their wives work from fourteen to sixteen hours. Men have idle days when they are looking for work; their wives are never out of a job.

To long hours and no vacation, then, may be laid a large share of the blame for the premature appearance of old age among the wives of laboring men; but does it not seem as if over-worry might also be made to bear a share of it? If there were no such thing as worry, there would be little danger of a woman doing more work than she could do without harm to herself. The woman who does not worry about the proverbial rainy day will not work herself into the grave in trying to make provision for it.

Working men may have as much cause for worry as their wives, but they do less of it. They have a firmer belief in the old saying that there is no use in crossing the bridge until it is reached.

Women do a great deal of worrying over imaginary troubles, and are never at a loss for a subject. One can talk with few women for any length of time without discovering their present cause of worry, while the average man would give no indication that he ever had a care in his life nearer than those caused by some political situation, or something of that sort. Talking over one's troubles tends to increase them; that is a fact that can be proven, no matter what gossip-loving people may say to the contrary; so, in his silence over private annoyances, the average man has an advantage over the average woman.

There is no use in worrying over what cannot be helped. There are women who worry simply for the reason that the husband refuses to do so, and who think that his unwillingness to worry over what may happen some time, is a sure indication that calamity is bound to overtake them. They act as if they thought themselves under contract to carry the whole world on their shoulders, and were doomed to starve to death besides!

The mania for worrying is sometimes an inheritance, and incurable; but it is more often a habit formed from examples by the parents, and can always be modified, and in most instances entirely overcome, by an application of common sense and will power.—*Yankee Blade.*

WHY HE WAS CALLED "MAJOR."

Among all those lawyers who made that heroic advance upon Nashville last spring, to try the famous natural gas bond injunction, before Judge Jackson, none were more distingue in their appearance than Mayor Hamilton and Emery Potter. They rather eclipsed the other legal luminaries, in fact, and threw them into the dense, disheartening umbra of totality in point of style. Down at the Tennessee capital they stopped at the best hotel, were mentioned in the local papers as prominent arrivals, had ice-water sent to their rooms, and revelled in all those rare and costly luxuries which are alone to be obtained at our best and most fashionable hostelries. In fact, the Mayor and Mr. Potter were in good form in every respect.

But they never spoke in court, and were silent as a London barrister. To all intents and purposes they were merely lending a high tone to the Toledo party, and investing it with an air of eclat.

The colored porter at their hotel, after frequent tips, evinced a great fondness for Mr. Potter.

Every morning he awoke the distinguished Toledo attorney, and said:

"Good mornin', Majah, did you enjoy your sleep las' night?"

Mr. Potter replied that he had.

"Yo'll fin' yo' shoes, Majah, all shined up right by yo' do'. Anything mo' I can do for you, Majah, dis mornin'?"

Mr. Potter could not understand the "Majah," but said nothing for several days, but it kept getting worse, the negro insisted on applying the military title to him, and finally Mr. Potter said:

"Say, why do you call me Major? I've been called Colonel, and General, and Captain, and Judge, and everything else, but I was never called Major before. Now I'd like to know what makes you call me Major."

"Well, you see, Majah, i' 's like dis. Du'in' de wah we allus called dose gemmen Majah wha' put on a pow'ful lot o' style, an' never hed nuthin' to do."—*Toledo Blade.*

CLEANING THE TEETH.

Dentists are daily committing the error of not instructing their patients in regard to the proper methods of cleansing their mouths—brushing, picking, rinsing with warm water after meals and at night before going to bed. Our observations must show that people who do those things faithfully have little or no dentistry to do, says a writer in *Medical Classics.* It is astonishing what ignorance exists among people of all classes and conditions as to what cleanliness of the mouth means. They will tell you frankly that they do not brush their mouths as well as they ought to, for they did not know they were going to be examined, and, when you looked, you really thought so, and the second thought was probably not for a month. Cleanly habits are part of an individual's education, and can be formed only in childhood. Too much care cannot be bestowed on the subject for the little one. Each individual must see it thoroughly done—have it done for him, and experience having it well rubbed in with a brush. Not much dentifrice of any kind is needed—small quill toothpicks are best, narrow strips of rubber dam for spaces the quill will not clean. Water used frequently for rinsing, with a motion of the tongue on all the surfaces of the teeth and gums, lingual, palatal, labial and buccal. So much for preventive dentistry, which should be our highest aim.

TWO EDGED.

Nathan Levy—I say, Jacob; dot Ikey Einstein vas a mean man. He vos too grasping for his own goot.

Jacob Solomons—How vos dot?

Nathan Levy—Vy, yesterday I gave him my note for $100 at dirty days, und py a mistake I dated it 1889. Ven I remembered vot I did I vent to him to get dot note back, and he says: "I don't regtify no mistakes after you leaves my office. I've got your note dated January 2, 1889, und it is eleven months overdue, und I'll charge you a year's interest.

Jacob Solomons—Dot vos nod right. Vot haf you done?

Nathan Levy—I told him dot I vould abide by his decision, but dot as I failed last March und only paid my greditors 2 per cend., dot not would have to go mit der old debts, and as dose affairs of dot old firm was vound up he vould hef to sue der creditors for der money. He vos a mean man, dat Ikey Einstein.—*New York Sun.*

CUBA AND YELLOW FEVER.

Should We Buy the Island in Order to Knock Out the Disease?

There has probably not been a month in twenty years when there was not a case of yellow fever in Havana, says a Chicago paper. In the majority of cases in which yellow fever has scourged portions of the United States the disease has been imported from Cuba. There is no estimating what this disease has cost this country. From 1847 to 1878, inclusive, the number of deaths from yellow fever in New Orleans was 24,797, exclusive of what was lost by cases that did not result in death and by paralysis of business. In 1878 the fever in Memphis carried off 5,160 people, and 585 in 1879. The total number of deaths in the United States from yellow fever in 1878 was 14,809, representing a direct loss, besides the amount given, of $17,770,800. In short, in the last quarter of a century yellow fever has cost this country not less than $2,500,000,000; and it is not a disease that is indigenous to this country, but is always imported. The yellow fever scare of 1888 cost Florida and the Southern part of the United States about $50,000,000, notwithstanding the fact there were very few deaths and the disease did not spread.

Since 1880 the commerce of the United States with Cuba and Porto Rico (Cuba is not given separately) has amounted to $678,791,325; in the same time the commerce of those two islands with other countries has been: With Great Britain, $150,238,619; with France, not quite $40,000,000; with Germany, not $10,000,000, and with Spain less than $170,000,000. The commerce of the United States with these islands has therefore been in the past nine years almost double that of the other powers named. In the time mentioned 20,688 American vessels entered for and cleared from Cuban ports, as against 28,429 total entrances and clearances, giving the United States almost three times as many entrances and clearances as those of all other nations. The total tonnage of the entrances and clearances in this time was 15,398,718; American tonnage, 10,131,224, or about two-thirds of all.

Nevertheless, great as is our trade with Cuba, it has been more than balanced in a quarter of a century by the losses due to diseases imported from that pest-hole. This is a most anomalous condition of affairs, and probably stands alone in the history of the world. It is not the policy of the United States to run off after islands and territory belonging to other powers. But here is a case that stands all alone; there is no precedent by which to judge the matter; and unless we wish to have an eternal pest and nuisance right under our noses, we must buy Cuba and clean it, or insist on Spain getting out her scrubbing brush and cleaning it. We paid $7,200,000 for Alaska, it would be money in our pockets to pay ten times as much for Cuba and then clean Havana. Unless we wish to have regular visits from yellow fever something must be done.

MYSTERY OF A PHOTOGRAPH.

A well-known photographer will vouch for the following facts, as told in the London *Tablet:* He was called in one day to take the photograph of a young girl of about twenty, who had died a few days before. The corpse was laid out upon a bed with the hands clasped over the breast. Death had come very gently to her, and, except for the stillness, she lay there as if in sleep. Some flowers had been strewn over the body, and on the floor by the side of the bed, and standing out in black relief against it was the coffin.

The photographer silently adjusted his lens and took the photograph. During the ten minutes needed for the exposure the photographer paced up and down the corridor outside the room where the dead girl lay. When he returned he saw on the lid of the coffin a flower, which was not there before. How did that flower come there? No one had entered the room, the windows were closed, and there was not a breath of air stirring. Why was the flower now lying on the coffin when a few minutes before it was on the bed between the hands of the corpse? The photographer listened, but he could hear no sound except the beating of his own heart. In a few minutes, however, he determined to dismiss the question from his mind, and busied himself with packing up his instrument.

Then he paused—possibly the falling flower had left a trace on the negative, or, as the day was gloomy, the photograph might not be quite successful. He would try again. A second photograph was taken and the artist returned home. That night, sitting up late in his studio, he developed the two negatives. The position of the corpse was not the same in the two negatives. The photographer strained his eyes, half disbelieving the evidence of his own senses, but there were the two negatives before him, telling him in their silent, unmistakable truthfulness that between the taking of the two photographs the arm of the dead girl had distinctly moved. The mystery of the flower on the coffin was solved, but it was succeeded by a mystery more terrible still.

THE CLOTHING OF BABIES.

Although I own that children are now more sensibly clothed than was the case thirty years ago, it is still common to see an infant, who can take no exercise to warm himself, wearing a low-necked, short-sleeved, short-coated dress in the coldest weather. The two parts of the body—viz., the upper portion of the chest and the lower portion of the abdomen—which is the most important to keep from variations of temperature, are exposed, and the child is rendered liable to colds, coughs, and lung diseases on the one hand, and bowel complaint on the other. What little there is of the dress is chiefly composed of open work and embroidery, so that there is about as much warmth in it as in a wire sieve, and the socks accompanying such a dress are of cold white cotton, exposing a cruel length of blue and red leg. I can not see the beauty of a pair of livid blue legs, and would much rather behold them comfortably clad in a pair of stockings. If the beauty lie in the shape of the leg that shape will be displayed to much advantage in a pair of stockings; if it lie in the coloring of the flesh beautiful coloring will not be obtained by leaving the leg bare, and from the artistic point of view a blue or red stocking is infinitely preferable to a blue and red leg.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

OLD WAR CRIES.

Between the war cries common throughout Europe in the Middle Ages and the war songs of the latter centuries there is a wide difference, although the object, which was to animate the troops by some common and endeared subject of reference at that moment of attack, remains the same. War cries were generally one of three things—the name of the leader, the place of the rendezvous, or the figure on the standard. For example of the first class, the cry of the family of Burbon was simply the name "Bourbon." Sometimes an encomium was added, as in the case of the *cri de guerre* of the Counts of Hainault—"Hainault the Noble." Those of the kind which consisted of a reference to the place of rendezvous were abundant in Scotland, in consequence of the localization of clans in particular districts, and the practice which prevailed of collecting them at a particular place by means of a messenger or the "fiery cross." They were also taken from the names of patron saints—that of the King of England was "St. George."

Advance our standards, set upon the foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! —Richard III.

The King of France cried "Montjoye St. Denis"—the former word being in allusion, it is supposed, to certain little mounts on which crosses were erected on the way from Paris to St. Denis for the direction of travelers. The Duke of Milan had for his *clamor militaris*—as an old Italian writer, Sylvester Petra Sancta, quaintly terms it—"Milan the Valiant." An old French herald speaks of some other war cries, somewhat different from the above: the Crusaders' *Dieu le veut*; the cries of invocation, a notable instance of which was that of the lords of Montmorency, *Dieu aide au Premier Chretien* and the cries of exhortation, as that of the Emperor. "A dexter at a sinister," a sufficiently emphatic direction to the soldiers of the chivalrous times. When modes of fighting changed, war cries were laid aside or transferred as mottoes to the crests of the families by which they had been used. The latter is the case with a large proportion of the Scotch family "slogans" (war cries). The favorite battle cry of the Irish was "Aboo." War cries were evidently indulged in by the soldiers in Homers's day, for he speaks of the solemn silence in which the Greeks marched to battle and the wild chants and yells characteristic of the Trojans' advance. The Greeks stood in great awe of their Generals; the cosmopolitan nature of the Trojan army did not leave room for any special patriotic sentiment.—*Nineteenth Century.*

MURDERED HIS FRIEND IN A DREAM.

A curious theory of murder has prevailed with the Governor of Kentucky in obtaining the pardon of W. B. Tompkins, sentenced to prison for life in 1887 for the murder of Samuel Purdy. The two men were warm friends and had roomed together for several years. Cries were heard from their bed-room one night, and Tompkins was found standing in the middle of the room gasping for breath, while Purdy lay murdered on the bed. Tompkins gasped: "He's gone out the door," but the door was closed and no trace of any one was discovered. In a corner of the room was a poker covered with blood and hair. According to Tompkins he said he had been aroused by some one striking across him at Purdy, who lay at the back side of the bed, and had seized the assailant, who had broken away. Purdy's money, $300, was untouched, and Tompkins vehemently protested his innocence to the last. The prosecuting attorney and the judge who tried the case now believe that he killed his friend in a dream, and upon this novel theory he has been released.—*Chicago Herald.*

HOW THEY TALK ON THE STAGE.

The stage hero never talks in a simple, straightforward way, like a mere ordinary mortal.

"You will write to me when you are away, dear, won't you?" says the heroine.

A mere human being would reply:

"Why, of course I shall, ducky, every day."

But the stage hero is a superior creature. He says:

"Dost see yonder star, sweet?"

She looks up, and owns that she does see yonder star; and then off he starts and drivels on about that star for full five minutes, and says that he will cease to write to her when that pale star has fallen from its place amid the firmament of Heaven.

THE YOUNG KNOW EVERYTHING.

Husband—Well, I believe I'll have to go to the public library. I can't find in my encyclopedia what I want.

Wife—Is it very important?

"Yes, my dear, it is very important. I can't finish my article without it. But in the public library I think I will be able to find the authorities that I want."

"Hadn't you better wait, dear, till John comes home from the grammar school? He might be able to give you the information you want."—*Boston Courier.*

WRITING poetry is recommended as a mental exercise. You can get physical exercise by attempting to read it to the editor.—*Terre Haute Express.*

IN NARROW QUARTERS.

A North Carolina Family of Twenty-eight Live in One Room.

In the western part of North Carolina, and about seven miles west of Hot Springs, there lives a family by the name of Brooks. It is a very interesting one, and many a visitor to the quiet little town of Hot Springs has had his curiosity so aroused by stories of this family, that they have hired teams and driven seven miles to the Brooks residence. This consists of a little, low log cabin in an unsettled district, and is occupied by father, mother and twenty exceptionally handsome children.

Every one is a blonde, with golden-yellow hair and peachy complexion, and all as ignorant, wild and untutored as they are beautiful. In addition to the above family proper the two older girls are married. One is a widow with two children, and the other has three children and a husband. Both these little families are living with the old folks at home, making in all a family of twenty-eight when none is missing. The house, or log cabin, consists of but one room, and that a very small one. On two sides of this are built seven berths, one above another against the wall, and they were evidently built with the cabin.

In these "boxes" the parents, children and grandchildren lay themselves away when night comes on. Three times a day this interesting family may be seen at meals. The older members seat themselves about on the ground in front of the house "Indian fashion," and are favored with tin plates and iron spoons, while the younger ones stand around a rough homemade table inside the cabin, eating beans with a relish that is good to look upon. This is the principal diet; now and then they have a change, but it is of the same plain, cheap order. They are all healthy and robust, knowing nothing of sickness.

The father of this family, who has to "hustle" for the beans to fill the twenty-eight hungry mouths, makes as high as $18 some months, but oftener his income will not exceed $15 per month, which sum he earns by walking seven miles daily to Hot Springs to work in the mill of a Mr. Frank Gahagan. The mother, who has a baby in arms, seems contented and happy as she sits with one foot on the side of the homemade cradle, made of an ordinary pine box, with rockers sawed out of a rough board, which she ever now and then gives a "kick" to keep the cradle moving, while she sings over and over again a few lines of some old hymn she has learned. Every one is struck with the remarkable beauty of the children, from the youngest to the oldest. It is something wonderful. The parents have found names for all but one, which is without a name as yet.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

"SHON."

A gentleman who made a horseback tour of the backwoods of the West, some years ago, met with many amusing experiences. He stayed one night with an old German farmer, whose house consisted of but two rooms, one above the other.

The upper room, which was a mere loft, had in it two beds, one of which was given to the guest, while the farmer's boy, a heavy-eyed stupid-looking boy of about fifteen years, named John, slept in the other.

Long before daylight the next morning, the farmer began calling, "Shon! Shon! Gid oud!"

"I vill soon," "Shon" replied drowsily, and immediately fell asleep again.

This occurred several times; then the father called out in the most emphatic tones:

"Shon! O Shon! Eef you dond gid oud yoost so quick as you can, I vill goom up mit a pail of vater, und I bet I makes you shump!"

John seemed to care less for the possible pail of water than for the frostiness of the morning. "I vill be up soon," he answered, and settled himself for another nap.

In two or three minutes, says the traveler, I heard heavy footsteps ascending the rude steps leading to the attic, and while I lay sympathizing with "Shon," a wave of icy water drenched me almost from head to foot.

"Now, sir," stormed my host, "I told you I would douse you if——"

"But you have doused me!" I managed to gasp, with my teeth chattering.

Thus made aware of his mistake, the amazed father became profuse in his apologies, and more excited than ever.

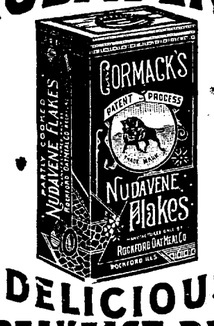
"Vat!" he shrieked in the darkness. "It vas you! O-o-o-o-h, dot Shon! I thought he vas in dis bet! It vas dark; I could not see! Und you vas all vet! O-o-o-o-h, but I gives it to dot Shon now! I vill troun him mit a whole par'l of vater! Shon! you Shon! See vat meestake you make me do! I vill—Shon, vere you vas?"

But "Shon" had taken advantage of the hubbub and darkness, and had escaped the wrath of his father for the present, though I fear there was a terrible reckoning for him later in the day.

HOW TO SEE THE WIND.

Take a polished metal surface of two feet or more, with a straight edge; a large hand-saw will answer the purpose. Take a windy day for the experiment, whether hot or cold, clear or cloudy; only let it not be in murky, rainy weather, says the St. Louis *Republic.* Hold your metallic surface at right angles to the direction of the wind—i. e., if the wind is north, hold your surface east and west, but instead of holding it vertical incline it about forty-two degrees to the horizon, so that the wind, striking, glances and flows over the edge, as the water flows over a dam. Now sight carefully along the edge some minutes at a sharply defined object, and you will see the wind pouring over the edge in graceful curves. Make your observations carefully and you will hardly ever fail in the experiment; the results are even better if the sun is obscured.

NUDAVENE



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WANTED—A good reliable firm to take agency for our oils in Fort Wayne and other good cities. Also, agents wanted to carry oil as a side line. Address, THE MONITOR OIL CO., 4-tf Cleveland, Ohio.

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☞PERSONS wishing to buy, sell or exchange property of any kind, or desiring to loan or borrow money, will find it to their interest to call on or address me. J. F. CURTICE, Real Estate and Loan Broker, Rooms 1 and 2, Pixley & Long Building, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Reference—Hamilton National bank. 20-2m

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—400 pounds of Big Eliza. Weighs 927 pounds. To heavy to walk. The house shakes when she laughs. World's Museum next week. 12-3t

FOR SALE—About seven acres of land with good frame house, fifty fruit trees, drainage complete, just the place for a gardner, within a mile of the city limits. This property must be sold. A snap for someone, take it quick. For particulars call at the Ervin house, 12 Harrison street. 2-tf

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Two nicely furnished rooms, with or without board, at 79 Cass St. 13-3t

FOR RENT—House No. 332 East Wayne street. Natural gas, water in house, nice neighborhood, rents reasonable. Apply at Barcus' bakery, 96 Calhoun street. 11-5t

FOR RENT—Two nicely furnished rooms, with or without boarders; day boarders wanted also. Inquire at 54 East Washington street. 27-tf

FOR RENT—Two nicely furnished front rooms with or without board. No. 39 West Washington street. 21-1mo

FOR RENT—A house at No. 164 Harrison street. Both water works and gas. Enquire of Ryan Bros., No. 19 W. Washington street. 3-1m

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We have more calls for dwellings than we can supply. If you have any, place them with us. We give the renting of dwellings our personal attention.

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LOST.

LOST—On Calhoun street, a hand bag with bead and seed trimmings. Finder will confer a favor by leaving same at People's store.

LOST—Newfoundland mastiff pup, black with little white on breast, weighs 100 pounds. A liberal reward will be paid for his return to Machling's feed yard, North Harrison street.

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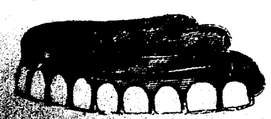

Other Cigar Has Such a Record as TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

Manufactured by the Average Good Cigar Smoker Over the World.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1890.

NEXT week congress will determine where the world's fair will be held.

THE mayor of Lima, Ohio, has ordered every gambling room in that city closed.

IT is the universal complaint of our merchants that business has been very poor this winter.

FORT WAYNE would extend a royal welcome to the old soldiers if the G. A. R. encampment should be held here.

DR. EDWARD MCGLYNN is recovering rapidly in Brooklyn from the bronchial affection that recently overcame him in Chicago.

THE republicans adopted their new code of rules in the lower house of congress yesterday by a strict party vote—yeas 161, nays 145.

THE Trades and Labor council of this city pronounce in favor of the execution of the laws to prohibit gambling. This has the right "ring."

THE McCrea-Green escapade is the sensation in the New York newspapers. Our telegrams have had considerable to say about the scandal.

SEYNOLD ALI, the brother of the late sultan of Zanzibar, whose death was announced in our telegraph columns yesterday, succeeds him.

AN effort is now on foot, it is said, to organize a syndicate to buy up the principal manufactories in this country of soda-water fountains and apparatus. What next?

A LIBEL suit against the Sandusky, Ohio., Register has just ended. The plaintiff sued for $25,000 and recovered fifty cents and was compelled to pay his share of the costs.

A RESIDENT of the state of Pennsylvania came near going through life with a name that would have made him miserable. The name was Lynn C. Doyle, and strange to say no one present at his baptism noticed the strange sound it made when pronounced.

WEATHER prophets have been "no good" this winter. They have lost their reckoning and have been unable to make any kind of reliable prediction. Well, the spring time will soon be here and then we may have some kind of weather that we can bet on.

THE committee on elections of the house of representatives will recommend the unseating of Cate of the First Arkansas district, and of Compton, of the Fifth Maryland district, and the seating of Featherstone and Mudd, the republican contestants. They will also recommend that Clarke, of Alabama, retain his seat.

IT has just been a century since the birth of John Howard the prison philanthropist. He had a genius for his work and began a great reform, which is not ended yet. Civilization has been so busy building palaces that it has forgot to look after hovels or to humanize jails and penitentiaries. But even on these dark places the light of kindness begins to break.

LET the name of the new park, which the Land and Improvement company are to establish, be "The George W. Wood Park." Mr. Wood was the first mayor of Fort Wayne. Or, if this name doesn't suit, let it be "Randall Park." Hon. F. P. Randall wrote the original city charter more than fifty years ago. He was the first city attorney and treasurer, was Fort Wayne's "war mayor" and no man now living has borne a more conspicuous part in the city's history.

ACCORDING to the Washington Critic President Harison likes a good cigar and he smokes one after luncheon and another after dinner. The ladies of the family do not have to withdraw when he enjoys his treat. Mrs. Harrison does not dislike the aroma of a good cigar, although she is like Mrs. Cleveland in detesting the odor of a cigarette. The presidential cigar is not of peculiarly fine or expensive quality. His favorite brand can be bought at about the rate of three for a quarter.

TARIFF REVISION.

The majority of the ways and means committee hope to get their tariff bill into the house by the 1st of March, but it is probable that they will not have it ready so soon. They are finding difficulty in fixing upon any place where the cut can be made.

From present indications it seems not likely that there will be any reduction except on sugar, and that, on the contrary, in many cases there may be increases. Where irregularities and inconsistencies exist it is likely that correction will be made by increasing duties on articles at present discriminated against. The only material reduction of revenue that there seems to be any agreement upon is on tobacco and on whisky used in the arts.

The sugar question is giving them trouble. The proposition to take off a considerable per cent. of the duty and make up the difference to the producers by a bounty does not meet with the approval of the sugar men, and it is possible that the clause will be stricken out of the bill in the house or it may finally defeat the whole measure.

There are understood to be ten republicans in the house who will vote against any considerable reduction of the sugar tax and six of them declare that they will vote against the entire bill if that clause is retained when the question comes to be finally voted on in the house. This opposition in their own party perplexes the majority of the committee in casting up their tally.

LOCAL GOSSIP.

S. B. BOND, PRESIDENT OF THE OLD NATIONAL BANK.—Fort Wayne is now enjoying a big boom, the biggest in her history, and the question is, how long this prosperity will continue. I believe it will be lasting unless there should be some financial crisis in the business of the country that we can not now foresee.

T. E. ELLISON—I have been corresponding with celery raisers at Kalamazoo with a view of interesting them in the newly drained Little River prairie as a place particularly well adapted to the profitable cultivation of celery. There are several thousand acres of land, conveniently near to the Wabash railroad, which differs but little in character of soil from the land near Kalamazo, on which ample fortunes have been made. It has a sub-stratum of clay, thickly covered with vegetable mould, which has been decaying there for centuries. It is fabulously rich, and if not planted in celery will raise better corn than any other land in Northern Indiana. But the growers of celery should seize this opportunity. The Wabash affords prime shipping facilities to all points between New York and St. Louis, and Chicago is easily reached by way of Huntington or Fort Wayne.

DR. C. B. STEMEN, SURGEON WABASH RAILROAD COMPANY.—Some things that are printed in the newspapers might better have been unwritten. Some time ago I went to see General Manager Hays, of the Wabash, to endeavor to interest him in the removal of the company's hospital from Peru to Fort Wayne. When I broached the subject, Mr. Hays became very warm and said that he was not disposed to favor this city. There was a time when he had seriously considered the removal to Fort Wayne of not only the company's hospital from Peru, but the company's shops from Andrews and Butler, and had even been thinking of running a branch of the Butler division to this city, but he had given up these ideas because he had come to believe that Fort Wayne people had grown hostile to the Wabash company. I assurred him that such was not the case, when he produced a copy of a Fort Wayne newspaper, in which the editor urged that the land on Fairfield avenue, which had been given for shop purposes, should be taken away from the company and given to the Fort Wayne Electric company. This was what had made the general manager wrathy, and I am sure that if the editor thought that his article seriously prevented the removal of the shops to this city, he would have regretted it as much as I did.

EX-MAYOR MUHLER.—I don't see that the so called rigid enforcement of the laws and the ordinances is making much difference in the morals of the town. I see the same crowds going over to jail that used to leave the mayor's court for the same destination. The front doors of the saloons may be locked on Sunday yet nobody is permitted to suffer for the want of a drink. The fact is that laws and ordinances are passed by men who do not expect them to be observed and often transgress them, themselves. There are city ordinances, which, if strictly enforced, would cause no end of discomfort, and everybody knows it. For instance, there is an ordinance providing for the fining of every citizen, who does not remove the snow from his sidewalk before 9 o'clock in the morning. The ordinance is not observed and nobody is fined. Another ordinance forbids merchants to expose their goods in front of their stores; yet the merchants do so almost universally and will continue to do so without molestation. These ordinances are understood to have been passed in order to provide a legal remedy in extreme cases only. When the Harding administration came in it was claimed that the chief of police would no longer be permitted to take bail, but must lock up every citizen against whom a charge might be made. Yet the police captain takes bail now, just as Chief Diehl used to. Laws that are sweeping in their effect must be administered with judgment and common sense, or else ignored entirely as wholly bad.

R. S. ROBERTSON, UTAH COMMISSIONER.—President Lincoln appointed to a responsible position in Utah territory a distinguished citizen of Fort Wayne, who did not finish out his term of office, but hastily left the territory and sent his resignation to Washington. This man had been foully dealt with by the Mormons, but, because there was "a woman in the case," no resentment was expressed by his host of friends, who were inclined to see much to excuse the outrage. The man's life and reputation were blasted forever and no defense for him has ever been made. I had not lived long at Salt Lake City and had not made much of a study of Mormon methods before I came to the conclusion that this gentleman had been the victim of a monstrous and cruel conspiracy to disgrace him and drive him from the territory. I have read his first official proclamation, made shortly after he reached Salt Lake, and the determined stand he took on the subject of polygamy, then openly practiced, was far from comforting to the Mormons. One evening a woman came to his office and saying she had business with the official she was admitted. The claim was then made that he had insulted a "mother of Israel" and he left the territory only to be waylaid on his stage journey east, brutally assaulted and left to die. That woman still lives in Utah, at some distance from Salt Lake, and I mean to see whether she will not, before she dies, right this terrible wrong and rescue this gentleman's name from the foul aspersion that has been cast upon it by the Mormon church which inspired the Mountain Meadow massacre and has committed other outrages quite as villainous would not stop at this awful crime, that effectually rid the territory of a high spirited public servant that they feared they could not control.

DR. W. H. BROOKS—The order known as the Sons of Malta had been in existence for a number of years and its branches had been pretty widely scattered among the larger cities in America before a lodge was established in Fort Wayne. That was about thirty-five years ago and it might have flourished to this day had not Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper exposed the affair and by pen and pencil robbed the noble order of its dignity and made its precious secrets public property. The Sons of Malta is supposed to have been the invention of Mr. Prentice, the famous Louisville editor, and a few jolly kindred spirits. To the uninitiated public it was believed to be an order of men secretly banded together for the purpose of capturing the Island of Cuba, and the respect for the Monroe doctrine, which the members always professed, had the effect of confirming that belief. Beyond this the Sons of Malta recommended themselves to the good opinion of all men by their charity to the poor. No secret order ever gave away half so many sacks of flour, bushels of potatoes or loaves of bread. I had the high honor to be the grand chancellor of the local branch of the order and often do I think over the great fun we had. The thing was a broad farce, as all the world now knows, and its chief attraction was the initiation ceremony. We met in a frame building on Harrison street, which stood, until a short time ago, between Mr. Perry Randall's new hotel and the Nickel Plate freight warehouse. The lodge rooms occupied the second and third floors. However, there wasn't any third floor, for we had taken that out in order that we might initiate the trembling candidate with the more earnestness. As he was led in he was seated before the grand commander and listened to an exceedingly well prepared lecture, which assumed to state the patriotic objects of the order. The candidate was then asked either to enlist in the proposed expedition to capture Cuba, or, in the event of his refusal, he was requested to make a small cash donation to the good cause. It was the cash that we wanted and that was always forthcoming. The candidate was then blindfolded and was put through the initiation, being first led into another part of the building where the grand chancellor held his court. He was asked all sorts of questions, which were prompted by some member, who had an intimate acquaintance with his private life. As the answers were wrung from him the grand chancellor would call out to the grand recorder to record them and that official, stationed at the further end of the hall, would give a tremendous whack to a big gong and call out in a sonorous voice, "It is so recorded." If a candidate objected to answer or showed temper, which was not uncommon, he was ordered to be conducted before the Sublime Council of Ten, which generally succeeded in coercing him into obedience. If he was known to have a taste for music he was asked which was his favorite instrument and upon his indicating it, a violin, guitar, or other instrument was handed to him and he was made to play. That part of the initiation which was always best remembered was the ride on the foaming steed, Pegasus. I have said that the middle floor in the lodge room had been removed. This was for the purpose of erecting a great inclined staging, which extended from the lower floor nearly up to the roof. To the top of this staging the candidate was conducted. He was then placed in a small car which ran on an iron track at a tremendous pace down the incline. When the end was reached the car struck an elliptical spring and stopped. Not so the candidate. He went on and landed on a big piece of sail cloth, which was held up by a lot of strong men and there he was tossed up a score of times until he had quite lost the thread of the ceremony. He was then conducted, still blindfolded, before the Grand Chancellor for instructions and was forced into an arm chair on the seat of which was a big sponge soaked full of cold water. The water would spurt up to the top of his head, saturating his garments. The ceremony ended straightway for we were anxious that the candidate might soon avail himself of a change of clothing, which he did at home, explaining his sorry appearance to his family as best he might. After the initiation the new member never failed to bring in an acquaintance, that he might laugh at his expense. Among the leading spirits of the order were John W. Dawson, editor of the Times and Wm. Smith, the lawyer. Each served as grand commander. Nearly every good fellow of the town became a member. I recall now A. G. Barnett, Louis Peltier, P. J. Wise, Munson VanGeison, Dr. Woodworth and Judge Brackenridge. The Sons of Malta occasionally indulged in midnight parades. The members were all disguised in a very striking manner, and I suppose that two-thirds of the adult population of the city were out on those occasions to see it. After the expose the order collapsed at once.

ROGERS' ROYAL
NERVINE

Tones and invigorates the stomach when weakened by indigestion, corrects the appetite and aids assimilation of the food, while as a nerve tonic it has no equal.

It may be taken immediately after eating for DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCY or any IRREGULARITIES of the STOMACH or NERVES. All druggists sell it. $1 per bottle. ROGERS ROYAL MEDICINE CO. BOSTON.

AMATEUR BASE BALL.

Some Interesting Games Assured for the Coming Season.

Although neither one of the contemplated base ball leagues may include this city in its list, it is now assured that some interesting amateur contests will engage the attention of lovers of the national game here the coming season.

The Amateur Athletic club has some very good players from which will be organized a nine, while about twenty young men who were conspicuous in last year's games, will prepare themselves for the sport. Among the latter are such players as Will Turner, Oscar Kiefer, Will Downing, Jack Brown, Fred Zollars, Ed. Evans, Charlie Jones and others.

Mr. John B. Blake, foreman in John's harness manufactory, is enthusiastic on base ball and proposes to use all his endeavors to put the latter club in the field.

"A stitch in time saves nine," and if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla now it may save months of future possible sickness.

Milwaukee issues 1,317 saloon licenses and receives therefor the sum of $252,050.30.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

In Texas it is unnecessary to teach the young idea how to shoot.—Hutchinson News.

"STOP"—Nature Has a Cure.

EATON RAPIDS, Mich.

J. M. LOOSE RED CLOVER CO., Detroit:—Two years I was afflicted with a very severe attack of Erysipelas. After two physicians had used their treatment for several weeks and I continued growing blind, and in their diagnosis concluded that there was no earthly help or hope for me. I gave up, having tried all the remedies I knew or heard of. My neighbor, Mr. Miller, came in to see me one day, and said try Loose's Extract of Red Clover, as he had known of its working remarkable cures. I told him I had lost hope, that nothing would do me any good in the world. He insisted, and taking his hat went to the drug store and bought me one bottle and urged me to try it, which I did. Ten days afterward I sent for two more bottles, and it is wonderful how I improved. I continued using it and to-day I am better than I have been in years. No sign of erysipelas has shown itself and I heartily recommend it to suffering humanity as the greatest and best blood purifier in existence. Yours truly, HENRY MARVIN.

For sale by Drier & Bros.

The latest sleeves for ladies' dresses in Paris are made in one piece, with a seam out of sight.

To-night and To-morrow Night,

And each day and night during this week you can get at all druggists Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma and Consumption. Get a bottle to-day and keep it always in the house, so you can check your cold at once. Price, 50c and $1. Sample bottles free.

If you do not receive your SENTINEL regularly, please notify us immediately, either in person or by postal card, that we may remedy the fault.

FANCY SKATER RUBENSTEIN.

The World's Champion Has Several Relatives in This City.

A cablegram in THE SENTINEL yesterday contained information that Louis Rubenstein, the champion fancy skater of America, won the championship of the world in St. Petersburg Thursday, among competitors from Austria, Finland, Norway, Sweden and Russia.

Mr. Rubenstein has visited this city and is closely related to Ben Cohen, of Redlick's shoe store, and Henry Cohen, of the "39" cigar factory, and the other members of the Cohen family.

From St. Petersburg Rubenstein goes to Hamburg and Amsterdam, where he will enter fancy skating tournaments.

THE SENTINEL will publish extracts from a letter written by Reubenstein in its Monday's issue.

Sames S. Murphy, M. D., Company's Shops, N. C., writes:—"I sell a great deal of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, for every one who tries it likes it."

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." Of course! Why, those old duffers suffered horribly with aches and pains, and didn't and couldn't know that Salvation Oil would cure them.

Newspapers have done much to abbreviate expression and so to improve style.—Emerson.

Ladies Have Tried it.

A number of my lady customers have tried "Mother's Friend," and would not be without it for many times its cost. They recommend it to all who are to become mothers. R. A. Payne, Druggist, Greenville, Ala. Write Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. By all druggists.

You can save $1 on every ticket you buy to Chicago via the Nickel Plate. Call at city ticket office, No. 5 Aveline house block or depot. 15-2t

Wait for the Saengerbund Masquerade ball at the Princess rink. feb. 8, 10, 12, 14, 15.

Here's One For You.

Big Eliza has a horse which she sells to Manager Geary for $80. Mr. Geary, after two days use, sells the horse back to Eliza for $70. Eliza thinking she made $10 sells the horse for $65. Now does she make or lose by the transaction? Season ticket for first correct answer on postal card. Manager GEARY, World's Museum. Big Eliza will be here next week—she weighs 927 pounds. 12 3t

The Nickel Plate city ticket office is the only place down town where you can buy tickets at a reduced rate to all points. Call on them. 15-2t

The Madam Fry Boston Concert company, which will appear at the City Y. M. C. A. on Monday, February 17, will be a great musical and literary treat to the people of our city. The Pittsburg Times says of them: "The attendance at the entertainment in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association was so large that many were unable to find seats; the performance was a very refined one, and the audience expressing its delight in unmeasured terms."

Reduced rates to the west, northwest and southwest via the Nickel Plate. Inquire at city ticket office, 5 Aveline house block or at depot. 15-2t

Grand Masquerade Ball of the Fort Wayne Saengerbund at the Princess rink, Shrove Tuesday, February 18. Tickets, with lady coupon, $1.00; extra lady's ticket 50c. Music by Reineke's full orchestra. feb. 8, 10, 12, 14, 15.

Laura Daintrey, the writer, is a pretty blonde of twenty-five years.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

JOHN HENRY

MERITORIOUS GOODS—well-fitting and stylish designs—at MODERATE PRICES. The wonderful growth of our business is due to the above, and other reliable methods that insure our patrons just treatment and us a continuance of their patronage. We are prepared to show you a matchless line of Boots, Shoes and Slippers that are reliable in style and quality. We respectfully invite your inspection. We will not deal in shoddy goods.

E. VORDERMARK & SONS,
32 Calhoun Street.
SIGN OF BIG RED BOOT.

NOT A PIMPLE ON BABY.

Baby one year old. Had with Eczema. Hair all gone. Scalp covered with eruptions. Cured by Cuticura. Hair splendid and not a pimple on him.

Cured by Cuticura.

I cannot say enough in praise of the Cuticura Remedies. My boy, when one year of age, was so bad with eczema that he lost all of his hair. His scalp was covered with eruptions, which the doctor said was scall-head, and that his hair would never grow again. Despairing of a cure from physicians, I began the use of the Cuticura Remedies, and, I am happy to say, with the most perfect success. His hair is now splendid, and there is not a pimple on him. I recommend the Cuticura Remedies to mothers as the most speedy, economical and sure cure for all skin diseases of infants and children, and feel that every mother who has an afflicted child will thank me for so doing.

MRS. M. E. WOODSUM, Norway, Me.

Fever Sore Eight Years.

I must extend to you the thanks of one of my customers, who has been cured by using the Cuticura Remedies of an old sore caused by a long spell of sickness or fever eight years ago. He was so bad he was fearful he would have to have his leg amputated, but is happy to say he is now entirely well—sound as a dollar. He requests me to use his name, which is H. H. Cason, merchant

JOHN V. MINOR, Druggist, Gainesboro, Tenn.

We have been selling your Cuticura Remedies for years, and have the first complaint yet to receive from a purchaser. One of the worst cases of scrofula I ever saw was cured by them.

TAYLOR & TAYLOR, Frankfort, Kan.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood and Skin Purifier and purest and best of Humor Remedies, internally, and Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, speedily, permanently and economically cure every disease and humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, whether itching, burning, scaly, pimply, scrofulous or hereditary, when all other remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by Cuticura Soap. Absolutely pure.

EVERY MUSCLE ACHES.

Sharp Aches, Dull Pains, Strains, and Weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents.

T. E. COVINGTON,

Cor. Washington and Harrison Sts.

Spring Garden and Flower Seeds.

All Seed Warranted Fresh.

No Old Stock.

I will also keep

EARLY GARDEN PLANTS.

Call before buying and save money.

Feb13-daw2mo

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He has just placed new machinery in his establishment and is now prepared to make the finest Sausages in the market. Dressed Poultry and Home-made Lard for sale. 24-1yr.

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Steam and Gas Fitters,

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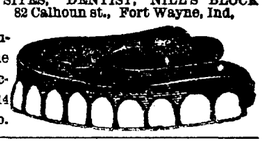

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DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m

The Oldest Firm and Most Reliable in the City,

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BROU'S INJECTION

An Infallible Remedy for the Cure of all Contagious Diseases of the Urinary organs; guaranteed not to produce Stricture; no sickening doses; and no inconvenience or loss of time. Recommended by physicians and sold by druggists everywhere. J. Ferré, (successor to Brou), Pharmacien, Paris.

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DR. LE DUC'S PERIODICAL PILLS,

The Great French Remedy. Paris, France, act directly upon the Generative Organs and Positively Cure Suppression of the Menses from whatever cause, and all Periodical Troubles peculiar to women. Safe. Reliable Remedy. Warranted to bring Relief in 3 days. Full directions accompany each box. For sale by druggists, or address, [illegible]

TALMAGE HOME AGAIN.

HIS APPLICATION OF THE DELIVERANCE OF RAHAB.

His Late Visit to the Site of Jericho—Supposed Youth and Ertors of Rahab—Her Deliverance by the Israelites and the Lessons It Teaches.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage resumed preaching in Brooklyn on Sunday, Feb. 9, after his visit to the Holy Land, and the Academy of Music was crowded. Thousands of people were not able to get into the building. The subject of his discourse was "The House on the Wall." Dr. Talmage took for his text Joshua vi, 23: "And the young men that were spies went in, and brought out Rahab, and her father, and her mother, and her brethren, and all that she had." He said:

When, only a few weeks ago, I visited Jericho, I said, Can it be possible that this dilapidated place is the Jericho that Mark Antony gave as a wedding present to Cleopatra? Where are the groves of palm trees? Where are Herod's palaces that once stood here? Where is the great theater from the stage of which Salome told the people that Herod was dead? Where is the sycamore tree on the limb of which Zaccheus sat when Jesus passed this place? Where is the wreck of the walls that fell at the blowing of the ram's horns? But the fact that all these have disappeared did not hinder me from seeing in imagination the smash of everything on the fated day, save one house on the wall. That scene centuries ago comes back to me as though it were yesterday.

There is a very sick and sad house in the city of Jericho. What is the matter? Is it poverty? No. Worse than that. Is it leprosy? No. Worse than that. Is it death? No. Worse than that. A daughter has forsaken her home. By what infernal plot she was induced to leave I know not; but they look in vain for her return. Sometimes they hear a footstep very much like hers, and they start up and say: "She comes!" but only to sink back again into disappointment. Alas! Alas! The father sits by the hour, with his face in his hands, saying not one word. The mother's hair is becoming gray too fast, and she begins to stoop so that those who saw her only a little while ago in the street know her not now as she passes. The brothers clinch their fists, swearing vengeance against the despoiler of their home. Alas! will the poor soul never come back? There is a long, deep shadow over all the household. Added to this there is an invading army six miles away, just over the river, coming on to destroy the city; and what with the loss of their child and the coming on of that destructive army, I think the old people wished that they could die. That is the first scene in this drama of the Bible. In a house on the wall of the city is that daughter. That is her home now. Two spies have come from the invading army to look around through Jericho and see how best it may be taken. Yonder is the lost child, in that dwelling on the wall of the city. The police hear of it, and soon there is the shuffling of feet all around about the door, and the city government demands the surrender of those two spies. First, Rahab—for that was the name of the lost child—first, Rahab secretes the two spies and gets their pursuers off the track; but after awhile she says to them: "I will make a bargain with you. I will save your life if you will save my life, and the life of my father and my mother, and my brothers, and my sisters, when the victorious army comes upon the city." O, she had not forgotten her home yet, you see. The wanderer never forgets home. Her heart breaks now as she thinks of how she has maltreated her parents, and she wishes she were back with them again, and she wishes she could get away from her sinful enthrallment; and sometimes she looks up in the face of the midnight, bursting into agonizing tears. No sooner have these two spies promised to save her life, and the life of her father, and mother, and brothers, and sisters, than Rahab takes a scarlet cord and ties it around the body of one of the spies, brings him to the window, and as he clambers out—nervous lest she have not strength to hold him—with muscular arms such as woman seldom has, she lets him down, hand over hand, in safety to the ground. Not being exhausted, she ties the cord around the other spy, brings him to the window, and just as successfully lets him down to the ground. No sooner have these men untied the scarlet cord from their bodies than they look up, and they say: "You had better get all your friends in this house—your father, your mother, your brothers, and your sisters: you had better get them in this house. And then, after you have them here, take this red cord which you have put around our bodies and tie it across the window; and when our victorious army comes up, and sees that scarlet thread in the window, they will spare this house and all who are in it. Shall it be so?" cried the spies. "Aye, aye," said Rahab, from the window, "it shall be so." That is the second scene in this Bible drama.

There is a knock at the door of the old man. He looks up, and says: "Come in," and lo! there is Rahab, the lost child; but she has no time to talk. They gather in excitement around her, and she says to them: "Get ready quickly, and go with me to my house. The army is coming! The trumpet! Make haste! Fly! The enemy!" That is the third scene in this Bible drama. The hosts of Israel are all around about the doomed city of Jericho. Crash! goes the great metropolis, heaps on heaps. The air suffocating with the dust, and horrible with the screams of a dying city. All the houses flat down. All the people dead. Ah no, no. On a crag of the wall—the only piece of the wall left standing—there is a house which we must enter. There is a family there that have been spared. Who are they? Let us go in and see. Rahab, her father, her mother, her brothers, her sisters, all safe, and the only house left standing in all the city. Who saved them? Was the house more firmly built? O, no, it was built in the most perilous place—on the wall; and the wall was the first thing that fell. Was it because her character was any better than any of the other population of the city? O, nor Why then was she spared and all he household? Can you tell me why? O, it was the scarlet line in the window. That is the fourth scene in this Bible drama. When the destroying angel went through Egypt, it was the blood of the lamb on the door posts that saved the Israelites; and now that vengeance has come upon Jericho it is the same color that assures the safety of Rahab and all her household. My friends, there are foes coming upon us, more deadly and more tremendous, to overthrow our immortal interests. They may trample us down and crush us out forever, unless there be some skillful mode of rescue open. The police of death already begin to clamor for our surrender; but blessed be God, there is a way out. It is through the window, and by a rope so saturated by the blood of the cross, that it is as red as that with which the spies were lowered; and if once our souls shall be delivered, then, the scarlet chord stretched across the window of our escape, we may defy all bombardment, earthly and Satanic.

In the first place, carrying out the idea of my text, we must stretch this scarlet cord across the window of our rescue. There comes a time when a man is surrounded. What is that in the front door of his room. It is the threatenings of the future. What is that in the back door of his soul? It is the sin of the past. He cannot get out of either of those doorways. If he attempts it he will be cut to pieces. What shall he do? Escape through the window of God's mercy. That sunshine has been pouring in for many a day. God's inviting mercy. God's pardoning mercy. God's all conquering mercy. God's everlasting mercy. But, you say, the window is so high. Ah, there is a rope, the very one with which the cross and its victim were lifted. That was strong enough to hold Christ, and it is strong enough to hold you. Bear all your weight upon it, all your hopes for this life, all your hopes for the life that is to come. Escape now through the window. "But," you say, "that cord is too small to save me; that salvation will never do at all for such a sinner as I have been." I suppose that the rope with which Rahab let the two spies to the ground was not thick enough; but they took that or nothing. And, my dear brother, that is your alternative. There is only one scarlet line that can save you. There have been hundreds and thousands who have been borne away in safety by that scarlet line, and it will bear you away in safety. Do you notice what a very narrow escape those spies had? I suppose they came with flustered cheek and with excited heart. They had a very narrow escape. They went in the broad door of sin; but how did they come out? They came out of the window. They went up by the stairs of stone; they came down on a slender thread. And so, my friends, we go easily and unabashedly into sin, and all the doors are open; but if we get out at all it will be by being let down over precipices, wriggling and helpless, the strong grip above keeping us from being dashed on the rocks beneath. It is easy to get into sin, young man. It is not so easy to get out of it.

A young man goes to the marble counter of a hotel. He asks for a brandy smash—called so, I suppose because it smashes the man that takes it. There is no intoxication in it. As the young man receives it he does not seem to be at all excited. It does not give any glossiness to the eye. He walks home in beautiful apparel, and all his prospects are brilliant. That drink is not going to destroy him, but it is the first step on a bad road. Years have passed on, and I see that young man after he has gone the whole length of dissipation. It is midnight, and he is in a hotel—perhaps the very one where he took the first drink. He rises from the bed and comes to the window, and it is easily lifted; so he lifts it. Then he pushes back the blinds and puts his foot on the window sill. Then he gives one spring, and the watchman finds his disfigured body, unrecognizable, on the pavement. O, if he had only waited a little—if he had come down on the scarlet ladder that Jesus holds from the wall for him, and for you, and for me; but no, he made one jump, and was gone.

A minister of Christ was not long ago dismissed from his diocese for intoxication, and in a public meeting he gave this account of his sorrow. He said: "I had a beautiful home once, but strong drink shattered it. I had beautiful children; but this fiend of rum took their dimpled hands in his and led them to the grave. I had a wife to know her was to love her; but she sits in wretchedness to-night while I wander over the earth. I had a mother, and the pride of her life was I; but the thunderbolt struck her. I now have scarcely a friend in the world. Taste of the bitter cup I have tasted, and then answer me as to whether I have any hatred for the agency of my ruin. Hate it! I hate the whole damning traffic. I would to God to-night that every distillery was in flames, for then in the glowing sky I would write in the smoke of the ruin: 'Woe to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips.'" That minister of the Gospel went in through the broad door of temptation: he came out of the window. And when I see the temptations that are about us in all countries, and when I know the proclivities to sin in every man's heart, I see that if any of us escape it will be a very narrow escape. O, if we have, my friends, got off from our sin, let us tie the scarlet thread by which we have been saved across the window. Let us do it in praise of him whose blood dyed it that color. Let it be in announcement of the fact that we shall no more be fatally assaulted. "There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Then let all the forces of this world come up in cavalry charge, and let spirits of darkness come on an infernal storming party attempting to take our souls, this rope twisted from these words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," will hurl them back defeated forever.

Still further: We must take this red cord of the text and stretch it across the window of our households. When the Israelitish Army came up against Jericho, they said: "What is that in the window?" Some one said: "That is a scarlet line." "O," said some one else, "that must be the house that was to be spared. Don't touch it." That line was thick enough, and long enough, and conspicuous enough to save Rahab, her father, her mother, her brothers and her sisters—the entire family. Have our households as good protection? You have bolts on the front door and on the back, and fastenings to the window, and perhaps burglar alarms, and perhaps an especial watchman blowing his whistle at midnight before your dwelling; but all that cannot protect your household. Is there on our houses the sign of a Saviour's sacrifice and mercy? Is there a scarlet line in the window? Have your children been consecrated to Christ? Have you been washed in the blood of the atonement? In what room do you have family prayers? Show me where it is you are accustomed to kneel. The sky is black with the coming deluge. Is your family inside or outside of the ark? It is a sad thing for a man to reject Christ; but to lie down in the night of sin, across the path to Heaven, so that his family come up and trip over him—that is terrific.

It is a sad thing for a mother to reject Christ; but to gather her family around her, and then take them by the hand and lead them out into paths of worldliness, away from God and Heaven, alas! alas! There may be geranium and cactus in that family window, and upholstery hovering over it, and childish faces looking out of it, but there is no scarlet thread stretched across it. Although that house may seem to be on the best street in all the town or city, it is really on the edge of a marsh across which sweep most poisonous malarias, and it has a sandy foundation, and its splendor will come down, and great will be the fall of it. A home without God! A prayerless father! An undevoted mother! Awful! awful! Is that you? Will you keep on, my brother, on the wrong road, and take your loved ones with you? Time is so short that we cannot waste any of it on apologies, or indirections, or circumlocutions. You owe to your children, O father, O mother, more than food, more than clothing, more than shelter—you owe them the example of a prayerful, consecrated, pronounced, out-and-out Christian life. You cannot afford to keep it away from them.

Now, as I stand here, you do not see any hands outstretched towards me, and yet there are hands on my brow and hands on both my shoulders. They are hands of parental benediction. It is quite a good many years ago now since we folded those hands as they began the last sleep on the banks of the Raritan in the village cemetery; but those hands are stretched out toward me to-day, and they are just as warm and they are just as gentle as when I sat on her knee at five years of age. And I shall never shake off those hands. I do not want to. They have helped me so much a thousand times already, and I do not expect to have a trouble or a trial between this and my grave where those hands will not help me. It was not a very splendid home, as the world calls it; but we had a family Bible there, well worn by tender perusal; and there was a family altar there, where we knelt morning and night; and there was a holy Sabbath there; and stretched in a straight line or hung in loops or festoons, there was a scarlet line in the window. O the tender, precious, blessed memory of a Christian home! Is this the impression you are making upon your children? When you are dead—and it will not be long before you are—when you are dead, will your child say: "If there ever was a good Christian father, mine was one. If there ever was a good Christian mother, mine was one?"

Still further: we want this scarlet line of the text drawn across the window of our prospects. I see Rahab and her father, and her mother, and her brothers and sisters looking out over Jericho, the city of palm trees, and across the river, and over at the army invading, and then up to the mountains and the sky. Mind you, this house was on the wall, and I suppose the prospect from the window must have been very wide. Besides that, I do not think that the scarlet line at all interfered with the view of the landscape. The assurance it gave of safety must have added to the beauty of the country. To-day, my friends, we sit in the window of earthly prospects, and we look off towards the hills of heaven and the landscape of eternal beauty. God has opened the window for us, and we look out. We now only get a dim outline of the inhabitants. We now only here and there catch a note of the exquisite harmony.

But blessed be God for this scarlet line in the window. That tells me that the blood of Christ bought that home for my soul, and I shall go there when my work is done. And as I put my hand on that scarlet line, everything in the future brightens. My eyesight gets better, and the robes of the victors are more lustrous, and our loved ones who went away some time ago—they do not stand any more with their backs to us, but their faces are this way and their voices drop through this Sabbath air, saying with all tenderness and sweetness: "Come! Come! Come!" And the child that you think of only as buried—why, there she is, and it is May day in Heaven; and they gather the amaranth, and they pluck the lilies, and they twist them into a garland for her brow, and she is one of the May queens of Heaven. O do you think they could see our waving to-day? It is quite a pleasant day, pretty clear, and not many clouds in the sky. I wonder if they can see us from that good land? I think they can. If from this window of earthly prospects we can almost see them, then from their towers of light I think they can fully see us. And so I wave them the glory, and I wave them the joy, and I say: "Have you got through with all your troubles?" and their voices answer: "God hath wiped away all tears from our eyes." I say: "Is it as grand up there as you thought it would be?" and the voices answer: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for those that love him." I say; "Do you have any more struggle for bread?" and they answer: "We hunger no more, we thirst no more." And I say: "Have you been out to the cemetery of the golden city?" and they answer: "There is no death here." And I look out through the heavens, and I say: "Where do you get your light from nights, and what do you burn in the temple?" and they answer: "There is no night here, and we have no need of candle or of star." And I say: "What book do you sing out of?" and they answer: "The Hallelujah Chorus." And I say: "In the splendor and magnificence of the city, don't you ever get lost?" and they answer: "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne leadeth us to living fountains of water." O how near they seem. Their wings—do you not feel them? Their harps—do you not hear them? And all that through the window of our earthly prospects, across which stretcheth the scarlet line. Be that my choice color forever. Is it too glaring for you? Do you like the blue because it reminds you of the sky, or the green because it makes you think of the foliage, or the black because it has in it the shadow of the night? I take the scarlet because it shall make me think of the price that was paid for my soul. O the blood! the blood! the blood of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. I see where you are. You are at the cross roads. The next step decides everything. Pause before you take it; but do not pause too long. I hear the blast of the trumpet that wakes the dead. Look out! Look out! For in that day, and in our closing moment on earth, better than any other barricade or defense, however high or broad or stupendous, will be one little, thin, scarlet thread in the window.

A Token of Esteem.

As the train stopped at a station about thirty miles west of Indianapolis we noticed an unusually large crowd on the depot platform, and it was evident that speechmaking had been indulged in and that somebody of note was taking his departure. We soon discovered that this person was a certain Colonel Blank, who came into the car with a package under his arm, and whose cheeks were wet with farewell tears. He called "Good-by!" a score of times from the window, and as the train finally rolled on he blew his nose, wiped his eyes, and turned to us with: "Gentlemen, it touches the heartstrings to part with old friends and neighbors."

"You are saying farewell, then?"

"Yes. I am going up to Indianapolis to reside. The field here is too limited, as I have discovered after ten years' residence."

"Well, it is certainly pleasant to part from friends the way you have."

"Indeed it is! Over two hundred of the best people in town came down to see me off, and the president of the bank made a beautiful speech, wished me every success, and all that, and then handed me this as a token of respect and esteem."

"Ah! Made you a present, eh! Evidently something nice?"

"Bound to be," replied the Colonel, as he took a package from the seat.

"Perhaps you don't want to reveal the contents here?"

"Oh, I have no objections. We'll undo it and see what they have given me."

He carefully untied the string and removed the several papers which wrapped the precious memento, and lo! there was exposed to our gaze a—sponge! Yes, sir; a great big bath sponge, which never cost less than a dollar! We pressed forward to see it, and the Colonel turned red and white by turns, bit his lips, and bobbed about on the seat, and as we held our breaths he burst out with:

"Gentlemen, heartstrings be blowed! The onery, thieving, loafing, lying crowd have gone and heaped a deadly insult upon me, and the next two hundred and fifty years of my life shall be devoted to wading in human blood clear up to the top vest button!"

In the spring the young sprig's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. The trees also become sappy about the same time.

Infernal Ingenuity

Could scarcely devise more excruciating tortures than those of which you see the evidences in the face of a rheumatic or neuralgic sufferer. The agonies are the consequence of not checking a rheumatic or neuralgic attack at the outset. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been found by skillful medical practitioners to possess not only remedial but defensive efficacy, where those diseases exist, or a tendency to them is exhibited. Surely this puissant but safe botanic medicine, bearing, too, such high specific sanction, is better than the poisons often employed, but most unsafe, not only in continuance, but in isolated doses. The blood is depurated thoroughly from the rheumatic virus, and the nerves, slightly impurged upon, saved from ultimate and direful throes by this benign, saving medicine, which likewise exhibits marked efficacy for malaria, kidney complaints, dyspepsia, constipation, and liver complaint.

How to Care for Canaries.

A good many people don't know how to take care of canary birds, and I therefore give them the following advice, which I got from a bird fancier: Never give your bird sugar or figs or raisins, or anything sweet, expect a small piece of sweet apple (peeled) twice a week. Put the apple in the cage in the morning and take it out at night. It should have all the rape and canary seed it wants and gravel should be kept at the bottom of the cage. Avoid feeding the bird on celery. Twice a week feed it on one-third of a boiled egg, using both the white and yellow of the egg. Grate up the egg; that is better than putting it in whole. Give it the egg the day before it gets the apple, and as large a piece of the former as of the latter. Let it have a bath every day, using water with the chill taken off.—*Epoch.*

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

As Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucus surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine; it is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

Why He Wasn't Killed.

Capt. Spear—And were you never wounded, Pat?

Pat—Faith, sor, and I was. In the fight at Spottsylvania, a dirty reb lifted his gun and fired. I was scared, I tell yez. He struck me right under me left breast.

"But if it struck where you say, the ball must have gone through your heart and killed you."

"Oh, bedad, sor! me heart was in me mouth at the time."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A Remedy for the Influenza Cough.

A remedy recommended for patients afflicted with the influenza is Kemp's Balsam, the specific for coughs and colds, which is especially adapted to diseases of the throat and lungs. Do not wait for the first symptoms of the disease before securing the remedy, but get a bottle and keep it on hand for use the moment it is needed. If neglected the influenza has a tendency to bring on pneumonia. All druggists sell the Balsam.

Fatherly Aid.

Mr. Trenbrock—Eileen, do you think—that is—ahem—er—do you suppose you could be happy for life with—(a swallowing gulp)—with—Mr.—ahem!—Mr. Archer?

Miss Trenbrock—Papa—this is so sudden!

Mr. Trenbrock—Well, he was afraid to ask you himself, and I've been trying to think what I said to your mother on a similar occasion, so as to help him out.—*Judge.*

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of *Sick Headache*, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

Electric Plants.

"Where have you been, Charley?"

"Down to the flower show."

"You look disappointed."

"I am."

"What's the matter?"

"I saw the chief botanist, and do you know the old noodle couldn't even point me out the electric plant."—*Chicago Ledger.*

Florence, Ala.

The personally conducted excursions to this rapidly growing city have been so successful that the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad (Evansville Route) will run one on each of the following dates: Feb. 4, 11, 18 and 25. For copy of "Alabama as It Is," and further information, send to William Hill, Gen. Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ill.

WHEELING, W. Va., must be a great place for carriage smiths. This is the remark of a wag on the subject.—*Boston Star.*

The "Mother's Friend."

Not only shortens labor and lessens pain attending it but greatly diminishes the danger to life of both mother and child if used a few months before confinement. Write to The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

WHEN a tailor goes to law it is generally not so much to gain a suit as to get the cost of one.

EVER since 1861 there have been women (*more each year*) who claim that there is no soap half as good, or as economical as Dobbins' Electric. There *must* be some truth in their claim. Try it, see how much.

A DESCRIPTIVE writer said of a pompous man that he looked as if he knew so much that it made him unhappy.

The smoker's delight—"Tansill's Punch."

BETTING is no argument, yet it will do in the place of a better.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Pure Blood

Is absolutely necessary in order to have perfect health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier, quickly conquering scrofula, salt rheum, and all other insidious enemies which attack the blood and undermine the health. It also builds up the whole system, cures dyspepsia and sick headache, and overcomes that tired feeling.

"I have been troubled by a scrofulous affection all my life. It is one of the marked recollections of my boyhood days, and for several years has rendered me unable to labor much. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I have been using at intervals for ten years, is the best thing I have ever taken. I am now 60, and my general health seems better than ever." H. D. ABBOTT, Warren, N. H.

"I have taken two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla for salt rheum and dyspepsia, with which I was troubled very much. After taking this medicine I am feeling as well as ever in my life." G. W. ROSS, Pottsville, Pa.

N. B. If you want a good medicine, get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

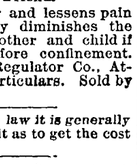
Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Ely's Cream Balm

WILL CURE

CATARRH



Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm into each nostril.

ELY BROS., 66 Warren St., N. Y.

PENSIONS If you want your pension without delay, put your claim in the hands of

Washington, D. C.

YOUNG MEN Wanted to Learn Telegraphy. Address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

Never Say Die!

Scourged with ulcers, boils and tetter,
Week of limb and sore of eye,
Hopeless now of growing better,
Surely one must die.

Not at all, poor, discouraged sufferer from disordered blood and scrofulous trouble. Take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great blood-purifier and life-saver of modern days. All those unwholesome sores and blood disorders may be cured, and the victim will look and feel like a new man. It is *warranted* to benefit or cure, or money paid for it promptly returned.

PERFECTION is attained in Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It cures the worst cases.

A Liberal Education.

Mr. Stoxandbonds—I understand, Mr. Quicklyrich, that you have sent your son to college. Do you intend to give him a liberal education?

Mr. Quicklyrich—Yes sir, I do! He has $500 a month and if you know of any one who is giving his son a more liberal education than that, I am prepared to make it a thousand.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Copy of Original.

VAN WERT, Ohio, July 12, 1889.

Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich:

GENTS—This is to certify that I had what is called sciatic rheumatism so badly that I was all drawn over to one side. My hip sank in so that you could lay your hand in the cavity, and I could do no work for ever one year. I tried some of the best physicians and did almost everything I could hear or think of, and nothing did me any good until I purchased a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup of Hines & Son, druggists, Van Wert, O. Four bottles cured me and have never had it since.

ALBERT KING.

We certify to the above testimonial.

HINES & SON, Druggists.

In Striking Attire.

Dumpsey—I saw Blobson's wife in a striking costume to-day.

Popinjay—Indeed! What was it?

Dumpsey—Why, she had a broomstick in one hand and a flat-iron in the other, and Blobson was helping to wear the broomstick."—*Burlington Free Press.*

The Excitement Not Over.

The rush on the druggists still continues, and daily scores of people call for a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption. Kemp's Balsam, the standard family remedy, is sold on a guarantee and never fails to give entire satisfaction. Price 50c and $1. Trial size free.

A CHICAGO clergyman recently coupled two Carrs (in marriage) in that city, and escaped without being squeezed.—*Milwaukee Globe.*

"I have been occasionally troubled with Coughs, and in each case have used BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, which have never failed, and I must say they are second to none in the world."—*Felix A. May, Cashier, St. Paul, Minn.*

"CHANGEABLE hosiery" is now fashionable, but a fellow can't well keep in style if he has but one pair of socks.

BEST, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

IF a fellow really wants a niche in the Temple of Fame he has got to come up to the scratch.

"Good and Honest."

St. Jacobs Oil is thus praised:

State of Ohio Treasury Dept., Columbus, Ohio, Feb. 6, 1889.

"I have used St. Jacobs Oil in my family for years, and find it to be the medicine of medicines

FOR GENERAL USE.

It is a good, honest medicine and honest men will not hesitate to recommend it to suffering humanity." JOHN P. SLEMMONS, Bookkeeper.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

MIDWINTER MUSIC.

Music as a Handmaid, stands ready to assist in all social pleasures and gaieties.

SOCIAL SINGING. "College Songs," (50 Cents,) "College Songs for Banjo, "Guitar," (each $1.) "Good Old Songs we used to sing" ($1.)

TEMPERANCE. "Temperance Crusade, (35c., or $3.60 doz.) Emerson & Morey. "Temperance Rallying Songs," (35 cts., or $3.60 doz.) Hull.

ANTHEM BOOKS. "Easy Anthems," (80 cts., or $7.20 doz.) Emerson "Anthems of Praise," ($1 or $9 doz.) Emerson "American Anthem Book," ($1.25 or $12 doz.) Dow's "Responses and Sentences," (80 cts. or $7.20 doz.)

EASY CANTATAS. Sacred: "Ruth and Boaz," (65 cts., $6 doz.) "Rebecca," (65 cts. or $6 doz. Secular: "Dairy Maids' Supper," (30 cts. or $1.80 doz.) "Garden of Singing Flowers," (40 cts. or $3.60 doz.)

Great Success of Our New $1 Music Books.

"Piano Classics," Vol. 1 and Vol 2. "Popular Piano Collection," "Popular Dance Music Collection," "Song Classics for Sop," "Song Classics for Alto," "Classic Baritone and Bass Songs," "Classic Tenor Songs." Each book $1.

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$75.00 to $250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va.

FINDER'S PASTILLES Sure relief in 20 min. **ASTHMA.** Price 25 cts. Sidwell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

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"ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE."

How often do we hear the above said of some poor pilgrim o'er life's thorny path, whose tottering step, pallid face, unnatural glitter of the eye and hacking cough, and its accompanying involuntary pressure of the hand over the lungs, the seat of the dread disease—consumption—that causes the remark? Too frequently, alas! and in the interests of such unfortunates this is penned, to assure them that their steps need tend no longer towards that narrow receptacle that awaits all—that is, until life's allotted space is covered—from any such cause, for the scientific researches of Dr. R. V. Pierce, of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., resulting in his "Golden Medical Discovery," have wrested from Nature a remedy which never fails to cure this scourge of our race (which is really nothing more nor less than Scrofula of the Lungs), if taken in time and given a fair trial.

For Scrofula in all its myriad forms, whether affecting the lung-tissues or other organs or parts, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a sovereign remedy, and the *only one* that is sold by druggists, under a **positive guarantee** from its manufacturers, that it will benefit or cure, if taken in time and given a fair trial, or money paid for it will be refunded. Enlarged glands, tumors or "bunches," are dissipated by its use; old sores or ulcers healed; "white swellings," hip-joint disease, and kindred ailments, permanently cured. It's a *medicine*, not a beverage; a concentrated vegetable extract, without sugar or syrup in its make-up. Don't beget drunkards. As *peculiar* and marvelous in curative properties as in its composition. It's mission is to *cure*, not palliate.

"Golden Medical Discovery" invigorates and strengthens the liver and lungs, sharpens the appetite, improves digestion, purifies the blood, cleanses the system, and builds up both flesh and strength when reduced by "wasting diseases." It leads all other medicines in amount of sales. There's nothing like it for the diseases for which it is recommended, so don't be fooled into accepting any substitute, said to be "just as good." It's an insult to your intelligence when unprincipled dealers try to palm off something else upon you, *just to make a little better profit!* An honest dealer supplies what his customers want, without questioning their intelligence. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD is offered by the manufacturers of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY, for a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases, no matter of how long standing. 50c., by druggists.

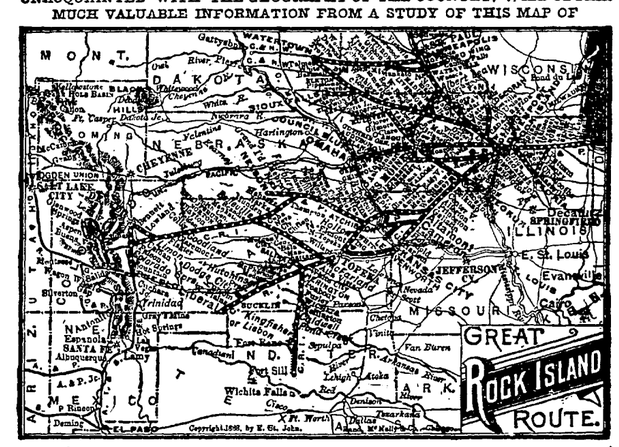
PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS

Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,

Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan, and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Pond Creek, Kingfisher, Fort Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—and Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Chicago, Caldwell, Hutchinson, and Dodge City, and Palace Sleeping Cars between Chicago, Wichita, and Hutchinson. Traverses new and vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS,

Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, cool, well ventilated, and free from dust. Through Coaches, Pullman Sleepers, FREE Reclining Chair Cars, and (east of Missouri River) Dining Cars Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Omaha, with Free Reclining Chair Car to North Platte, Neb., and between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver, and Pueblo, via St. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka. Splendid Dining Hotels (furnishing meals at seasonable hours) west of Missouri River. California Excursions daily, with CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from Salt Lake, Ogden, Portland, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The DIRECT LINE to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Garden of the Gods, the Sanitariums, and Scenic Grandeurs of Colorado.

VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE,

Solid Express Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, with THROUGH Reclining Chair Cars (FREE) to and from those points and Kansas City. Through Chair Car and Sleeper between Peoria, Spirit Lake, and Sioux Falls, via Rock Island. The Favorite Line to Pipestone, Watertown, Sioux Falls, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of the Northwest.

THE SHORT LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. CHICAGO, ILL. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Ticket & Pass. Agent.

ASTHMA. Popham's Asthma Specific Relief in THE MINUTES. PETER D. SWOPE, M. D., Fritztown, Pa., writes: "I have had Asthma for 20 years; found no relief until I tried your Specific, which relieved me immediately." Sold by all Druggists. $1 per box, by mail, post paid. TRIAL PACKAGE FREE. Address, T. POPHAM, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping our selves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

WANTED SALESMEN and SALESLADIES, both Local and Traveling, to sell Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry. Goods novel and staple, and find a ready sale in all communities. Absolutely no competition. Money refunded if all goods are not as represented, and all bear the guarantee of the manufacturers. We pay salary of from $12.00 to $30.00 per week. Address for full particulars REED & ANSON, Manufacturing Jewelers' Agents, 153 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

ASTHMA CAN BE CURED. A trial bottle sent Free to anyone afflicted. DR. TAFT BRO., Rochester, N. Y.

HOME STUDY. Bookkeeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc., thoroughly taught by mail. Circulars free. BRYANT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

PENSIONS PATENTS, CLAIMS. Send for Circulars. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Atty. at Law, Washington, D.C.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS,

BETTER THAN GOLD.

RESTORED HER HEALTH.

For 25 years I suffered from boils, erysipelas and other blood affections, taking during that time great quantities of different medicines without giving me any perceptible relief. Friends induced me to try S. S. S. It improved me from the start, and after taking several bottles, restored my health as far as I could hope for at my age, which is now seventy-five years.

MRS. S. M. LUCAS, Bowling Green, Ky.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Health is Wealth!

Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1 00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

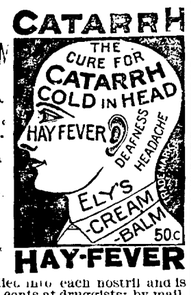
WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Theime & Gross, Druggists, Sole Agents, 94 Calhoun reet, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

ELY'S
CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages
Allays Pain and Inflammation.
Heals the Sores
Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY the CURE



A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

The Chastly Record

of deaths that result from malaria is frightful. There is no disease that is so insidious in its attack. Its approach is stealthy and it permeates every fibre of the body, and remedies, which if applied at the outset, by delay lose their power. Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills have proven the most valuable malarial antidote ever discovered. A noted clergyman of New York pronounces them "the greatest blessing of the nineteenth century," and says: "in these days of defective plumbing and sewer gas, no family should be without them." They are pleasant to take, being covered with a vanilla sugar coating.

Tutt's Liver Pills,

SURE ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

Sold Everywhere, 25c.

PAUL E. WOLF.

Steam Carpet Beating.

Carpets taken up, Cleaned and Relaid.

Upholstered Furniture and Mattresses of All Kinds Repaired and Remodeled.

All Work Warranted and Charges Reasonable.

PAUL E. WOLF,

No. 33 AND 35 CLINTON STREET.

$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 862 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of a 2 cent stamp. Sold by Theime & Gross, Druggists, 94 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOSS of FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY, absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

S. BREIDENSTEIN.

Real Estate & Loans

26 Court Street.

Watch his bulletin for some special bargain

J. M. E. RIEDEL

ARCHITECT,

ABOVE SCHANZ'S GALLERY.

112 CALHOUN ST. - FORT WAYNE, IND

WATER WORKS

—AND—

NATURAL Gas FITTING

—AT—

C. W. BRUNS & CO.,

[illegible] Barrett Street, Opp. Cathedral

THE BASS MACHINISTS

Give an Elegant "Hop" at Arion Hall --News Flashed From the Busy Centers.

The first annual ball given last evening, at Arion hall, by the Bass machinists, was a pleasant affair.

The hall was well filled when the orchestra struck up the music for the grand march, which was led by Miss Clara Kintz and Mr. Lewis Zauner, and dance followed dance until midnight, when supper was served.

It was announced on the program that the midnight feast would be "cap screws and pig irons," but it was far from this and was elegant in every particular.

After supper dancing was resumed and the pleasure was kept up until a late hour.

The committees doing the honors of the occasion were:

On Arrangements—Charles Seibt, Henry Zauner, August Fromuth and Lewis Zauner.

On Reception—Charles E. Taylor, Lewis Seibt, Herman Ragel, Gus. Fromuth and Harry Hays.

On floor—Louis Zauner, A. Fromuth, C. Seibt, H. M. Zauner, and C. Taylor.

The affair was one of the best dancing entertainments ever given in the city and reflected credit upon the Bass machinists who are royal entertainers.

GEO. W. STEVENS.

President Ingalls, of the Chesapeake and Ohio, was interviewed at Richmond, Va., by a newspaper reporter.

Referring to the resignation of Mr. Harahan as general manager, he said Superintendent Stevens, with his (Mr. Ingalls') assistance, would run the concern.

"Will Mr. Stevens have his office here or in Cincinnati?"

"He is going to stay right here in Richmond, and nearly everything will be brought back here from Cincinnati Certainly two of the departments will be brought back very soon, and it is not certain that others will not follow. Richmond is for many reasons the proper place for the general offices. It is in most every sense a more important point with us than Cincinnati. More work is done in the offices here in a day than is done there in a week."

Upon the retirement of Mr. Harahan, the office of general manager was abolished.

If, in the future, the office is again created, George W. Stevens, at present general superintendent of the road, will be the man called to fill the position. Mr. Stevens is said to be a very capable man and a hustler.

GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

Monday is pay day on the Pittsburg.

The electric light works are invoicing.

President J. H. Bass is at Pittsburg.

Secretary John I. White, of the Bass works, has returned from the west.

C. N. Terrell, third vice grand master of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, is in the city.

General Superintendent E. B. Taylor, of the Pennsylvania, passed through the city last night in his special car.

B. J. Ahrens, of Olds wheel works, suffered a broken leg yesterday by a heavy piece of timber falling on it.

B. F. Miller is the master, and C. P. Holloway the recording secretary of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen of this city.

Err Pierson, foreman of the Pan Handle shops at Columbus, Ohio, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Pierson, in this city.

E. T. Jeffreys, late general manager of the Illinois Central road, has been offered the position of general manager of the Lake Shore.

W. M. Ruth, formerly master mechanic of the Bass works, has gone to Milwaukee, Wis., where he commences his new duties next week.

Otto Schilling has been appointed successor of N. B. Patterson, as master of transportation of the Peoria, Decatur and Evansville road.

A. B. Stickney, chief train dispatcher of the Mackey lines, has resigned. Joseph Ebret, a former chief train dispatcher, has been appointed his successor.

The Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen hold a meeting at their lodge room to morrow afternoon. Third Vice Grand Master C. N. Terrell will address them.

C. W. Smith is prominently mentioned for the position of general manager of the Chesapeake and Ohio road. Mr. Smith was for some years general manager of the Indiana, Bloomington and Western.

John Gerding and Jonah Carson have deeded to the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne road a strip of land for its side track, between the junction and Hadley station. The papers are filed with County Recorder Thompson.

The law prohibiting the use of stoves or furnaces in passenger cars run on roads in Maryland goes into effect on the first of next May. Several of the Maryland roads are testing the system of heating trains by steam taken from the locomotive.

The Wabash Plain-Dealer says: "Will Fisher, the new general passenger agent of the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville road, is shaking up the dry bones on that line. Mr. Fisher is a tireless hustler for business and is getting there with both feet on the 'Great Muncie.'"

The wrong orders of a train dispatcher on the Monon route caused a wreck yesterday at Mitchell, Ind., in which three persons, J. B. Godinger, fireman; W. H. Dillard, engineer; Chas. Wright, mail agent, were killed, and several other persons injured.

General Superintendent Stevens, of the Chesapeake and Ohio road is exerting himself to get all the efficient men who served under him away from the Wabash, says the Wabash Plain Dealer. Half a dozen of "the boys" have already gone, and he is tempting others with such dazzling offers that the Wabash management to retain them has had to advance their salaries. Jim Sullivan, one of the dispatchers at Peru, and as reliable, quick and accurate as any employe on the system, has had his salary advanced to $110 per month to keep him from yielding to the seductive pleadings of "Gentleman George." Newton Cook, formerly yardmaster of the Wabash, at Andrews, but who quit to go farming in Kansas, is considering a proposition from Superintendent Stevens to go to work on the Chesapeake and Ohio.

REPAIRING STREETS.

The City Doing So at the Expense of the Salimonie Company.

Some time ago City Attorney Colerick notified the Salimonie Gas and Mining company to repair a large number of streets which were left in a deplorable condition by reason of the natural gas trenches.

These streets were reported by Street Commissioner O'Brien and they were mostly improved ones.

The company failing to comply with the order within the specified time, the council instructed the street commissioner to proceed at once with the work, and the bill for performing the same, will be presented to the Salimonie company for payment. If they refuse to acknowledge it the city will sue the company on its bond. Such is the course mapped out by the city attorney.

So far, Washington street, from Barr street east, and a portion of Calhoun street are the only thoroughfares that have received attention by the street commissioner, except a few alleys also in need of repair, but for this small percentage of the work to be performed the expense amounts to something over $300.

There is much to do yet and it looks as though the Salimonie company will have a healthy bill to nurse before long. The street commissioner will continue with the work when the muddy condition of the streets does not prevent it.

PRIZE BABY SHOW.

World's Museum Commencing Monday, March 3.

First Prize—Diamond Ring.
Second Prize—Baby Carriage.
Third Prize—Baby Toilet Set.
Three other smaller prizes.

Mothers placing their babes on exhibition will receive as much care as at home. Doctor and nurse in attendance every afternoon and evening. Every visitor receives a blank vote; each babe will have a ballot box, and the one receiving the most votes will be entitled to first prize, second largest the second prize, and so on. Any futher information apply to lecturer.

Not One in Ten

Of the people you meet from day to day has perfectly pure, healthy blood. The hereditary scrofulous taint afflicts the large majority of people, while many others acquire diseases from impure air, improper food and wrong indulgences. Hence the imperative necessity for a reliable blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which eradicates every impurity and gives to the blood vitality and health. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, humors, boils, pimples, and all other affections caused by impurities or poisonous germs in the blood. All that is asked for Hood's Sarsaparilla is that it be given a fair trial.

The Beethoven society, of Bonn, owns the last piano used by the composer.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Three democratic governors—Hill, of New York; Campbell, of Ohio, and McKinney, of Virginia—are total abstainers.

A new idea embraced in Ely's Cream Balm. Catarrh is cured by cleansing and healing, not by drying up. It is not a liquid or snuff, but is easily applied into the nostrils. Its effect is magical, and a thorough treatment will cure the worst cases. Price 50c.

With Ely's Cream Balm a child can be treated without pain or dread and with perfect safety. Try the remedy. It cures catarrh, hay fever and colds in the head. It is easily applied into the nostrils and gives relief with the first application. Price 50c.

Berlin is to have an elevated railroad.

Laxador cures *Liver Complaint, Bilious Affections and Costiveness.* At druggists. Price 25 cts.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP CURES COUGHS & COLDS FOR 25 C

SALVATION OIL

(Price only 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.)

Relieves quickly Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Lumbago, Sprains, Headache, Toothache, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Sores, Backache, &c.

CHEW LANGE'S PLUG, The Great Tobacco Antidote!—Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.

PERMIT TO SMOKE.

An Ancient German Custom That Enriched the Provincial Treasury.

At the present time Germany might well be called "the smoker's home.' Every German has his pipe and can smoke whenever, and within certain limits, wherever he will. There are no restrictions against the use of tobacco and the German can smoke all over the old country's broad domains, except of course, in churches, theaters, etc.

But at one time, in certain parts of Germany, a man did not dare to walk on the street or highway with a pipe in his mouth without special permission to do so, for which he was requested to pay into the treasury of the country a certain yearly stipend. A copy of such an ancient permit, which has been preserved among the relics of his family for years, was shown to us last evening by Mr. C. O. Lepper, the druggist. It was worded as follows:

"This is to testify that Carl, count of Bingen, high sheriff of Mainz, has permission to smoke tobacco for one year, having paid the clerk of the provincial court a tax of eighteen kreuzer (teutscher kours. German currency.)

"Signed and sealed this 26th October, 1729."

Don't Feel Well,

And yet you are not sick enough to consult a doctor, or you refrain from so doing for fear it will alarm yourself and friends—we will tell you just what you need. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will lift you out of that uncertain, uncomfortable, dangerous condition, into a state of good health, confidence and cheerfulness. You've no idea how potent this peculiar medicine is in cases like yours.

Messenger boys are given free rides upon public vehicles in New York.

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for Coughs and Colds does, is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c and $1. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

There are 300 centenarians in England.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

Ask for Baker's Famous Headache Specific. It never fails to give relief. Sold and guaranteed by Thieme & Gross.

A Lady of Texas Writes:

My case is of long standing; has baffled many physicians; have tried every remedy I could hear of, but Bradfield's Female Regulator is all that relieved me. Write The Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

Madam Fry, City Y. M. C. A., Monday, Feb. 17. Reserved seats, 75c and 50c.

To Buyers of Fine Stock.

The sale of the fine stock is now going on at Lexington, Ky. Those desiring to obtain a map showing the "Blue Grass" regions of Kentucky, and matters of other interest, can do so by calling on W. H. Fisher, C., P. & T. A., 73 Calhoun street. For this occasion the "Muncie Route" will make reduced rates. feb. 14, 16, 17, 19; 24 & 26.

Mark Twain has been invited to England to help receive Stanley.

WHERE THE DANGER LIES.

The Mysterious and Sudden Ending of so Many Lives Fully Accounted For.

The real danger from "Grippe" is in its after effects. Nine-tenths of all deaths resulting are from pneumonia. What is pneumonia? It is a sudden stoppage and filling up of the lungs. Thick, heavy, poisonous mucous gets into the air-cells and prevents breathing. They clog up quickly and death ensues. The only salvation is to keep the lungs working and thus throw off this terrible mucous. There is only one way in which this can be done and that is by stimulating them. Under the influence of a proper amount of pure whiskey, the lungs draw in deep, full breaths and throw out the poisonous air, each time it is exhaled.

But while this is true and whiskey has saved more lives than any other known remedy, if it is not pure whiskey, it is liable to have a bad effect. If it contains fusel oil, a headache or a foul tongue will be the result. On the other hand, when an absolutely pure whiskey like Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey is used, no ill effects can by any possibility follow. Prof. Henry A. Mott says: "The purity of Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, (as simple, analytical tests will readily convince) is absolute and should recommend it to the highest public favor." To all we wish sitating say, insist upon having Duffy's and do not be persuaded to take any other.

—FOR YOUR—

Hay, Straw, Oats,
Corn, Mill Feed
And Poultry Supplies,

—GO TO—

W. E. MINER'S,

45 EAST COLUMBIA ST.,

800 6m) TELEPHONE 253.

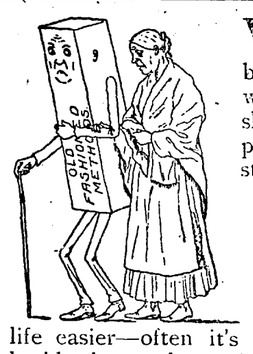
ANNOUNCEMENT.

FOR COUNTY CLERK: Editor Sentinel—Please announce my name as a candidate for the nomination of county clerk, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.
LOUIS BRAMES.

FOR COUNTY CLERK: Editor Sentinel—Please announce my name as a candidate for the nomination of clerk of the Allen circuit court, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.
DANIEL W. SOUDER.

FOR COUNTY CLERK: Editor SENTINEL—Please announce the name of John B. Monning as a candidate for county clerk, subject to the decision of the democratic convention. Mr. Monning is an American born citizen, conversant both in the English and German language and is competent to fill the office with credit to the county.
MANY DEMOCRATS.

FOR RECORDER: Editor Sentinel—Please announce my name as a candidate for the nomination of county recorder, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.
[illegible] RICHARD.



What a Difference

between the WOMAN who is wedded to old-fashioned ideas and she who is bright enough to appreciate a new one. Everybody is striving to get something to make

life easier—often it's right beside them—those who are bright enough to embrace it get the benefits, those who don't go backwards—their work grows harder. Pearline makes life easier and cleaner. Washing and cleaning done with Pearline has about enough work in it to make it good exercise—but not enough to tire the body or ruffle the temper.

Not ours, but the word of the millions who use it as to whether it hurts the hands, clothes or paint—probably your neighbors can tell you all about PEARLINE.

Send it back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, the honest thing to do is—*send it back.* 567

30 Million Pounds.

MENIER CHOCOLATE

DRANK AND EATEN EVERY YEAR.

WHY? BECAUSE of all CHOCOLATES *It is the purest and best.*

Paris Exposition, 1889 } 3 GRAND PRIZES. 5 GOLD MEDALS.

Ask for YELLOW WRAPPER.

FOR SALE at 40 cents A POUND EVERYWHERE.

BRANCH HOUSE, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK. 5

FRUIT HOUSE PRICES FOR 1890.

This year opens favorable for the people, so far as the Sugar Market is concerned. Last season the great sugar trust had their grip on the market and made it ruinous to the purchaser—so much so that Sugars were advanced in 60 days at least 50 per cent. This is now over—the Sugar Trust is broken and Sugars have declined to a point lower than they ever were—the last reduction is 1 cent per lb.

We now offer Best Extra C., 5c. Best Standard A., 6¼c.
Powdered and Crushed, 7c. Granulated and Cut Loaf, 7c.

COFFEE, COFFEE—Rio, Java and Roasted Coffee.

There has been little change in the Coffee Market the last three months. It is too high yet. The clique has control of the market and keeps prices up. We still sell our best Rio at 20c. lb. This we are enabled to do in consequence of our large purchases and selling direct to our customers—in this way saving the profit of the jobber and wholesale merchant.

Best Rio Coffee, 20c. lb. Choice Old Govt. Jave, 27c lb.
Best Roasted Rio, 23c. lb. Sampson Brand in lb. Packages, 24c.
Sersey Coffee in lb. Packages, 24c. Durham Coffee in Packages, 24c.
Levering's Coffee, 24c. lb.

TEAS, TEAS—Young Hyson, Oolong and Japan.

The high price of Coffee has induced a great many to try Tea—and when it is considered that a pound of Tea can be had for the price of a pound of Coffee and that it will go twice as far, it is not to be wondered at that there is a great increase in our Tea Trade. The truth is we sell double the quantity we used to a few years ago. Our motto is selling large quantities at a small profit, for we purchase direct of the Importers and then in selling direct to our customers we save three profits—the speculator, jobber and the wholesale dealer. We sell a good, rich drawing Tea at 20c. lb., and one grade as low as 10c. lb.

Young Hyson Tea, 20c., 30c.; best, 50c. lb.
Oolong Tea, 30c.; best, 50c. lb.
Imperial Tea, 20c; good, 30c; best, 50c lb.
Gunpowder Tea, good, 30c. best, 50c lb.
Japan Uncolored, good, 30c; best, 50c lb.

CANDIES REDUCED 2c. POUND.

This is owing to the decline on Sugar, which has necessarily affected Candy.

Pure Stick Candy, 10c lb. French Mixed Candy, 10c. Chocolate Drops, 15c lb.
Fancy Bon Bons, 15c and 20c lb. Cinnamon Imperials, 15c lb.
English Walnuts, Brazil Nuts and Soft Shelled Almonds, 12½c and 15c quart.

CALIFORNIA CANNED FRUITS.

California Peaches, 25c can; Bartlet Pears, 25c can; Green Gages, 22c can; Egg Plums, 20c can; White Cherries, 28c can; California Apricots, 20c.

CALIFORNIA DRIED FRUITS.

California Dried Apricots, 20c lb. Peeled Peaches, 25c and 33c lb.
California Silver Prunes, 15c lb; Nectarines, 20c lb; Pitted Plums, 16c lb.

OILS—All Kinds Reduced 10c Gallon.

Machine Oil, Linseed Oil and Lard Oil—Choice Yellow Machine Oil, 20c and 30c gallon; Neats Foot Oil, 70c gallon; Fish Oil, 60c gallon; Lard Oil, 60c gallon: Linseed Oil, 75c gallon; Castor Oil, $1.75 gallon.

Maple Syrups, Golden Drips and New Orleans Molasses.

Extra Golden Drip, 40c gallon; New Orleans, 35c; best, 50c. Choice Maple Syrup, 80c gallon.

FISH FOR THE LENTEN SEASON.

White Fish, Trout, Mackerel and Labrador Herring; also, Codfish and Smoked Halibut. Family White Fish kits, 45c; No. 1 White Fish kits, 80c; Mackerel in kits, $1.00; best, $1.50 and $1 75. Codfish per lb. 8c; Herring, 1c each; Holland Herring, kegs 90c; Scotch Herring, kegs $1.15.

CIGARS, PLUG AND SMOKING TOBACCO.

PLUG TOBACCO—Horse Shoe, 45; J. T. or Big Chunk, 38c; Wild Flower, 40c. FINE CUT—25c; good, 50c; best, 75c. SMOKING—16c; choice, 20c; Durham Smoking, 45c. BOX CIGARS from 50c per box to 80c, $1.00 and $1.40 per box.

You will Save at least 20c on the Dollar by Purchasing at

FORT WAYNE FRUIT HOUSE.

BOSTON T STORE.

—:o:—

Challenge Hams,
English Breakfast Bacon,
Silver Leaf Flour,
Fresh Roasted Cofiee Everyday.

Full Line of Fancy and Staple Groceries, Domestic and Tropical fruits.

—:o:—

No. 20 W. BERRY ST.

TELEPHONE 152.

FLORIDA AND BEYOND BY THE QUEEN & CRESCENT Jacksonville VIA Chattanooga AND ATLANTA.

IT MAKES THE QUICKEST TIME EVER MADE BY ANY LINE. ONLY 27 HOURS, 20 MIN. TO

SHORTEST LINE TO FLORIDA BY 110 MILES. QUICKEST BY 3 HOURS.

The only line that runs three through Sleeping Cars daily from Cincinnati to Florida and Southeastern points. The Q. & C. is the only line running Pullman Cars and Vestibule Coaches to Florida. Connects at Cincinnati with Cincinnati Southern Route. Through tickets via this famous line for sale at all principal offices in the United States. For rates, maps, time cards and other information, address

E. C. HOWARD, Gen. Pass. Agt., CINCINNATI, O. W. H. TAYLOR, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., ATLANTA, GA.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

From Pennsylvania Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains run by Central Time.

Leave and Arrive at Fort Wayne, by the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railway, as follows.

GOING EAST.	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 20, Mail Express.....	1 20 p m	1 40 p m
No. 8, d, East Line.....	7 40 p m	8 00 p m
No. 2, d, Penn'a Limited..	8 53 p m	9 00 p m
No. 4, d, Atlantic Ex.....	5 10 a m	5 20 a m
No. 58, Chicago Accom..	10 50 p m	.....
No. 62, Plymouth Accom.	8 55 a m	.....
No. 10, Crestline Accom..	.....	7 00 a m
No. 60, Chicago Express..	11 55 a m	.....
GOING WEST:	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 3, d, Pacific Express..	1 35 a m	1 45 a m
No. 5, d, Penn'a Limited..	5 38 a m	5 45 a m
No. 1, Fast Line.....	11 20 a m	11 40 a m
No. 9, d, Western Ex.....	5 10 p m	5 15 p m
No. 11, Crestline Accom..	6 45 p m	.....
No. 61, Plymouth Accom..	.....	4 00 p m
No. 59, Chicago Accom....	.....	6 30 a m

†Daily except Monday; all other trains daily except Sunday.

NORTH DEPOT.
[MUNCIE ROUTE]
FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER RAILROADS.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.

Through car service between Fort Wayne and Indianapolis Solid trains between Fort Wayne and Cincinnati.

Central Standard Time.

TIME CARD. Dec. 1, 1889.	No. 5. Daily.	No. 1. Ex-S'dy.	No. 3. Daily.
Fort Wayne..lv	6:00 a. m.	10:25 a. m.	6:05 p. m.
Indianapolis..ar	10:30 a. m.	3:50 p. m.	10:50 p. m.
Cincinnati...ar	——	5:20 p. m.	——
Louisville....ar	——	7:00 p. m.	——
RETURNING:	Daily.	Ex-S'dy.	Daily.
Louisville....lv	——	7:30 a. m.	——
Cincinnati....lv	——	7:59 a. m.	——
Indianapolis.lv	7:00 a. m.	11:10 a. m.	3:05 p. m.
Fort Wayne.ar	11:35 a. m.	3:45 p. m.	7:40 p. m.

ONE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP

Between all stations from Fort Wayne to Muncie on Sundays. Two Sunday trains each way. Trains leave from North Side depot. Rates to Cincinnati and points South less than via. any other line.

WABASH RAILWAY.
MARCH 31, 1889.

GOING WEST.	Depar
Pacific Express, daily	5 00 a. m.
Kansas City ex. daily ex'pt Sunday	1 45 p. m.
Vestibule Limited and Mail.....	8 17 p. m.
Lafayette accom	3 30 p. m.
GOING WEST.	Depart
Vestibule limited daily.....	5 05 a m
Cannon Ba except Sunday.....	1 30
Limited Expr daily	6 25
Lafayette accom. [illegible] rives 11 a m.	

INDIANA DIVISION TIME CARD.

Lv Ft Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 00 a m	10 30 a m
1 45 p m	6 30 p m
Lv Indianapolis	Ar Ft Wayne
7 15 a m	1 30 p m
1 16 p m	6 10 p m
7 00 p m	5 00 a m

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars and new free chair cars on the Pacific and Limited express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect Nov. 10, '89

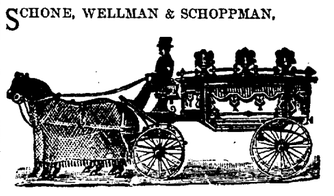
GOING NORTH.	
*For Grand Rapids and North.....	Lv 3 50 a m
" " " "	" 8 05 a m
For Grand Rapids.....	" 2 40 p m
From Richmond.....	Ar 6 10 p m
GOING SOUTH.	
For Richmond and Cincinnati.....	Lv 5 45 a m
" " "	" 1 00 p m
" " "	" 12 10 a m
From Grand Rapids.....	Ar 6 30 p m

*Daily between Cin. and Grand Rapids. All other trains daily except Sunday.

Headquarters for Harness.

A complete outfit in the Harness line at Bottom prices. No. 39 Harrison St.

SCHONE, WELLMAN & SCHOPPMAN,



Undertakers & Enbalmers

OFFICE: 39 W. BERRY ST.

Open day and night. Orders can be left at the office, or at No. 225 East Washington street, or at No. 44 Pritchard st. dec.0-daw2m

TELEPHONE 278.

DR. SANDEN'S
ELECTRIC BELT
WITH SUSPENSORY FOR WEAK MEN

DEBILITATED through INDISCRETIONS or EXCESSES CURED by this NEW ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY. Made for this specific purpose. Cure of Generative Weakness, giving Freely, Mild, Soothing, Continuous Currents of Electricity through all WEAK parts, restoring them to HEALTH and VIGOROUS STRENGTH. Electric Current Felt Instantly, or we forfeit $5,000 in cash. Belts and Suspensory Complete $5. and up. Worst cases Permanently Cured in three months. Sealed pamphlet Free. SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., 169 LaSalle St., CHICAGO, ILL.

TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address, Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND

Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal—a recent discovery by an old physician. Is successfully used monthly—Safe, Effectual. Price $1, by mail, sealed. Ladies, ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute, or inclose 2 stamps for sealed particulars. Address POND LILY COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

WEAK MEN MADE STRONG

FREE TO ALL MEN. Sealed Treatise explaining absolute and perfect CURE without stomach drugging, for Loss Manhood, Nervous Debility, Lack of Vigor and Development, Premature Decline, Functional Disorders, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, etc.

THE MARSTON CO., 19 Park Place, New York, N. Y.

P. E. COX,

PRACTICAL

Sanitary Plumber,

Has opened a shop at

No. 29 West Main Street.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT Reasonable Prices

STYLES FOR THE FAIR.

DRESSES MUST BE MADE PLAINER THAN EVER.

These Are the Palmy Days of Feminine People with Good Figures—A Word Concerning Wraps—The Latest Fad in Stockings—A Shopping Incident.

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]

COLD weather has well nigh forgotten itself in the Eastern and Southern cities, but even there a few touches of low temperature have lately reminded people that winter is more than two months old, while throughout the Northwest the first two months of the year have been more seasonable. Many of the women who meant to do without winter wraps see the error of their ways, and the heart of the cloak-dealer rejoices as he says, blandly: "Not this week, madam; we really cannot do it for the next fortnight—we are so crowded with work." Under the circumstances the average woman has to set her wits to work to devise an outer garment which shall have all the air of a made-to-order, unduplicated, stylish, and altogether soul-satisfying wrap. Now, if the woman has an efficient ally in her dress-maker, she can get a valuable hint from the accompanying picture. It will furnish just the golden mean between the heavy sealskin and the light cape; in fact, it is just what is wanted in our present climate. It should be made of some plain, fine cloth, preferably in one of the lighter shades of brown. The model shown in Fig. 1 is in one of the soft, indescribable tints known as ashes-of-roses, and is heavily braided across the front, to the very top of the collar, in silk braid just enough darker in color to make a pleasant contrast. Every row of braid on the front, as well as on the long cuffs, has its small button covered to match. The sleeves

FIGURE I.

are full from shoulder to elbow, where they end with a rather narrow band of ostrich trimming like that which outlines the wide braided front.

One of the most disappointed girls must have been the stylish maiden who saw a few snow-flakes in New York gradually melt away under an August sun. And why? Just look at the skating-dress which she has been preparing for herself (see figure 2). If you can imagine a pretty girl clothed in a gown of dark but glowing scarlet, with skirt and sailor blouse and sleeves so full as to furnish sufficient warmth without any jacket, and with just a suspicion of black velvet at the wrists and around the edge of her red cap, you can imagine why the owner of that costume feels that her health demands a colder climate. Her long boa and muff come in very handily for finishing touches, and no one will deny that she has reason to look pensive. I have sketched her as an interesting exhibit of a wintry toilet.

Some of the women who have money left over in plenty after buying the costliest finery are making costume albums. A book of this kind was picked up by a visitor to New York in the drawing-room of a young matron well known in society. On the first page was a full-length photograph of Mrs. Blank, in her bridal robes, apparently fresh from the altar; while on the opposite page was an artistic arrangement of the materials that had composed the bridal toilet, satin and lace, with even stray orange blossoms deftly painted here and there. The next page represented her in a well-fitting tailor-made suit, apparently just on the point of starting on her honeymoon, while the opposite page again supplied evidence as to the colors and materials which the photograph could not give. The rest of the book was arranged on a similar plan, the left-handed page being reserved for a photograph of gown and wearer, while the right contained specimens of the materials and trimmings. Considerable ingenuity and taste were displayed in the exhibits of the latter, each page being adorned with some appropriate emblem, either embroidered or painted, and carrying the date when the costume first appeared in public. Aside from the fancifulness of

FIGURE II.

the idea, it really gave a most entertaining chapter from her social history. To the owner of course it would prove a book of memories, recalling to her many otherwise forgotten events in her life.

A series of photographs, taken at different times, of any one person, never fails to be instructive. If you do not believe it, gentle reader, just collect all the work of art fondly supposed to portray yourself, from your earliest infancy up to the present day, and you will no longer doubt my words. You may marvel at the fashions in dress of your earliest period, but you will perhaps find more edifying changes in the wearer. All your little idiosyncrasies will come out in some picture or other, and you will arise from the study of this portrait gallery with some entirely new ideas of yourself. Collectively the photographs produce an effect which individually they could never have.

Do you carry a sachel when you go shopping? Wonderful how hard it is to trace a penny among all the stuff in the bag! Besides, you never know if there really is a penny there or not. To be sure you always drop your small change into it, but now that the clasp of the bag has come to bursting open you can't be sure you don't lose a good deal. When you hold the bag on end and shake it you hear something rattle, but you know that package of steel buttons came loose in the bag last week, and you are always thinking the buttons are nickels. Of course you can't see; you just have to drag out whatever you get hold of. If you could only keep from getting the bag so jammed full, or induce the clasp to stay closed. It is so embarrassing to go along spilling pictures and pennies and letters out of a gaping bag; besides, it is so dangerous. Of course you never meant to carry your pocket-book in the bag—it is so unsafe; but somehow you have got into the habit of just dropping it in, and every shopping day of your life you expect the bag to open and spill out all your wealth as well as your new purse. It would be so easy, too, for any one to open the bag without your knowing it and take what they want. To be sure you try to keep a clutch on the clasp all the time, but concentrate your mind as you may you will keep forgetting, and it drives you into a nervous chill whenever you recollect yourself.

Here is a shopping incident: "What sort of a woman is she? Well, I'll tell you. She is the kind of woman that always gets a seat in a street car." I heard a woman say that in describing another. When pressed for an explanation she went on to say: "Why, don't you know that the woman who goes into a car, selects some man, and coolly and deliberately stares at him for a few seconds, always gets a seat? You see, her victim can't stand it. First he gets nervous, and tries to look unconcerned and preoccupied. Then he fidgets and shuffles about. Finally he weakens, and with a faint 'Take my seat, madam,' abdicates in her favor. I would scorn to do such a thing," concluded the speaker. "I am a working woman, but I realize that men sometimes are tired. I don't stare at any unfortunate, and I scarcely ever get a seat in a crowded train."

These are unmistakably the palmy days of the feminine people with good figures. The latest utterances of those in authority say that dresses must be plainer and straighter than ever—tailor made of the tailor-made—without a drape or a wrinkle anywhere. Even the sleeves in these dresses are straight and plain, though rather high upon the shoulders. As a result, these plain costumes show an inclination toward figured or striped materials or even checks, and towards combinations. The engraving shown in figure 3 shows a happy compromise between extremes. The main part of the gown is of plain navy-blue camels-hair serge, and is combined with striped goods in blue-gold and brown, which serves for the lapels of the coat-basque, and for the cuffs and the bands which finish off the skirt. Without the demi-train it makes an admirable street costume.

The latest nice thing in stockings? Hey? A girl's foot, of course. But I mean the latest fad, which is to have stockings of contrasting colors. For example, a pale green silk on your right foot and a terra cotta on your left. Snakes and other reptiles of creepy inclination are now embroidered on hosiery. A serpent that is ambitious, or a lizard whose motto is excelsior, are popular adornments of my lady's stockings. Great care must be taken to show this collection of creeping things to masculine eyes. Then undoubtedly will ensue that old, old excuse: "It was the serpent that tempted me." At a reception a foot was repeatedly extended for inspection. Much, much may be pardoned a pretty foot daintily shod, but this pedal extremity of a well-known authoress was clad in a bright pink silk stocking, which tended to make her plump foot look of generous breadth. When will women learn that black is the only suitable covering for feet that are not

FIGURE III.

fairylike in size?—*Daisy Dart, in Chicago Ledger.*

Trying to Cook Snow.

A little California girl, finding snow in the piazza corners one morning, and, supposing it to be a new kind of flour, made up several "patty cakes," and gravely took them into the kitchen to cook them.

She put them on top of the range at the back, and went out at once for more "dough." When she returned, her mother's Chinese cook stood by the range with a broad grin on his usually stolid face.

"Oh, Sam, did you go and eat my cookies?" cried Lily.

"Fire eatee Lily's cooky," answered the smiling Sam.

After the little girl's mother had been called, and had explained the mystery, Sam told how he also had once been deceived as to the nature of snow.

Sam had been a laundryman in San Francisco when he first came to America, and it was quite natural that he should apply the unknown substance to the uses of his trade.

"Me no findee snow a' China, all samee here," he said. "Me findee heap snow down San F'an'sco one day. Me catchee pan full, all samee starch! Hot water! Starch all gone, all samee Lily's cooky."

His Family.

In making final proof before the United States land office, Judge Guichard, of Walla Walla, usually asks: "Have you a family?" Most of them answer in the affirmative, but the other day he got hold of a man who had the biggest family on record. "Have you a family?" said the Judge, as he pulled down his vest. "Yes, sir," said the man, somewhat confused. "What does it consist of?" continued Mr. Guichard. "Well," said the man, looking up toward the ceiling, so as to refresh his mind and give a true account, "a wife and twelve children, two married, a hired man, a gang plow, a sooder a Bain wagon and a span of mules." "That's enough," said the Judge with a smile, and the settler got his papers without any further trouble.

THE man who is given to sober reflection seldom gets into a tight place.

HOW GLASS IS BLOWN.

AN HOUR IN THE INTERIOR OF A GLASS FACTORY.

Many Beautiful Forms Produced Without Much Aid from Tools or Machinery—An Art in Which Little or No Progress Has Been Made in the Last Three Hundred Years.

THAT the glass-blowing industry ought to be one of the principal factors of the commercial prosperity of the United States is apparent at once to any one who considers how instinctively the average American takes to any mechanical art which demands personal smartness and activity rather than complex theories carried out to practical conclusions. Glass-blowing is perhaps the most striking illustration of diversity of forms obtainable with the minimum of tools, of the emancipation of the struggling operative from costly machinery and a long apprenticeship in many branches. Three hundred years of steady development in the technical arts have added little or nothing to the resources of the glass-bower, and the tools retain the primitive simplicity of the days of Queen Elizabeth and the Venetian artists in inimitable glass-work. The only important labor-saving invention, that of bottle-molding, is an American device.

Withal, glass-blowing as an art has receded rather than advanced within the last three centuries, just as painting has done. The Venetian artists in glass have left no successors. Beautiful effects are still obtainable in stained-glass windows and ornamental goblets, but a collection of sixteenth century relics is not indicative of modern progress, or of any comparison which can be said to be other than odious.

Entering a glass factory, the first object which attracts attention is the great central furnaces in which the glass is melted. The most unobservant person will have noticed that ordinary glass presents itself in three aspects—brown, green, and stainless white or flint glass. The former tints are due to the presence of iron-oxide in the sand, which is one of the principal ingredients. When colorless glass is desired the iron has to be eliminated, or the color masked by suitable means, and it is a noteworthy fact that a proportion of iron in the sand too small to be indicated by the most delicate assay will impart a distinct hue to glass. Different metallic oxides impart different hues;

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN GLASSBLOWERS.

thus tin or arsenic will render the product white and opaque, gold will give a ruby red, copper in the form of black oxide with a little iron ore will yield an emerald-green product; cobalt-oxide a blue, manganese a purple, oxide of uranium a yellow, and so on.

It follows that where colorless glass is desired the greatest care has to be taken to insure the use of sand in which the metallic oxides referred to are distinguished by their absence.

The furnace takes up quite a large part of the room in a glass factory, and is circular in form, to allow the operators to approach the pots from all sides. The accompanying cut will give an idea of the arrangement of the melting-pots on the siege or true floor of the furnace. As these melting-pots are of large size (some are fifty-five inches in diameter) and have to withstand continuously a heat which will easily melt iron or steel, it follows that they have to be made of well kneaded, tempered and annealed fire-clay. There is a glorious uncertainty about the life of a melting-pot. It may give way and break up in eight hours, or it may last for months. In any case the sides wear through and get thin in the lapse of time from the absorption of the clay into the vitrified molten mass within. Just so long as a good pot can be patched up and fortified it is kept in use, but when a pot has to be removed, no matter under what circumstances, it means a hot, hard day's work for all hands. The first thing is to dislodge the broken fragments of the pot, or the whole affair bodily if not broken, by battering-ram

THE MARVER.

blows directed with a gigantic crowbar into the interior of a furnace heated like unto that into which Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego were cast in the days of old. When the work is completed, the new pot, already annealed and heated to whiteness, has to be placed in position, and as the pot and contents may weigh many hundred pounds, the ordeal is necessarily a severe one. Burns and blisters are every-day occurrences in a glass factory, but the visitor soon learns one lesson. If he wishes to avoid burns and blows he will not seek to get out of the way of the men. He will act most wisely in recognizing that they have an independent intelligence. The man who keeps cool in crossing a street will be safe in walking under the noses of the horses; the nervous pedestrian who advances, turns back, and then stands still has only himself to thank if he is run over.

It is a busy scene, this interior of a glass factory in full blast. About 100 hands, men and boys in nearly equal proportions, are employed. First the operator sticks the end of a long iron tube into a glowing white hole and draws the instrument forth with a glistening gelatinous-looking mass at the end. He rolls this mass actively for a few moments on a flat slab called a "marver," from a corruption of the French word marbre, meaning marble, that substance being formerly employed in making the slabs. The marver is placed in a slightly inclined position on a wooden slab, and the rolling of the glass on the surface, easy as it looks, is quite an art.

While the glass is still in the soft, pasty condition the operator blows it slightly and guides the lump into the interior of a mold closed by a treadle, blowing it all the time. The transformation is almost instantaneous, and when the pressure on the treadle is released the tube is withdrawn with a "full-blown" bottle at the end of it. As already remarked, this bottle-mold is an American invention, and the saving in the case of cheap goods is very great. The bottles are annealed—a process of reheating and gradual cooling—and finished off at the necks, etc., by manipulation at the "glory-holes" of smaller furnaces.

In another part of the factory, the visitor witnesses the making of carboys, or the huge demijohns used to hold acids and liquids in bulk; the final shape in this instance also being given by pressure in a suitable mold. The carboy, before being taken to the annealing furnace, is detached from the blowing-rod by a dextrous flip on the neck with a stream of water, which cuts off the carboy as clean as if a knife or file were used. A similar expertness is exhibited by a neighboring workman, who, before expanding the "gathering" of molten glass into a carboy, examines it critically to detect flaws

BLOWING GLASS CARBOY.

and impurities undiscernible to an ordinary eye. These flaws are picked out with a hot iron tool, just as a cook would extract a plum or cherry stone from a mass of dough.

Michigan Robins.

BIRDIE-KIN, birdie-kin, don't fly away," said Aunt Helen gently, as she drew near to a tiny fat birdling that sat perched on the porch railing one warm Sabbath afternoon, its little round head, tucked into the plump, thickly feathered body, making it look as if it had no neck at all.

But birdie did not seem to want to fly away; he only turned his head a little so as to see her better, and looked at Aunt Helen with his bright round eyes as if he would say:

"You won't hurt me, I know. Please let me sit still; I'm dreadfully tired."

So Aunt Helen cooed over him a second or two, and then, as he didn't seem a bit afraid, quietly went back into the house and called the twin girls, saying:

"Come and see what I found on the back porch just now." And then, nodding over their heads to their father, said: "You come along, too, Charlie. I want you to put a little bird back into its nest for me."

"No use," said their father, shaking his head. "It'll fly away as soon as we attempt to touch it; they always do. I've tried it too often."

"Please try again," said Aunt Helen, coaxingly; "I am afraid the cats will catch it if we don't." Then to the children: "Softly, softly," as the little feet pattered and clattered on the bare kitchen floor, and the little tongues chattered and chattered as only twin girlies' tongues can. "Softly, softly, or you will frighten the poor, tired birdie."

But I guess he was too tired to be afraid of anything, for he only winked and winked the gray lids of his round eyes, as if he were getting sleepy, and nestled into a rounder ball than ever as the little girlies "Ah-ed" and "Oh-ed," and their father repeated:

"No use; he'll fly away as soon as I attempt to touch him. They always do!"

But this bird didn't; he didn't even flutter or try to get away, as the long, strong fingers closed so gently round him.

So they all went up-stairs to Aunt Helen's room. First Aunt Helen, then papa, with the birdie, and then the little lassies.

Then Aunt Helen threw her window open wide and showed papa the cute little nest in the berry basket fastened close under the eaves, out of which, she felt quite sure, birdie must either have flown or fallen, as all summer long she had had a pair of olds birds there and fed them crumbs and seeds on her windowsill, and in the spring time given hair and threads to rebuild their nest—to make it soft and nice for the little newcomers.

It was a good thing papa was so tall and had such nice, long arms, for he couldn't have reached the nest at all if he had been a little, short-armed man.

Well, he put the little birdie in, and the papa and mamma birds flew to the nest, and the little twin girlies "Ah-ed!" and "Oh-ed!" again, and they all thought what a happy little bird-family that now would be.

But by-and-by Aunt Helen heard no end of a fuss outside of her window, and when she looked out what do you suppose she saw?

The two old birds flying about that nest and chattering and chippering and scolding and flapping their wings at a great rate.

She tried to find out what it all meant, but she couldn't understand bird-talk, and the birdies couldn't talk English. But she began to be afraid that she had gotten a strange bird-baby into that nest, and that the papa and mamma birds had found out that it wasn't their child at all.

Pretty soon night fell and all grew quiet in eaves-land. But the next morning when she wanted to give the birdies their breakfast the nest was quite empty; the birds had all flown, and she never knew why or where.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Understood the Family.

Monsieur wanted the picture hung to the right; madame wanted it on the left. But monsieur insisted that the servant should hang the picture according to his orders. Consequently Joseph stuck a nail in the wall on the right, but this done he also went and stuck another in on the left.

"What is that second nail for?" his master inquired in astonishment.

"It's to save me the trouble of fetching the ladder to-morrow when monsieur will have come round to the views of madame."—*London Punch.*

"White in a Single Night."

Chemists have discovered that the hair contains an oil, a mucus substance, iron and carbonate of iron, phosphate and oxide of magnesia, besides a large proportion of sulphur. White hair contains also phosphate of magnesia, and its oil is nearly colorless. When hair becomes suddenly white, from fright or other causes, it is probably owing to the sulphur absorbing the oil, as in the operation of whitening linen clothes.

ONE of the items in a bill received by the select men of Eastport, Maine, for the maintenance of an estrayed Eastport pauper by another town was $10 for popcorn cakes.

A POUND of cure ought to be sovereign remedy.

VERY EXCITING SPORT.

CATCHING ALLIGATORS IN SOUTHERN SWAMPS.

Traps Laid for Saurians and How the Savage Beasts Sometimes Fall Into Them—Rejoicing by the Entire Colored Population When the Captive Is Finally Killed.

FOR days after having left the plantation of Col. Jim Thompson, near Alligator Swamp, N. C., Denton, myself, and Caleb, our colored guide, continued our journey still horseback in a southwesterly direction toward the South Carolina line, writes a correspondent of the Chicago *Times*. The country we passed over was one continuous network of rivers, creeks, swamps, lagoons, and morass. A great portion of it was densely

EFFECTS OF THE SNUFF.

timbered with cypress, pine, oak, and sycamore (the latter the old Southern buttonwood).

It was populated pretty thickly in a few sections only. The great swamp tracts, covering thousands of acres, contained but few whites, however, the population being made up of negroes, whose indolent nature and impervious organization rendered them proof against malaria and steady work.

Lassitude and superstition grew more prevalent as we journeyed toward the Gulf, until as we approached South Carolina we found the blacks, like the islanders of the south seas, idling away their time lolling about in the shade or congregated at corner stores in groups waiting for that long-looked-for and always expected "forty acres and a mule." Caleb wasn't one of that kind, however. He was much more intelligent than the majority, energetic as negroes go, and withal brave and somewhat rash—an almost unaccountable feature with the tar-heel darky.

One afternoon we approached a branch of Waccamucca River at the edge of a big swamp. A darky ferryman lay on the sand of the beach in the broiling sun, with his mouth wide open, sound asleep. His scow, a flat-bottomed boat perhaps twenty feet long, was tied to the shore awaiting doubtless the arrival of some travelers like ourselves. Beyond on the opposite side of the stream the country stretched away in a broad savanna with fields of cotton and corn, with here and there the typical log cabin of some negro tenant or laborer, while at a distance below of half a mile or more the white walls and ivy-covered verandas of some planters' residences brought the first pleasant relief to our eyes and senses for over a week past.

The old Virginia and North Carolina darky is as full of anything that partakes

TRAPPING AN ALLIGATOR.

of fun as an egg is full of meat, and Caleb was no exception. Begging us not to interrupt the slumbers of our prospective Sharon, he dismounted, took an immense pinch of snuff, and, quietly slipping up to the darky, dropped the whole mass fairly down his wide-stretched nostrils. The next few seconds were rife with a display of facial contortions it would be folly to undertake to describe. The old darky drew in his nostrils until his flat nose looked ready to disappear altogether. His immense mouth, which a moment before had gaped open wide enough to frighten a rhinoceros, closed like a fly-trap, while his upper lip flew up over his nose. For an instant the entire black face writhed and contorted with the most surprising facility. Then his eyelids flew open and a volcano tore loose. No such sneeze was ever heard in that peaceful locality, and the noise startled the flamingos along the beach.

Just as the old darky gave vent to that tremendous sneeze Caleb let go a couple of shots from an old duck-gun over his head. That finished the old fellow. With a yell of mortal terror he went heels over head into the river. Fortunately the water was shallow and he ran no risk of drowning, but it was with some difficulty that we persuaded him that we were not devils and induced him to come ashore.

"'Fore God, gemmen, dis niggah 'spected ole Gabel'd tooted his hawn. What foh you white folks want scare yoh ole Uncle Joe to def foh?"

When the old fellow found that there was no danger of getting hurt, he began to get mad, and the end would probably have been a fight with Caleb but for the present of a bright silver half-dollar. That settled it, and we were soon making our way at a snail's pace across the river.

When about half-way over a faint yell was heard, coming apparently from up the narrow stream which emptied into the river just above, coming from the depths of the swamp.

Old Joe began to get excited, and went to work with a vim, pulling on the rope which spanned the stream.

"What does that noise mean?" asked Denton, as another yell, louder than before, came floating down to us.

"Dat? W'y dat jes means dat dem niggas cot a 'gator, an' a big one at dat!"

"An alligator? You don't mean that there are any alligators in that swamp?"

"Dat I dus, honey. Dey's lots 'gators 'bout here, an' dey's def on pigs and dogs an' little niggas. W'y on'y las' Sat'd'y a big 'gator jis scooped up an' swallered two uv the ole woman's pigs. An' ole Jake Tonsing los' a fine ca'f yest'd'y mawnin-rite up dar," pointing to a small cabin about 200 yards above.

All of us caught the excitement, and it wasn't many minutes before we were ashore at the mouth of the little river. Old Uncle Joe tied up his scow and we fastened our horses to the trees, knowing we could not use them in the swamp. A walk of about 400 yards over the morass brought us to an open space where the creek widened and deepened into a small lake. Here we found about a dozen men and boys surrounding a tremendous alligator, which was doing his level best to get back to the water and to snap up some of the more venturesome darkies. He was fully 100 feet away, however, and the crowd had surrounded him with long poles and axes. Whenever an opportunity presented itself one or the other would hit him over the nose with his long pole, while two or three who had axes were trying to get in a blow at his head, but with poor success. However, they kept the saurian from getting away while one old fellow was trying to slip a noose over his head. The old darky had the rope hung over the end of a long pole with which he tried to slip it over the alligator's neck, but the old reptile was too smart, with all his apparent awkwardness, and he kept his long snout from being caught by swinging it out of the way or snapping at the rope.

Just as we came up, a little darky about 14 or 15 years old got within reach of the alligator's tail. That useful organ flew around and struck the boy just below the small of the back and knocked him twenty feet away, landing him in a big bunch of swamp grass. The boy was the son of an old fellow who had been standing in front of the 'gator, looking for an opportunity to fire a load of shot out of an old musket into the animal's eyes. Infuriated at his hopeful's mishap, and perhaps thinking that he was badly hurt, the old darky banged away. For all the damage he did the alligator, he may as well have fired at a sheet of boiler-iron. The shot glanced off the alligator's hide and frescoed three or four of the darkies, and then pandemonium broke loose. They forgot all about the 'gator, and went for that old darky. If it hadn't been for the new arrivals the animal would have got away doubtless, and the old musketeer would have got a threshing, but we called them off, and went more systematically to work to capture the saurian.

While one stood on each side, poking their poles at his eyes whenever he tried to turn or back away, old Joe took the rope and pole and soon had the noose over his head. Then, with a yell of satisfaction, the darkies all got hold of the heavy rope and pulled it taut.

One end was turned about a tree, and as fast as a foot was gained the slack was taken up, until after a half-hour's hard labor the alligator's nose was pulled close up to the tree.

During the entire time taken up in landing the 'gator safely the air was interlarded with interjections and ejaculations of hatred from the darkies who had suffered to appease his ravenous appetite:

"Swallered my yaller pup las' week, did yo', you 'fernal scoun'el?"

"Chawed up ole Gabe's caf, um! humph! Gess ye dun creatin' 'sturbance in dis yer naborhood?"

"I dun spec' youse same ole 'gator what got Cato Smif's boy las' summer. Won't have no more good times mastercatin' little niggas, you ole debbil!"

The alligator made a last struggle to escape. He snapped his great jaws with their rows of long, sharp teeth, thrashed his long, dangerous tail about, but it was useless; the negroes soon put an end to his career with an ax. After he was killed they drew him up and skinned him and knocked out his teeth. The fat was taken away to be tried into oil, and the rest of the carcass left for the buzzards, which were already sailing overhead, having scented their prey from afar.

On the way back to the boat, accompanied by the crew of 'gator-hunters, we learned how they had trapped the alligator. The saurian is extremely fond of dogs, which they often follow into the fields for quite a distance in hopes, doubtless, of capturing some unlucky canine. For some weeks past we learned an alligator had been creating havoc among the pigs and calves of the negroes along the edge of the swamp and they had determined to capture or kill it. Knowing its weakness they had tied a half-grown pup to a small tree about 200 yards from the river early that morning, and while one of their number stood on watch for the first appearance of their victim the rest of the crowd retired to the shade, and, negro-like, stretched themselves out for a nap. It was afternoon, just before we arrived at the river bank, when the boy on watch reported the presence of the 'gator. The negroes waited until he was within a few feet of the crying and howling pup before they broke cover. Whether they would have succeeded in killing their enemy without help is a question of serious doubt to my mind. However, when they did finally succeed in killing him they were the most delighted lot of darkies I had seen in many days.

"The Tail of Roberto."

Speaking of that stereotyped answer of the bookseller, "We haven't the book in now, but will send and get it," the "Listener" recalls a story. In a certain family every member wrote out a list of the Christmas presents that he or she would like to get, and hung it up on the chimney-piece, for the guidance of those who were going to make gifts. It was rather convenient and nice all around. But a young man of the family conceived the idea of throwing a little humor into the list of things that he wanted, and among the other articles that he put down as desirable Christmas present for himself he included "The tail of Roberto." Now Roberto was the name of a cat that lived in the house, and the young man could not possibly have the cat's tail for a present, because it was bob-tailed. It was a fairly good joke, but it happened that a member of the family, who wasn't very good at orthography, took this entry for the name of a book, and, having a partiality for the young man, started off on a tour through the bookstores in search of it.

"Have you 'The Tale of Roberto?" she asked at a very large and entirely first-class store.

The bookseller scratched his head a moment and made answer:

"No, we haven't it in stock just now, but we can send and get it for you!"

Embarrassing.

"Did you use your French while you were in Paris?" asked a young woman of a friend who had just returned from a European tour.

"Once or twice—but it was embarrassing."

"Why?"

"We nearly always had to tell what we wanted in English before we could get any one to understand us."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Obliging Indeed.

"Please tell me where I am to go. I was invited to see the transit of Venus."

"I am extremely sorry, madam, but you are too late. The transit was over fifteen minutes ago."

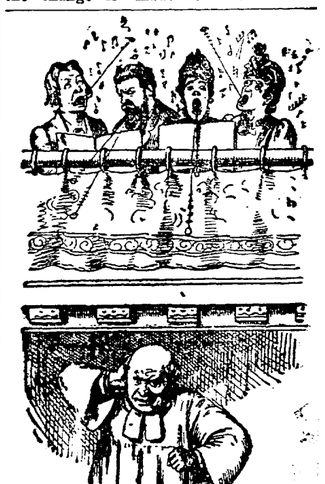
"Oh, that's no matter. The superintendent is a friend of mine, and I am sure he will have it done again for me."—*Fliegende Blatter*

THE CHURCH CHOIR BOY.

A REMARKABLE INNOVATION IN A BROOKLYN CHURCH.

The Introduction of the Boy Soprano Promises to Put a Stop to the Squabbles of Feminine Singers—Relief for a Distracted Preacher.

A REMARKABLE innovation, which will probably extend to many Episcopalian churches throughout the country, has lately been introduced by Rev. Dr. Vandervater, an Episcopalian clergyman, of Brooklyn, N. Y. In his choir, which is one of the finest in the city, the men and boy singers are surpliced. Hereafter the ladies are also to wear the choral surplice. A dressing-room is provided, where they can remove their wraps and robe themselves in the long, snow-white robes and the regulation neck-band, and deep, loose-hanging sleeves. Dr. Vandevater contends that the change is made for the sake of



THEY SPLIT THE PARSON'S EARS.

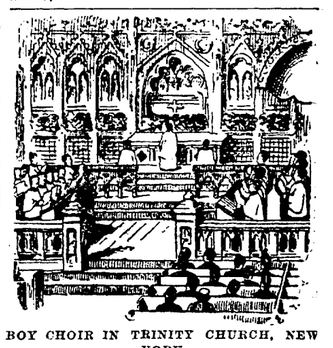
preserving the picturesque uniformity of the choir, which, while surplices and fashionable toilets mingled together, was obviously in bad taste. The Rev. T. W. Shackelford, of New York, in an article upon the subject of church music, highly commends the introduction of the boy choir. It has, he says, come to stay. In the cities, a good quartette, apart from the question of ecclesiastical propriety, is an expensive luxury, which poor churches cannot afford; and if they are driven to the volunteer choirs of mixed voices, we have the old difficulty of temper, precedence, etc., to contend with, and unless the organist be a clever man, without temper and nerves, with a strong will and suave manner, the irritation is ever breaking out afresh, and is sure to injure the congregation.

Substitute boys for women and this trouble disappears. The boys are directly under authority, and must submit to rules or be punished by fines if they are paid, or if volunteers, by suspension, a disgrace to which they do not like to submit. Boy nature is not usually jealous, as school-boys readily grant precedence to those who are superior to them in lessons or games; and it is so in choirs. The rank and file are not jealous of the boy with a fine voice to whom the

SWEET BOY SOPRANOS.

solo work is given; they are rather proud of belonging to a choir that has a fine singer in it.

A poor parson had been wrestling for years with the vagaries and tantrums of a lot of uneducated, screaming girls, until life had become a burden. On one occasion, a Thanksgiving Day, because the choir in the next town, Boreas, had done it, they insisted on singing the "Hallelujah Chorus" from the "Messiah." The choir consisted of sixteen trebles, one-half of whom could not sing above F, and that note very often was quite screwed up to the pitch; one feeble alto, the only young lady in the choir who pretended to read; one shaky tenor, and three bassos, two of whom growled, and the third roared like a bull of Bashan. No sooner was the sermon ended than the choir burst out with the great, the sublime chorus. Alas! no longer great or sublime from their lips. They screamed, they roared, they yelled Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! The tone became more and more wavering; the tempo more and more uncertain, until, when the fugue was reached, the thing collapsed like Dr. Holmes' one-horse shay—all at once. A few high notes sounded alone, and there was a dead silence. The



BOY CHOIR IN TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.

congregation sat down with a sigh of relief; but the fate of that choir was sealed.

The parson had been trying for months to get his vestry to consent to a trial of the boys and now they yielded, and when, after a few weeks' training, the little boys took the place of the girls, the people rejoiced and the much relieved pastor said a special thanksgiving.

And Then He Died.

Funny man (on his death bed)—Darling, you will grant me one wish ere I die? When I have breathed my last I want to be cremated and then have my ashes put into the stove.

Wife—Oh, Thomas, Thomas, what do you mean? Why do you wish to have your ashes put into the stove?

Funny man (with an effort)—So that they can mingle with the grate.

AN inventor expects to make a watch which will run a month without winding.

ROOT & COMPANY

EMBROIDERIES.

This is a genuine sale of Embroideries. We are satisfied that this is the best and cheapest line of Embroideries ever brought to Fort Wayne. Large additions to the stock of Embroideries will be made to-morrow.

White Goods!

In Connection with our Embroidery sale, we will sell

PLAID NAINSOOKS

at 8c a yard. Excellent qualities.

Plaid India Linens,

At 10c a yard, nothing so good for the price before.

PLAID PIQUES!

At the remarkable low price of 20c a yard. Handsome novelties.

New Torchon Collars

For Children's wear. Hand made.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

Have you seen the grand line of

Night Gowns!

We are showing. We ask you to examine these particularly. Over 900 Gowns came in this week.

AND SUCH A LINE!
AND SUCH PRICES!

You cannot possibly get them up so cheap, nor so good.

Come and see them.

ROOT & COMPANY.

OUR $1.50 LINE

Of Ladies' and Men's fine shoes are of better quality, better styles and more desirable in every way than ony ever offered at that price.

OUR $2.00 SHOES

Are of a high standard. We have them in any style desired and can assure you a perfect fit, every pair warranted. Our lines of hand sewed shoes for Ladies' and Gentlemen cannot be beat in this city, either for quality or price. We are bound to maint in our position as the Popular Price Shoe Dealers of Fort Wayne.

Redlick Bros.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1890.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. Victor Wolf left for Chicago last evening.

Mr. Louis Wolf leaves for New York this evening.

Miss Grace Woodward gave a reception yesterday afternoon.

Miss Phoebe Selle, of Chicago, is visiting her uncles, the Detzers.

The Madam Fry Boston Concert company will appear at the City Y. M. C. A. Monday evening.

The Sangerbund will give a ball on Shrove Tuesday, next week, which will be a notable social event.

The Catholic Knights of America will hold an important meeting to morrow afternoon at Library hall.

The funeral of Mrs. Ellen O'Neil occurred this morning from the Cathedral. Relatives from abroad were in attendance.

Considerable compliment is paid to the Wayne street M. E. church choir under the direction of Prof. W. F. Heath.

The business and professional class of the City Y. M. C. A. will exercise under the direction of Prof. Gage next Monday afternoon.

Mr. D. McKinney, representing E. C. Penfield & Co., medical supplies, Philadelphia, was in the city to-day. He called on the druggists.

The masquerade given at Standard hall by Mr. Ed. Cartwright and Miss Mary Farnan last evening, was largely attended. The affair was quite a social success.

Mr. Louis Centlivre is in New Orleans.

Mrs. Caroline Weisell has returned from a visit at Chicago.

Mrs. Dr. G. W. Loag gave a delightful euchre party last evening.

Allen Docter was initiated into the order of the Golden Eagle last night.

Mrs. W. H. Stewart, of 432 East Wayne street, celebrated her forty-third birthday to-day.

William Heit, of the organ factory, is very sick with typho d fever at his home on Nirdlinger avenue.

Mr. R. N. Van Slyke, of the Hawpatch, Ind., is visiting his brother, pastor of the Berry street M. E. church.

The Plymouth Democrat says; "Mrs. C. O. Smith and Miss Rena Fulton left Tuesday for a three or four week's visit in Fort Wayne."

Sion S. Bass post held an interesting meeting last night. The members are earnest, like other posts, in their efforts to have the encampment come here, where it belongs.

The broken winter has been hard on street car horses. Superintendent McNutt has been doctoring the equines, only in exceptional cases, when Dr. H. A. Read is called.

Mr. John McCarty is expected to arrive from Chicago to-night, to be the guest of his parents. He is now secretary of the Indiana auxilliary of the world's fair committee.

The funeral of the late August Krueckber, an old settler of this county, will take place to-morrow afternoon from the residence, in Adams township, Rev. Zschoche officiating.

Mr. Louis Schmidt has returned from Chicago, where he purchased fittings and stock for the new drug store to be established in the Schmitz block, in which enterprise he has an interest.

Owing to the resignation of Mr. Louis Schmidt, who will open a drug store of his own, the duties of Mr. Gustave Gocke will be divided between the Broadway and Columbia street stores of B. R. Noll.

Mr. George Gable, who arrived from Little Rock several nights ago to visit his relatives on Madison street, may decide to remain here. He is an engineer and may accept a run on one of the roads here.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Boyles leave to-morrow noon for Chicago, their home, after a brief stay with his parents, on Miner street. His wife was Miss Gertrude Bailey, a pretty and accomplished young lady. His marriage was quite a surprise to his friends in this city.

Mrs. Harvey Hinman, of Cleveland, who has been visting at the home of M. H. Brooks, of 22 Baker street, spent the day in Larwill among old friends. She will return here previous to her return home. Mrs. Hinman's husband was formerly a contractor in this city.

The St. Paul Catholic congregation will give a fair two nights next week, commencing next Monday. The fair will be held in the school house. The big attraction Monday will be the appearance of Wayne Commandery C. B. L., in their elegant new uniforms.

Mr. H. J. Wilder has returned from New York.

Mr. Dixon Edgerton, the attorney, has returned from the north.

The ladies auxiliary of the City Y. M. C. A. will hold a regular meeting next Wednesday afternoon.

F. Granger, Detroit; Wm. Stacy, Philadelphia, and J. F. Getty, Logansport, are registered at the Aldine.

Mr. C. A. Munson, of the Chicago office of the Fort Wayne Electric company, is home to spend Sunday.

The "Husking Bee" will meet at the residence of Dr. Weisell, No. 311 West Jefferson street, next Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Mrs. Fred Heath, of Grand Rapids who for the past week has been visiting Mrs. Frank Perry, of 127 Montgomery street, has returned to her home.

The farm of James Cole, in Washington and St. Joe townships, has been purchased by William Bleke, the consideration being $12,000. The farm comprises 158 acres.

Last Thursday evening Miss Mary Mulcahey and Mollie Condon, of Logansport, were tendered a nice surprise at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Golden, of 184 West Wayne street.

Another Lot of Shaker Sweet Corn.

10 barrels, very choice, reduced to half price, 5c quart.

FRUIT HOUSE.

The best bargains are at Golden & Monahan's. The goods must be sold this month.

All lamps at cost. China Bazaar.

Madam Fry, City Y. M. C. A., Monday, February 17.

NO M'GINTY JOKE!

Men's Sewed Government Shoes, 99 cents.

Men's Tap Sole Working Boots, $1.92.

Men's Rubber Boots, $2.

MASSACHUSETTS SHOE CO., 36 Calhoun street.

Hanging lamps at cost. China Bazaar.

Go to Golden & Monahan's closing sale for bargains in gents' furnishing goods, 66 Calhoun street.

For photographs give B. A. Strawn a call, at the corner of Calhoun and Columbia.

Take none but Fuss or B. & O.; all dealers sell them; best 5 and 10 cent cigars sold.

Men's Solid Made Dress Shoes, Lace or Congress, $1 50; just as good a shoe as is sold for $2 in other stores.

MASSACHUSETTS SHOE CO., 36 Calhoun street.

Madam Fry, City Y. M. C. A., Monday, February 17.

For photographs give B. A. Strawn a call, at the corner of Calhoun and Columbia.

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Madam Fry, City Y. M. C. A., Monday, February 17.

Go to B. A. Strawn for photographs. He will please you. Corner Calhoun and Columbia.

The Massachusetts Shoe Company have removed to 36 Calhoun street, first door north of Main street.

Reduction on Butter, Eggs, and Potatoes.

Choice Roll Butter, 16c lb.
Good Jar Butter, 8c lb.
Fresh Eggs, 14c dozen.
Choice Early Rose Potatoes, 35c bu.
Best Smoked Picnic Hams, 6c lb.
Best Sugar Cured Hams, 10c lb.

FRUIT HOUSE.

HEADQUARTERS FOR FURTURE.

The largest line of Plush and Fancy Rocking Chairs ever shown in Fort Wayne. These goods should have been here for the holiday trade. Antique Rockers, with removable Plush Upholstering; good enough for a king and cheap enough for anybody. See our Parlor Suits. You will be surprised at the prices and variety. Lots of new designs and shades in Plush and Tapestry. Call and look through our stock and you will be pleased.

THE PAPE FURNITURE CO.

Do you smoke the B. & O.? It's as fine as silk; 10 cents.

NEW STRAW HATS.

Twenty-five cases of new Black Straw Hats received at MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR, N. W. cor. Calhoun and Main streets.

For a good cigar smoke the B. & O., the best 10 cent cigar.

Save 50 cents on every pair of Men's Shoes by buying at the MASSACHUSETTS SHOE CO., First door north of Main street

If you are going on a journey don't buy your tickets until you have seen the city ticket agent of the Nickel Plate, as he can save you from one dollar up on all tickets. Remember the place: 5 Aveline house block or depot office. 15-2t

FIRST IN THE FIELD.

New Spring Styles in Black Straw Hats just received at MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR.

For a good 5 cent cigar smoke the Fuss, made from choice stock.

For reduced rates to Chicago, Cleveland, St. Paul, Duluth, Portland and all points west call at the Nickel Plate city ticket office, 5 Aveline house block, or depot. 15-2t

For a good 5 cent cigar smoke the Fuss, made from choice stock.

Go to B. A. Strawn for photographs. He will please you. Corner Calhoun and Columbia.

WANTED—A girl for general house work in small family. Good wages paid. Enquire at 190 West Berry street.

Bedroom Sets reduced to make room for other goods. Splendid assortment in solid Walnut, Mahogany, Antique Ash. We manufacture our goods in the city from the log. You don't have to be a cabinet-maker to appreciate the superior workmanship. Call and see.

PAPE FURNITURE CO.

Madam Fry, City Y. M. C. A., Monday, February 17.

Do you smoke the B. & O.? It's as fine as silk; 10 cents.

Between the Seasons.

It's a little too early to talk about house cleaning and the New Carpets you will be wanting at that time. And yet we have recently been able to pluck dandelions, in full bloom, in city dooryards. House cleaning is, therefore, likely to come early this spring, and so, right here, we want to enter into an agreement with you to sell you your Spring Carpets. We are getting in the Largest and Handsomest Line we have ever shown.

But it is not too early to purchase BABY CARRIAGES. We have a larger stock than all other Fort Wayne houses combined.

BABY CARRIAGES for fair haired babies.

BABY CARRIAGES for dark haired babies.

BABY CARRIAGES upholstered in all the new shades.

BABY CARRIAGES at one third less than usual price.

BABY CARRIAGES with the best wire wheels, best patent springs, best parasol attachments and best rubber tires.

DECORATED BED ROOM CROCKERY SETS in the largest assortment ever shown in Fort Wayne. Nearly two hundred different styles and colorings to select from.

HANGING, PARLOR AND ORDINARY STAND LAMPS at the same small profits at which we sell everything else.

FOSTER
Furniture and Carpet
Company.

—THE—

PEOPLE'S STORE

(PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK), EAST BERRY STREET.

We have just received our first shipment of

EMBROIDERIES,

To which we respectfully invite inspection of variety and prices.

Also, a splendid new line of

WASH GOODS!

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We shall continue to sell the balance of our Cloaks, Wraps, Blankets, and all Heavy Winter Goods at same prices as they were during our marked-down sale which is lower than manufacturer's prices.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

Pixley & Long Block
Berry street.
Dozois, Beadell & Co.

T. H. McCormick, M. D.,

Office—Rooms 7, 8 and 9, Pixley & Long building, East Berry Street.

Office Hours { 8 to 9 a. m. / 1 to 3 p. m. } Fort Wayne, Ind.

Calls Answered in the Forenoon.

J. E. WAUGH, D. D. S.,

Dental Office in Shoaff's Gallery,
21 W. BERRY St.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE NEW WORLD'S MUSEUM AND THEATRE.

(Formerly Academy of Music.)

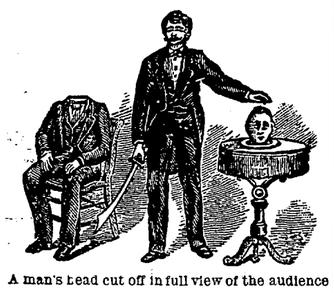
JAMES GEARY.....MANAGER.

Open every afternoon and evening. Catering only to ladies, gentlemen and children.

This Week the Great Zarro's

In their startling and sensational novelty

DECAPITATION.



A man's head cut off in full view of the audience

J. Hanson Craig, heaviest man alive.
Lulu Aevers long hair snake charmer.
Capt. Baldwin, armless wonder.
Arthur Hull, man with the iron skull.
Master Leonzo, dancing on broken glass.
Professor King, the paper King.
Zeldela, Caucasian princess.
Prof. Levey, Bohemian glass blower.
Madam Zero, illusionist.
Kinnan & Brady's Shadowgraphs.
Harry Kinnan, Punch and Judy manipulator.
Prof. Zero, lecturer and humorist.
Chas. Andersen, profile artist.
Professor Jones, electrician.
Barrett & West, European artists.
DeVaney & Reed, comedians.
Alexander, the musical wonder.

All the above and much more

FOR ONE DIME.

Open every afternoon from 1 to 5 p. m.; night, 7 to 10:30.

Coming next week, BIG ELIZA, largest woman alive. See her unloaded with a derrick.

NATURAL GAS FITTING.

H. J. ASH is prepared to do your Natural Gas Fitting very promptly and give you first-class work for the least possible sum of money. Give him a call at No. 9 E. Columbia St. Stoves of every description for all kinds of fuel. Also Kitchen Furnishing Goods.

I. G. CLARK,

No. 181 Calhoun St.,

Has on hand a large stock of mouldings and will frame pictures to order cheaper than the cheapest. See his stock before buying. feb-71m

COLUMBUS BUGGY CO.

Road Wagons.
Road Carts.

13 E. Columbia St.

JOS. W. BELL.

World's Museum!

(FORMERLY ACADEMY OF MUSIC.)

JAMES GEARY, - - - - - - - Manager.

☞ The Popular Cheap Priced Family Resort.

Presenting each week the Latest Novelties. The world's Greatest wonders. A school for the instruction of the old and the young.

OPEN EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

WEEK COMMENCING FEB. 17.

BIG ELIZA! Largest, biggest, heaviest fat woman alive; weight, 927 pounds. The earth trembles when she walks, the building shakes when she laughs. $1,000 challenge that she is the largest human being alive, or that ever did live. See her unloaded with a derrick at the depot, Monday morning, Feb. 17, and paraded up Calhoun street to the Museum. A treat. The sight of a life time.

WANTED—Twenty able-bodied men to assist in unloading her next Monday morning. Everybody should see this living, breathing mountain of human flesh.

GALATEA---A marble statue turned to Life, breathing, laughing and sleeping in full view of the audience. The finest illusion in the world.

AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY taken from one of the Pyramids of Egypt, by Prof. Ward, of Rochester, N. Y. An embolmed body, in a good state of preservation, at least three thousand, three hundred years old.

THE ALLIGATOR BOY, Captured of the east coast of North Carolina.

Special engagement of 4-Paws original

Fiji Princess and Daughter!

Every scholar has read about the Fiji Cannibals.

Now you have an opportunity to see one.

RETAINED FOR ONE MORE WEEK

Capt. Baldwin—Armless Wonder.
Prof. King—The Paper King.
Prof. Sewey—The Glass Blower.
Madam Zera—Illusionist.
Master Leonzo—Glass Dancer.
Kinnon & Brady—Shadowgraphy.
Harry Kinnan—Punch and Judy.

ON THE STAGE:

Miles, Breen & Ireland's Comedy COMPANY.

Introducing Twelve First-class Artists among them a YOUNG IRELAND,

CHAMPION IRISH DANCER OF THE WORLD.

Holder of 24 Medals.

☞ This show will be a treat. ☜

DEVIL KID.

Of all the wonderful Freaks of Nature that has ever come into the world, the Devil Kid is certainly the greatest. It is the same which created so much excitement in Cleveland, O., where born. It has horns sprouting from its head, tusks protruding from its mouth in place of teeth, claws in place of hands, hoofs instead of feet, and a tail two feet long.

All the above and much more for One Dime. Children 5 cents. Open every afternoon and evening. 4 stage performances each day, at 2:00, 3:30, 8:00 and 9:15 p. m. Doors open at 1:00 and 7:00.

Coming Next—ANNIE NELSON, the smallest little lady in the world.

Chattel Mortgage Sale

—OF—

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBER GOODS.

No. 29 Calhoun Street.

Mr. M. McDonald, of this city, holding a mortgage on the entire stock of Boots and Shoes of Hugh Dyer & Co., one of the largest retail shoe stores of Toledo, O., they being unable to meet the demands of the mortgagee, were, on the 10th of this month, Closed by the SHERIFF, who by order of the COURT, shipped the entire stock to Fort Wayne, to be closed out at once for less than

33c on the Dollar.

Owing to a great deal of "Humbug," so called "Sheriff's Sales," who are nothing more than stores traveling from town to town selling inferior goods, the public of this city may be suspicious of this sale, we therefore take the precaution to announce this a

Genuine Chattel Mortgage Sale

All our goods are strictly solid, and made by such makers as Pingree & Smith, Ludlow & Co., Gray Bros., John Kelly and Reynolds Bros. The above makers have their name stamped on the goods. Thus, assuring the public that they get what they bargain for.

THE MORTGAGEE

Demands a speedy settlement, and we are ordered by the COURT to close out at once. "Sell the goods no matter how big the loss," that's our orders, and we will SACRIFICE every DOLLAR'S worth for 33c.

This is a chance of a life-time. Don't miss it. You can't afford to. Remember we guarantee to save you from 50c to $3.00 on every pair of shoes you buy.

CHATTEL MORTGAGE SALE

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBER GOODS,

29 Calhoun St. - - - - Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833 — SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1890. — PRICE FIVE CENTS

GEO. DeWALD & CO.

We Are Now OPENING NEW WORK In Ginghams and Prints. An Inspection Will Prove to you the Elegant Quality Of the Work.

GEORGE -:- DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY.

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

WAH-KEE'S LAUNDRY,

No. 8 W. Wayne St

Shirts	10
Collars	2
Cuffs, per pair	4
Drawers	5
Undershirts	7
Night shirts	8
Socks, per pair	5
Handkerchiefs	2
Neckties	3

Big reduction from above prices for Starching and Ironing only.

THE ATLANTIC MEAT MARKET.

Round Beefsteak, 8c for 25c.
Beef Roast, per lb, 7c; Loin Steak, per lb, 10c.
Soup Beef, per lb, 5c.
Pork Chops per lb, 7c.
Roast of Pork, per lb, 6c.
Side Pork, per lb, 6c.
Smoked Ham per lb, 10c.
Smoked Shoulders, per lb, 6c.
Smoked Boneless Ham, per lb, 10c.
Bacon, per lb, 8c; Pickled Pork, per lb, 8c.
Pure Kettle Rendered Lard, per lb, 8c.
Blood Pudding, per lb, 7c.
Bologna Sausage per lb, 7c.
Wiener Wurst, per lb, 10c;
Head Cheese, per lb, 7c.
Liver Pudding, per lb, 5c.
Pork Sausage, per lb, 8c.
Poultry, Butter and Eggs always on hand, as cheap as the cheapest, at
F. PARROTS,
jan27-1m — No. 68 E. Columbia St.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.

Our Line of New

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

This season has been a surprise to the Ladies.

Amongst the many buyers in this department this week it has been the general verdict that for

Style, Workmanship, Material,

And Low Prices, our line this season far excels any other ever shown in the city.

Why try to make your

Underwear!

Or pay a big price for an inferior quality of goods, when we will sell you the best made and of the best material for the same money.

So Many Ladies' Say:

"I can't buy my underwear ready made as I can't get anything to fit me. They are never large enough."

WE HAVE

Convinced a great many ladies during this week that we can fit them, and some who have never been able to buy ready made Underwear before.

Our sizes are not cut scant, but are cut full and large and with the assortment we have, we can suit and fit anyone.

We cordially invite every Lady to come and inspect our line.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.

54 Calhoun St.

WRECKS OF A DAY!

A Fatal Collision at Bairdstown, O.--Fearful Crash in Michigan and Another in Ontario.

NORTH BALTIMORE, Ohio, Feb. 15.—A west bound freight and an east-bound stock train collided near Bairdstown last evening. Both engines and several cars of both trains are a mass of ruins. A large number of hogs and sheep were killed.

A young man by the name of Bowersox, of Garrett, Ind., who was riding on the engine of the stock train, was fatally injured. William Reynolds, brakeman of the local freight, is missing. His body will probably be found beneath the debris, as he was upon the second car when the engines collided. Brakeman Ellison, of the local, is injured to some extent, but will probably recover.

RUSHED DOWN GRADE.

IONIA, Mich., Feb. 15.—Twenty-three freight cars broke loose from a train at Stanton Junction, yesterday morning, rushed down a heavy grade towards this city at a speed of forty miles an hour, and crashed into a freight train standing on the track in the yards. Twenty-three cars were smashed and many of them thrown from the track. A brakeman who was standing on the train in the yards, was hurled to the ground and had a leg broken. A man and two horses which he was shipping in one of the run-away cars were taken from the wreck uninjured.

TRAINS WRECKED.

CAYUGA, Ont., Feb. 15.—Two long freight trains on the Canada Southern division of the Michigan Central railway collided near here Thursday night. Twenty-five of the cars and both engines were completely wrecked. Forty other cars were more or less damaged. The crews escaped by jumping.

TEMPERANCE CRUSADERS

Charged With Firing a Drug Store in Missouri--The Fire Record.

HAMILTON, Mo., Feb. 15.—W. E. Irving, a druggist of this place and owner of a drug store at Nettleton, a small town a short distance east of here, received a telegram from his Nettleton manager yesterday, informing him that his store at that place had been destroyed by fire early yesterday morning. Mr. Irving had been warned by the temperance crusaders that something would happen if the indiscriminate sale of liquor at his store was not stopped. It is believed that the crusaders set fire to the building.

MUSKEGON, Mich., Feb. 15.—The Dayton Manufacturing company's works at North Muskegon with contents and lumber, burned to the ground last night. Loss, about $180,000; partly insured.

O'NEILL, Neb., Feb. 15.—The O'Neill roller mills were destroyed by fire Thursday night. The loss is $50,000; insurance, $24,000. Three thousand sacks of flour and all of the office furniture was saved. The elevator and its contents were also destroyed.

IN THE COURTS.

New Suits Entered and Old Ones Dismissed--The Claim Docket--Other Business.

The court house is usually a busy place on Saturday. To-day was no exception.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Judge O'Rourke dismissed the cases of Ernst F. Liebman and James M. Henry vs. John W. Hayden. Costs paid.

Arguments made for a new trial in the case of Taylor vs. Hiler, on which verdict was rendered but no judgment.

Next Saturday the claim docket will be called and claims not prosecuted will be dismissed.

The following cases were dismissed: Leopold Wolf against John Leikauf; Henry Pfeiffer against Joseph Violin; Benjamin Rothschild against Nelson Bailey and others.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Walter M. Steppacher, enters suit against Alexander S. Lauferty, complaint on account, $565. J. M. Robinson is attorney for the plaintiff.

John Suelzer enters suit against Thomas Ahern on account, demand, $175. W. & E. Leonard are attorneys for the plaintiff.

Ellen Ahern and Thomas Ahern, enter suit against Gottlieb Epple, partition of real estate. Morris & Barrett are attorneys for plaintiff.

John Orff against William J. Snyder; judgment for plaintiff, $154.

Moses H. Marks and others against J. S. Mosler; dismissed.

Louis Ohnhouse against J. S. Mosler; dismissed.

Henry A. Grothalman and others against Frederick Brase and others; foreclosure mechanic's lien; judgment for plaintiff, $108.96.

James B. White against Jesse Bona and others; dismissed.

THE 'SQUIRES.

The case of William Klump, against Henry Spangler, brought in the court of Justice France, has been dismissed.

Yesterday before 'Squire France, Frederick Spangler, of Marion township, was fined $1 and costs for provoking William Klump, of this city.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The county commissioners will be in session next Wednesday, when they will visit Monroe township to look after several bridges, which are reported to be in an unsafe condition.

THE PREACHED WORD.

The Pulpits From Which It Will Be Proclaimed To-morrow.

Pastor Northrop invites you to "The Tabernacle."

Services at Trinity M. E. church Sunday morning and evening, by the pastor. Let there be a general rallying.

A number receive the hand of fellowship at the Christian Chapel to-morrow at 10:30. Baptism administered at 7.30.

Meeting for men only at the R. R. Department Y. M. C. A. at 3 o'clock, standard time. One hour. All men cordially invited.

In the Third Presbyterian church, Rev. J. M. Boggs will preach at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. Young people's prayer meeting at 7 p. m.

Services at the Grace Reformed church to-morrow morning and evening. The evening services will be illustrated with pulpit paintings. Topic: "Gaining the World and Losing the Soul."

St. Paul M. E. church.—The revival meetings at this church continue with unabated interest. Services to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. The meetings will continue next week

First Presbyterian church, Rev. D. W. Moffat, pastor. Services at 10:45 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m., and meeting of the society of Christian Endeavor at 6.30 p m.

Rev. J. H. Deaner, of Findlay college, Findlay, Ohio, will fill the pulpit at the Church of God to-morrow morning and evening, 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:15 a. m.

Quarterly meeting services at the Berry Street M. E. church. Love feast at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m., by Rev. H. N. Herrick, followed by communion services. Preaching in the evening at 7:30.

Services as usual at the Wayne Street M. E. church to-morrow. Preaching at 10:30 a. m., and 7:45 p. m., by the pastor. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Epworth league at 7 p. m. All are cordially invited to all services.

Song service at the City Y. M. C. A. Sunday, at 4 o'clock, city time. The meeting will be led by Nathaniel Barton. Young men, you are cordially invited to come out and take a part in the exercises. You will come again if you do.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Hon. R. C. Bell is at Indianapolis.

J. H. Bass was at Pittsburg to-day.

Born to Rev. C. F. Kriete and wife—a daughter.

Mrs. E. A. Barnes, of Detroit, is the guest of her parents, Judge and Mrs. Morris.

Misses Rosie Simon and Lena Scharf gave a reception last evening in honor of their guest of Chicago.

The Zions Lutheran congregation will meet to-morrow to consider plans for their proposed new edifice to be erected at a cost of $30,000.

In the case of Taylor vs. Hiler, mention of which was made in yesterday's issue, Mr. Hiler secured a judgment of $50 against the company.

Two drunks, Thomas Green arrested by Officer Patton, and John Sayer arrested by Officer Limecooly, were sent to jail by the mayor to day.

Mr. Adolph Geismer is now at Thomaston, Ga., in the interest of Scribner's publications. Mr. Geismer expects to re-engage in business in this city at an early day.

The announcement is made of the approaching marriage of Miss Clara Fleming, of this city, to Mr. Wm. Lewis, of Media, Pa. The ceremony will be solemnized at Richmond, Va., February 18.

Mr. P. A. Lynn, general commercial agent of the Wabash with headquarters at Pittsburg, was in the city last evening. Mr. Lynn was predecessor of Col. F. N. Kollock, local agent of the Union line.

The marriage of Miss Briggie Murphy to J. P. Downs will take place Tuesday morning at 8:30 o'clock at the Cathedral, Father Delaney officiating. Reception at 8 o'clock in the evening at the residence, 30 Butler street.

W. S. and W. B. Bash will send Minnie B. and Luella, their fast horses, to the auction sale at Cambridge City, Ind., March 11. Dr. Loag will send his team of driving mares and Rockhill Bros. & Fleming will send four colts.

The funeral of the late Miss Louise Andrews occurred this morning from St. Mary's Catholic church. The young ladies' sodality, of which the deceased was once an active member, attended the service in a body. The ceremonies were very affecting. Miss Andrews formerly lived here, but she lately made her home in Auburn. She was taken sick here on her way home from Peru, died here, and was buried beside the grave of her mother.

MONTANA'S SENATORS.

The Contested Election Case of Montana is Being Argued in the Senate To-day.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—The senate committee on privileges and elections to-day began the hearing of the contested election cases in Montana.

Mr. Payne, counsel for Messrs. Sanders and Powers, opened the hearing with an argument, claiming that the legislature, in joint assembly, voted for Sanders and Powers and claimed that they were duly elected and entitled to seats in the senate unless that body could overcome the legislature and prove that they were unqualified for the position or had obtained their seats by bribery or fraud.

In the case now under consideration he said, the certificates of election contradicted each other, two lacking the signature of the governor and two lacking the signature of the secretary of state. The journal of the house, he said, showed that in joint assembly Sanders and Powers had been elected. He reviewed at some length the action of the legislature, arguing to prove that the five senators and ten representatives occupying their seats January 14, afterward evicted, were senators and representatives respectively, until their eviction.

The senate which met January 1, was a defacto senate and constitutionally the senators holding credentials, accepted by the senate, were entitled to act as members of the senate and their actions as senators were valid until they were dispossessed of their seats.

SWEET MUSIC!

Interspersed With Recitations by the Talented Miss Twaney.

A recital will be given by some of the young ladies of the Second Presbyterian church at the new chapel next Tuesday evening, February 18. A first-class musical program will be presented, interspersed with interesting and amusing recitations by Miss Twaney. The object of the entertainment is to secure funds to be used in paying for a fine new piano which the young ladies have purchased for the chapel of the new church.

The following is a program of the evening's entertainment:

PART I.

1. Greig.....Norwegian Wedding Procession
Miss Large.
2. White.....Madeline
Mr. Bash.
3. Nora Perry.....Lady Wentworth
Miss Twaney.
4. (a. McDowell.....Hexantanz
(b. Chopin (a. Prelude.
(b. Impromptu.
Miss Wade.
5. Vocal Solo.....Selected
Mr. Yarnelle.
1. Dancla.....Redowa de Wallerstein
Gertrude Beuke and Carlie Olds.
2. Vocal Solo.....Selected
Miss Sturgis.
3. (a. James Whitcomb Riley....Nothin' to Say
(b. Samuel Lover.....Low Back Car
Miss Twaney.
4. St. Heller.....In the Forest (a. Springtime
(b. The Chase
Miss Large.
5. Balfe.....Trust Her Not
Messrs. Lang and Yarnelle.

THE MAYOR AND GAMBLING.

The Chief of Police to Receive Strict Instructions To-night.

It was ascertained to-day from a reliable source that Mayor Harding will call into his presence to-night, Chief of Police Frank Wilkinson, for the purpose of giving him strict instructions concerning gambling.

The mayor has given these orders before.

A SENTINEL reporter called at the mayor's office to learn the truth of the statement.

"Yes," said he, "I am going to have this gambling stopped. I know to a certainty that several of these dens of iniquity are being operated in bold defiance of the law."

"Haven't you given orders before!" asked the reporter.

"I have; I hope this will be the last time, too. To-night I will instruct the chief of police to do his duty again. If gambling is not suppressed after this order I shall file complaint against the officer before the police commission."

Chief Wilkinson is a conscientious and faithful officer. He will, without a doubt, do his duty, helping to down this great evil.

It might be news to the mayor and police, and again it might not, to know that gambling is also carried on in this city in broad daylight.

HAMLET WITHOUT THE HAMLET.

Members of the Caledonian Club in an Embarrassing Dilemma.

Last night nearly twenty-three persons, mostly members of the Caledonian club, met at the Aldine hotel, according to pre-arrangement. The object of the gathering was to indulge in a banquet and present Hon. J. B. White with a gold-headed cane.

A committee was detailed to escort Mr. White to the hotel, where he was to meet with the surprise. Through some misunderstanding, Mr. White failed to appear and the banquet was proceeded with under gloomy circumstances.

The affair was not under the official arrangement of the Caledonians, but members individually.

The cane has not yet been presented. It is a fine stick and bears an elegantly engraved inscription.

Going to Dakota.

With the present week Mr. Seymour J. Smith terminates his long residence in Fort Wayne and removes with his excellent family to Pierre, S. D., where he will embark in business on his own account.

For the past fifteen years Mr. Smith has been in the employ of Messrs. Morgan & Beach, wholesale hardware dealers, and for all of that time has represented that firm "on the road."

If Mr. Smith needed any further recommendation to the good people of Pierre than his long and successful career as a business man entitles him to, THE SENTINEL would be glad to say that Fort Wayne has no more upright citizen and the commercial interests of the city have had no better or more energetic representative. That he will succeed goes without saying. A gentleman of his sterling worth seldom fails. He will be greatly missed and at the meetings of the Travelers' Protective association, of which he has been an officer, there will be especial regret at his going.

LOCAL LINES.

Mr. Aaron Rothschild is in Chicago.

Mr. H. G. Olds has returned from Chicago.

Wm. Gerke, of St. Joe township, has pneumonia.

Mr. Louis Hirsh, of Louis Wolf & Co., is quite seriously sick.

Mr. George Mullen is assisting behind the desk at the Aldine.

Miss Carrie Heilbroner is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Klopfer, at Dayton, Ohio.

George Anspaugh has been appointed postmaster at Edgerton, the newly established postoffice east of here.

Mr. D. F. Comparet sustained a severe fall at his home yesterday, which inflicted a deep gash on his scalp.

Mr. A. S. Barrett, the "scalper" who went to Salt Lake City, is now a clerk in the leading shoe store at that place.

Mr. A. W. Stace is removing his grocery business from Lafayette street to the corner of Francis and Lewis streets.

Mr. J. W. Hanley, of the pension office at Indianapolis, is in the city having been called here by the illness of his mother.

Hon. J. H. Bass has purchased the business block owned by Tony Trentman and occupied by A. S. Lauferty, the clothier.

Mr. Fred L. Crall, cashier of the Hoosier Manufacturing company, left to-day for a brief visit with his parents at Ashland, Ohio.

Mr. Emiel Rosenthal has accepted a position with Friend's Enterprise as salesman and will enter upon his new duties March 1st.

One of the large windows in the store room of Mr. Frank DeLagrange & Co., on Hanna street, was accidentally broken yesterday.

Mrs. M. L. Wilhelm has been seriously ill with neuralgia, superinduced by la grippe, for four week, and is not yet able to be around.

Andy Fox, son of the contractor, has gone to Pittsburg to assist Bob Cunningham in erecting towers for the electric light company.

Messrs. George W. Ewing and George B. McKinnie went to Lafayette to-day, where they will attend the institution of a lodge of Elks this evening.

Married, Mr. Joseph F. Bricker, of Dunfee, Ind., and Miss Jennie Snider, of Arcadia, Ohio, Rev. Thos. J. Loring officiating. The young couple will make their home in Dunfee, Allen county, Ind.

Willie Lewis, the boy who was held for the supposed theft of a lawn mower and other articles, was released by the mayor to-day, there being no proof. The boy's mother who has been at the hospital, hobbled into the court room to appeal for her son's freedom.

Mr. A. E. Ludwick died at 6 o'clock this morning at the City hospital of paralysis, aged about twenty-eight years. His home was on the Goshen road, in Washington township, and he was unmarried. He was a brother-in law of Mr. D. D. Wolf, of 612 East Wayne. Funeral Monday at 1 p. m., from the home of the mother of the deceased and interment at Hatfield's cemetery.

The committees appointed by the various Knights of Pythias lodges meet this evening, at the office of Dr. J. W. Younge, to further perfect the arrangements for special memorial exercises by this order, on Sunday, the 23rd inst., in memory of the late deceased and lamented Justus Rathbone. These exercises will be conducted at the Masonic Temple and will be largely attended by knights from outside the city. It is expected that Grand Chancellor Suit will be present on this occasion.

The Trades and Labor council held a meeting last night, with President Marsh in the chair. Vice President Green sent in his resignation. The council adopted a resolution favoring a shortening of the hours of labor to nine hours a day, and also a resolution favoring the enforcement of the laws against gambling. The committee on securing speakers for Labor Day, September 1, 1890, reported that it was in communication with some of the leading labor orators of the country, and the prospects looked bright for the securing of good speakers.

THE FIRST GUN!

The Grand Lodge A. O. U. W. Next Week--The Grand Officers and Committees to Be Present.

The first important meeting that comes here, since so much fervor has been shown by our public spirited organizations in securing conventions to Fort Wayne, is the meeting of the grand lodge of the A. O. U. W. which will be held next week.

The meeting is the bi-ennial of lodges of Indiana. It will attract to this city the grand officers of the body, and from 150 to 200 delegates.

The session will be convened Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock, in Pythian hall, and will continue two days. On Tuesday evening a banquet will be given, at which members of Fort Wayne, No. 19, and Summit City, No. 36, the local lodges, will be present.

The business of the grand lodge is confined to the officers and delegates.

The grand officers will arrive to-morrow evening, and will register at the Aldine.

The list is as follows:

P. G. M. W.—Noble J. York, Monon.

G. M. W.—N. S. Byram, Indianapolis.

G. F.—L. H. Carr, Rushville.

G. O.—F. D. Neal, Cicero.

G. Recorder—F. Baker, Evansville.

G. Receiver—James Cox, Terre Haute.

G. I. W.—Joseph Morris, Indianapolis.

G. O. W.—F. Stampfli, Evansville.

G. Medical Ex.—Paul H. Curtner, Hazelton.

Committee on Credentials—J. F. Francis, Indianapolis; J. R. Duncan, Crawfordsville; Charles Smith, Terre Haute.

Committee on Finance—Emil Levy, Evansville; J. R. Ferguson, Evansville; J. McRith, Monticello.

Committee on Laws—J. W. Spain, Evansville; C. C. Genung, Evansville; P. H. Barrett, New Albany.

Mr. W. J. Vesey, of this city, is grand guide and is the only officer of the grand lodge in this city.

This is one good convention. Let more of them come. The Summit City can take care of them.

E. H. McDonald, of No. 19, and N. Conover, of No. 36, will be the representatives.

Those from this city who are entitled and will take the grand lodge degree are E. H. McDonald and D. B. Kehler, of No. 19, and Rev. S. A. Northtop, J. E. Lonergan, W. S. Harrison, N. Conover and Dr. T. H. McCormick of No. 36.

Big Deficiency.

ROCHESTER, Feb. 15.—A deficit of $60,000 has been found in the accounts of City Treasurer John A. Davis. He says it is due to advances to contractors and city employes.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—For Indiana: Continued cool and fair weather, variable winds, fair weather Sunday.

Judge Robert Lowry and Attorney S. L. Morris are home from Columbus, Ohio, where they took depositions in a case.

The Massachusetts Shoe Company have removed to 36 Calhoun street, first door north of Main street.

Hanging lamps at cost for the next thirty days at the China Bazaar, 12 East Columbia street.

Those ladies fine Dongola button shoes that the Massachusetts Shoe Company are selling for $1.50 pleases everybody and it seems as though everybody is buying them.

Lamps at cost at the China Bazaar.

For a good cigar smoke the B. & O., the best 10 cent cigar.

The Massachusetts Shoe Company have removed to 36 Calhoun street, first door north of Main street.

Call at the Nickel Plate city ticket office, 5 Aveline house block, for reduced rates to all points. Open all the time. You will save money by calling on them.

15 2t

The Massachusetts Shoe Company have removed to 36 Calhoun street, first door north of Main street.

Madam Silvers, of 190 Montgomery street, is meeting with good success in fortune telling, and will tell you the past and future. Prices, 25c. and 50c.

Go to Golden & Monahan's closing sale for bargains in gent's furnishing goods; 66 Calhoun street.

CHICAGO MARKET.

CHICAGO, Feb. 15.--Wheat: February, 74½; March, 75; May, 77½; June, 77. Corn: February, 27½; March, 28; May, 29½@½; June, 29. Oats: February, 20; March, 20; May, 20.@21; June, 20. Pork: February, $9.70; March, $9.75; May, $9.97½; June, $10 05. Lard: February, $5.80; March, $5.82½; May, $5.92½; June, $6.00. Short ribs: February, $4.70; March, $4.70; May, $4.80 @4.82½; June, $4.87½.

WILL NOT APPEAR.

The Boston Symphony Orchestral Club Cancel Their Engagement at the Temple To-night.

The Boston Symphony Orchestral club, which was to have given a concert at the Masonic Temple theatre to-night, have cancelled their engagement, and as a consequence amusement lovers will not witness their performance this evening.

This action on the part of the manager, Mr. Max Bachert, is certainly a strange piece of work and calls for the severest censure. He made the engagement with the Temple management some time ago for an entertainment in this city. A few days ago he sent to the Temple management a telegram asking what were the prospects for securing a good audience.

Treasurer F. E. Studor answered him at once, but the wily manager, who probably had a chance to show at some other city to-night, where possibly he thought he could make more money than he could here, claimed he had not received the telegram, and wired from Dayton, Ohio, yesterday, as follows:

If you think we can't get a good audience for to morrow, will cancel. Telegraph quick.

Mr. Studor immediately answered as follows:

Advance sale all right; prospects good. Impossible to cancel the date.

Then came a telegram from Mr. Bachert saying that they had cancelled the engagement and would not show here to-night. Treasurer Stouder at once wired the manager that he would hold the company responsible for expenses and rent of the Temple and a law action will probably follow.

The action of Manager Bachert is the lowest type of unfairness and it is to be hoped that the Temple folks will compel him to pay dearly for his inexcusable breaking of an engagement. The show would have had an excellent house had it appeared here to-night.

$25.00 REWARD!

The Land and Improvement Company Make a Proposition.

They Will Give Our People a Chance to Name the New Park.

And Will Pay $25 00 to the Person Proposing the Name Adopted.

The gentlemen composing the Fort Wayne Land and Improvement company, feel that they would like to have the citizens of Fort Wayne and vicinity have a part in naming the new city park, which they propose to lay out in their recently acquired property east and north of the city. They have decided, therefore, to invite all our people to assist in the selection of a pretty and suitable name.

To the person proposing the name which shall finally be chosen the directors have decided to award the sum of twenty-five dollars. And any person, old or young, is privileged and invited to compete for said prize, under the following conditions: No person is to send in more than one name, but a family consisting of a number of persons may send in one name for each, but each must be sent in in a separate envelope. The name proposed is to be plainly written on a sheet of paper, together with the name of the person proposing it, and his or her place of residence. This must be sealed and the envelope addressed and endorsed as follows:

SECRETARY LAND IMPROVEMENT CO.,
FORT WAYNE,
INDIANA.

NAME FOR PARK.

Thus addressed, they are to be mailed or left at the company's office, room No. 12, Pixley Long block.

On receipt of all envelopes, thus marked, the secretary will number each in the order in which it is received and, without opening, will file them away until 6 p. m., Feb. 27, the date appointed for the closing of competition. The secretary shall then open all envelopes in the order in which they are numbered and shall record, in a properly ruled book, the name proposed, the number borne upon the envelope, the name of the person sending it in, and his place of residence. When this is done, the secretary shall prepare a list of the names suggested, but shall not inform any person by whom any such name has been sent in. The stockholders shall then be called together and the list of names being submitted, they shall proceed to ballot for the name of their choice, each person to vote upon such shares as have been subscribed by him, or for which he may hold a written proxy. Balloting shall be continued until some name shall receive a majority of all the stock voted. After each ballot the names receiving the smallest number of votes, to the extent of one-tenth of the number voted for shall be dropped and shall not again be voted for. If before a choice is reached the number of names be reduced to less than ten, the name receiving the smallest number of votes shall be dropped at each succeeding ballot. When a selection is finally reached, if it be found that two or more persons have sent in the name chosen, the prize shall go to the person shown by the secretary's books to have first proposed it.

By order of the board of directors.

D. N. FOSTER, President.

C. A. WILDING, Secretary.

Fresh Lot Buckwheat and New Maple Syrup.

Home-Made Buckwheat Flour, 35c sack.

Self Rising Buckwheat, 20c sack.

New Vermont Maple Syrup, 20c quart.

FRUIT HOUSE.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

THE pathetic adventures of a carrier pigeon lately employed by the Empress of Austria to bear a letter to her daughter the Archduchess Marie Valerie, may be noted by writers of fiction in quest of new incidents. The bird was one of those which are trained for service at the arsenal of Pola, and when the Empress recently sailed from Pola to Corfu she took this pigeon on board her yacht, having arranged to let it fly with a letter for her daughter at a certain distance from the coast. It was supposed that the pigeon would return to Pola, and orders were given to forward the contents of the letter which it carried immediately by telegraph to the young Archduchess. Unfortunately a peasant with a gun saw the bird and shot it. He did not notice the letter, which was no doubt blown off by the shot, and so, while he bore home the Empress's winged messenger for supper, the letter remained on the ground. It was accidentally found a few days afterwards, and now royal newspapers are proposing that to prevent a recurrence of such mishaps pigeons should no more be shot at all. It is a wonder that nobody has suggested that carrier pigeon on State service should be put into a showy uniform, like those in which the Austrian civil servants are shortly going to astonish their fellow-subjects.

JOHN MYLCHREEST, of Middletown, N. Y., is a queer chap, and as adroit in some ways as he is defective physically. John is 13 years old, and has no arms; he never had any, so he has had to get along handily without them. He makes his feet do the chores ordinarily intrusted to the hands by other folks, and he does some feats that would be notable if done by persons who have hands as well as feet. For instance, being fond of horses, he has learned to drive them expertly, and he manipulates the reins entirely with his toes. He lolls back on the wagon seat, gathers up the lines deftly with his toes, sings out, "G'lang!" and rattles away, cracking his whip and having a grand time. The reins he holds in the flexible toes of his left foot, the whip in the cluster of right-foot toes, and he plies the lash, if necessary, and saws the lines if the steads cut up, and goes through town at a rattling gate with the skill of an accomplished and two-handed whip. When John is not on the turf or behind a roadster taking an outing, he is in the newsboy business, and it is a smart chap that can sell papers and make change with his hands as swiftly and as handsomely as young Mylchreest can do those things with his nimble ten toes.

BILLIE MUSTARD is an eccentric old man well known among the farming community of Buttler County, Ohio. During the summer and fall months he worked as a day laborer among the farmers, being a good man wherever he was put. He was saving, and when winter approached he resorted to Four Mile Creek, where he dug a hole in the bank and there constructed a cot of straw and such other materials as he could gather and spent his nights there. During the continued rainy spell his domicile caved in, burying the old man to the waist, and in this position he was compelled to dig himself out, which occupied two days. Billie has led a queer life, but has through all his vicissitudes borne a name for honesty and sobriety. A few days ago some of the neighbors had him removed to the county infirmary, where he will probably end his days, as he is far advanced in years.

A REPORTER witnessed an extraordinary scene in the vicinity of Biddleville, N. C. In front of a small cabin a pulpit had been erected. In this stood a colored man "preaching" at the top of his voice. There was no one except the reporter and the preacher near, and the former stood and listened, but was not noticed by the speaker. On inquiry it was found that the preacher was Robert Bell. Two years ago he was fired from the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Beddleville because he would go into his church barefooted. He was warned against this offense, and, heeding it not, one Sunday, as he attempted to ascend his pulpit shoeless, half a dozen good, pious deacons seized him and fired him from the church. On that day Bell declared that he would preach three times every day in his own yard, and he does it, though no one goes to hear him.

THE possibilities of the canine brain may not yet have been fathomed even by dog-lovers. The Caribou (Me.) Republican tells of a wonderful feat of a Newfoundland in that town. It seems that when the office of the Vaughan House was opened the other morning, a hole six inches in diameter was found to have been burned completely through the double flour near the stove. The dog, known as Joe, was shut up in the room, and an examination showed marks of the dog's claws in the charred wood. Mr. Smith, the proprietor of the house, says Joe is a first-class fireman, and if he sees a burning cigar stub, a match, or a spark on the floor, he will scratch them with his front paws until the fire is extinguished. Mr. Smith has no doubt but that Joe saved the building, and perhaps the inmates.

AT a grocery store in Belfast, Mass., recently, while quite a number of persons were gathered therein, the proprietor got them to guessing on various things, finally coming to pea beans. A number of guesses were made as to how many were in a bushel. The most reckless person in the party guessed as high as 50,000. From that there were various other estimates of a smaller number. "Well, sir," said the grocer, "there are 119,000." Of course no one would believe him until he explained that there were sixty to a half ounce, and proved it. "Then how many bank notes will it take to weigh as much as a silver dollar?" he said. "One hundred!" Seventy-five!" "Three hundred!" cried out several. "Not right," said the grocer; "just twenty-two"—which he illustrated and proved.

THE following instance of cannibalism is given by a correspondent in Santiago, Chili: "Pco Perez, accompanied by a small boy, Enrique Belle, aged seven years, left Valparaiso to travel on foot to Santiago. Upon arrival at the entrance of the railroad tunnel, near San Pedro, Perez seized the boy and undertook to eat him alive. The story says that he ate the fingers off one hand and ate part of one foot, and bit pieces out of the cheek. He then commenced sucking the blood. In the meantime the boy fainted. The guard of the tunnel surprised Perez in the midst of his feast, but could not arrest him, as he fled up the mountain. The boy was taken care of and Perez has since been arrested.

HENRY WOOD, a farmer near Beach City, Stark County, Ohio, welcomed a plausible young stranger claiming to be a deceased brother from California. The newcomer had the family history quite pat and was treated as one of the family, furnished good clothes, loaned a good deal of money and obtained a lucrative situation. He courted and was engaged to a daughter of Wood, as he was supposed a cousin. The day before the marriage the chance arrival of an old friend of the California brother made known that his only son had died several years ago. The imposter fled, narrowly escaping arrest. A likeness to the Wood family had made the deception easy.

ONE of the most novel captures of a criminal ever known has occurred in Sandoval, Marion County, Ill. Early in the morning five prisoners broke jail, one of whom was Elijah Francis, a former prominent live stock dealer, who, in October last, was charged with wrongfully taking a carload of cattle from farmers and shipping them to the St. Louis market. Francis was caught on the 12th of November last by Chief Walsh at East St. Louis, and has been in jail ever since until his escape. Francis was discovered by workmen in the Sandoval coal mine, 800 feet under the ground. He got on to a coal cage unseen and was lowered to the bottom of the mine.

PROBABLY the youngest Ohio widow on record is Mrs. Dros Ickes, who lives with her mother in Columbus. She is yet a mere child, being only 14 years old. Her mother's name is Mrs. Winteringer. Ickes worked for Mrs. Winteringer, and fell in love with her young girl. The couple eloped and were married three weeks ago to-day at Ashland, Ky. At the request of the mother they returned and lived with her. Ickes was seized with the worst type of la grippe, which ran into pneumonia, causing his death.

John Smith, living on Crooked River, Fla., while proceeding to town in a small boat, was attacked by a saw-fish, which he judges to have been about ten feet long. It was at close quarters, and the big fish, making a rush at the bow end, passed by, only splintering the end slightly, but striking it a blow with its head that brought the boat to a standstill and probably stunned the fish, for he darted off and did not return to the attack for several minutes. His second visit was no better than his first.

THE oldest horse in Maine died in Bangor not long ago. This was the mare Kate, owned by J. L. Craig, and she lacked but a few months of being forty-two years old. She was never sick, and the day before her death was doing her work as usual, appearing as smart as a four-year-old. When they went in to hitch her up the following morning, however, she was found dead in her stall.

AN almost unheard-of crime was committed in a provincial town of France. A girl of 10 years was walking in the fields with her little two-year-old sister. The baby grew fretful, and the girl tied the little thing to the tail of a cow and then hustled the animal into a gallop. The girl went home and told what she had done. When the child was discovered it was a shapeless mass.

AN English scientific man claims to have discovered a substance so nearly like gold that even acid will not tarnish it, and which can be manufactured very cheaply. He is going to put it on the market.

THERE was a funeral in Paris, Ky, recently, in which eight women acted as pall bearers. Sarah Jones, colored, was the person buried, and eight sisters of a colored lodge bore the remains into the church.

Couldn't Break His Oath.

A good story is told of the late Hon. R. B. Forbes. In 1876, Governor Rice commissioned him a justice of the peace, an office he had never held. A few weeks later the commodore entered the counting-room of Messrs. Rice, Kendall & Co., and inquired for the Governor, saying that he had sought his excellency in vain at the State House, where he was informed that he might find him at his store. Colonel Rice, son of the Governor, told Commodore Forbes that the Governor was elsewhere engaged, and could not be seen for several hours, and offered to convey to him any message that might be intrusted to him.

Seating himself and leaning upon his cane with both hands, the old gentleman said thoughtfully: "Several weeks since Governor Rice honored me with a commission as justice of the peace. I have come to ask him to revoke it. The fact is, I have a troublesome neighbor whose annoyances increase constantly to such an extent that I have made up my mind to give the fellow a thrashing. Now, on reading my commission carefully, I find that I cannot thrash the rascal without breaking my oath to preserve the peace of the commonwealth, and I have therefore come to beg your father to revoke my commission." He said this in all soberness and good faith.

Colonel Rice's reply was to the effect that "Commodore Forbes should remember that the Governor had also taken an oath, not less solemn than his own, to support the laws of the State, and that if he should revoke Commodore Forbes' commission for the purpose of permitting him to break willfully a law his own conscience would be quite as difficult to satisfy as would be Mr. Forbes'." The venerable mariner said that this aspect of the case had not entered his mind, but he now saw the force of the reasoning. On retiring from the store, however, the irascible old gentleman murmured in a tone half of anger and half of sadness: "I think I must thrash the chap, anyhow!"—[Boston Gazette.

The House of Hapsburg.

Rudolph, of Hapsburg, born May 1, 1218, was the founder of the House of Hapsburg. For five hundred years his descendants were Emperors of Germany, and one of them is Emperor of Austria.

ALMOST A SAVAGE.

A WHITE MAN'S STRANGE LIFE IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

He is Made Second in Power Over a Tribe of Natives—Helping a Shipwrecked Crew.

The Portland (Me.) bark Tweksbury L. Sweat, William Goodling, captain, sailed from Newcastle, New South Wales, March 7, 1889, for Hong Kong, under charter for New York. She proceeded on the fifth of April following, when she encountered a gale and was driven ashore on Susanna Reef, near Pozeat Island, one of the group of Caroline Islands, in the South Pacific.

The crew escaped in one of the ship's boats and managed with great difficulty to reach a small islet to the northward. From this islet after the storm subsided they made the island of Pozeat, which is inhabited by a race of fierce savages. As the boat approached the island a fleet of canoes put of to intercept them. There were about thirty canoes, with eight or ten men in each, and all were armed with knives and spears. Some of the savages could not wait for the boat to come alongside, but jumped overboard and swam to her, each man carrying a long wicked-looking knife, held between his teeth.

The first savages to reach the boat clambered in until the boat was nearly swamped. Then they began to strip the sailors of their coats and outer garments, throwing the garments aboard their own canoes, which by this time were paddling alongside. The white men were soon despoiled of everything but their undershirts, these being left to them, and the whole fleet drew in toward the land.

When they got ashore, and while the shipwrecked crew were standing surrounded by the noisy crowd of natives, a man dressed as all the others, only with a cloth about his hips, pushed his way through the crowd and spoke to them in the English language.

To the astonishment of Captain Gooding, to whom the man addressed himself, the seeming native introduced himself as Charles Irons, an Englishman, and offered to render any assistance it was possible for him to give.

Later, the captain learned Irons' history. It appears that he was left at Pozeat Island by a trading vessel about four years ago, his business being to represent the traders in the cocoanut oil trade, but the vessel had never called for Irons since leaving him, and he had gradually assumed the habits of the natives and finally became so much like them in appearance and manner of life he was not in any way to be distinguished from the people among whom he lived. He had taken to himself seven wives, and was regarded by the natives as a man of importance, second only to the chief of the tribe.

Irons had been so long among the natives that he had forgotton many of the common things of civilization. A day or two after landing at Pozeat, Captain Gooding, who had become in a degree uncertain about his reckoning of time, not knowing exactly whether the day was Thursday or Friday in the week, asked Irons if he knew what day of the week it was. Irons answered that he did not, and more than that he did not know what year it was.

Captain Gooding says that the natives would never have allowed him and his crew to leave Pozeat if it had not been for the good offices of Irons. Irons interested himself in behalf of the shipwrecked men and hired a canoe from the natives with presents of English calico, from stores in his possession. With this canoe Captain Gooding, Second Mate George W. Harrison, and one of the ship's crew set sail ten days after their arrival at Pozeat, leaving the remainder of the ship's company and First Mate Richard Watchman, seven men in all, at Pozeat.

The captain and his men made their way in the canoe by a roundabout course from island to island, touching at eight different ones and making stops at each, varying from two days to a month's duration, finally arriving at Ruk, where there is a missionary station.

Here they were cared for by the missionaries and obtained the use of the boat belonging to the station. In the missionary boat they made sail back to Pozeat direct, and taking the members of the crew they had left there, returned to the missionary island.

Two months after their return the missionary vessel Morning Star arrived and took them all to Honolulu, where they landed November 18. From Honolulu Captain Gooding and part of the crew were brought by the steamer Australia to San Francisco, arriving there November 29.

This story, told by Captain Gooding on his return, was published in the New York Herald's London edition, and the managing owners of the wrecked bark, Chase, Leavitt & Co., of Portland, Me., and and Captain Gooding of Yarmouth, are in receipt of letters from London making inquiry in regard to the Irons who appeared to figure as prime minister of the savage Pozeat.

Both letters are from the same source, the "Probate and Divorce Registry, Somerset House, London," and are signed by Lancelot C. Irons. The writer says he has reason to believe the white man on Pozeat Island is his younger and only living brother, and says: "We last heard of him in December, 1878, when he was trading with the savages of New Guinea in a ship that chartered from Brisbane." He gives a minute description of his brother as he appeared at that time, and says his full name is William Charles Frederick Irons.

The letter to Captain Gooding contains questions as to particulars of identification and inquiries as to how assistance might be sent to the man at Pozeat if he proves to be the person sought for. The letter to Chase, Leavitt & Co., concludes: "I and all my people feel sure that the Englishman mentioned is our brother, supposed to have been murdered by the savages eleven years ago."

Captain William Gooding says he has no doubt the man at Pozeat was the William Charles Frederick Irons inquired for. The description given in the letter from Somerset House tallies in all points with that of the man he met at Pozeat.

Captain Gooding says that at his first meeting with the man at Pozeat, in surprise at being addressed in the language of civilization, he exclaimed: "What! Can you speak English?"

"I ought to," was the answer, "for I was born in London."

Captain Gooding says he left Irons at the missionary station at Ruk, Irons having accompanied him there on the return voyage of the missionary boat. When they arrived the missionaries were greatly surprised to see Irons, for they had heard a report of his death at the hands of the savages in December, 1878. The party also met at one of the islands in the Ruk lagoon Harry Chisholm, who was at one time a shipmate of Irons. He was surprised to see Irons alive, having heard the report of his death.

From information gathered by Captain Gooding it appears that both these men were at one time together in a vessel trading among the islands. This may be the ship chartered at Brisbane that Lancelot Irons refers to in his letter. One feature of the trading carried on by the vessel was the kidnapping of natives from Caroline and more northern groups to the Fiji and other islands. It was during a trip of this kind among the New Guinea islanders that the fight occurred which led to the report of Irons' death.

The business was broken up by men-of-war ten or twelve years ago, since when Irons has lived a savage life at Pozeat.

Chisholm, who is Irish by birth, has lived in about the same condition. He is a man of influence in one of the three tribes of natives inhabiting a large mountainous island in the Ruk lagoon.

This lagoon is about thirty miles in circumference, and contains seven or eight islands. Captain Gooding thinks Irons would like to return to civilization if his future support were assured.—[New York Herald.

NINE INDIANS AFTER SCALPS.

And How it was that Senator Pettigrew Ate One of Them for Dinner.

"It was not until I found the three white men scalped in the creek that I realized how close the hostile Indians were," said Senator Pettgrew of South Dakota. "My camp was made about fifty miles from Bismarck—it was in 1873—which was then a settlement of forty or fifty buildings, maybe, most of them dance houses and saloons. A more wicked town it would be difficult to imagine. The northern Pacific road had its terminus there and the toughs and bad characters from all the country round naturally congregated at the point from which trans-continental freight was shipped down the Missouri. However, I wasn't speaking of territorial civilization, but of the savages, of whom I spied nine while out hunting on this occasion in the breast-high grass of a valley. I was shooting for the pot, and just happened to look toward the southwestern horizon when I was interested to observe the number of Sioux I mentioned stealing along in single file around the bottom slope of a hill about a mile away. They were coming in my direction, and, inasmuch as the red men were fiercely on the war path against all whites at that time, my first thought was to make for the camp, for I did not desire to figure without a skull covering, like the three unfortunates to whom the attention of myself and my companion had been called in the water way.

I managed to reach camp in time by a frantic race and found there only the cook, who had already seen the Indians approaching and had got ready all the guns belonging to the party. There were eight Winchester rifles, each carrying a magazine of bullets, beside other arms, and, inasmuch as both the cook and myself were first-rate shots, we felt confident of being able to easily dispose of nine Sioux before they could even do so much as get within their own gun-shot range. But we had one great anxiety, namely, for the seven other members of the expedition, who had gone out in another direction with only one shot-gun among them. After we had loaded the few pistols that had not been prepared we bent our attention upon the enemy. I asked the cook to hand me a field glass, so that I might inspect the foe more closely. You know, in that part of the world the atmosphere has this peculiarity—that objects seen at a distance are very much distorted to the view of times. For instance, a dog afar will seem as big as an elephant, and other things will seem in various ways transmogrified. Thus you will not be so much surprised when I tell you that upon looking through the glass I beheld nearing us in single file nothing more or less formidable than nine antelopes. We had one of them for dinner that evening.—[Washington Star.

A Four-Year-Old's Protest.

A Chicago gentleman has a four-year-old boy who is an inveterate gum-chewer. The boy's name is John, and he thinks it is a great hardship to put aside his gum when he goes to bed at night. He is inclined very much to rebel against such discipline. A few Sundays ago he went to the cemetery with his parents. Passing a pasture along the track, little John saw a cow lying down and chewing her cud. He at once exhibited wild alarm and excitedly exclaimed: "Oh, ma, look there! That cow has gone to bed chewing her gum, and you won't let little John do that." One evening John's elder brother and sister were discussing anatomy and looking over a physiological work. John was particularly interested in the pictures of sections of the human being. After they had got through he took the book, and, pointing to the lungs, heart, liver, and arm, a leg and other dissevered members of the human frame, he inquired: "Does it take all these to make a boy?"—[Chicago Herald.

Birds That Speak.

The parrot is generally supposed to have the monopoly of the power of talking among birds, but as a matter of fact, the parrot is decidedly inferior to the mynah. There are always examples of these birds in the insect house at the Zoo, and they repeat various phrases with great clearance of utterance.

Curiously enough the hen has a gruff voice, while the cock speaks in a clear, high tone like that of a child. The mynahs can be easily provoked into showing off their power of speech, and will greet the visitor with "Good morning" in response to his salutations. The mynah is a kind of starling, and this latter bird is well known for its imitative powers. Some years ago an account was published of a "talking canary," which could articulate quite plainly and would repeat a series of phrases.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

The Aged Poet Laureate.

Alfred Tennyson smokes a big clay pipe, and never uses the same pipe but once. He dislikes notoriety and is said to have burned all his letters, so that his future biographer will have a hard time of it writing his life. He says he does not propose after he is dead to be "ripped up like a pig." To strangers he is surly and even rude, but with congenial spirits the native sunshine of his nature shines out. He does not believe in poetic inspiration, but believes that all good poetry is the result of hard, patient and persistent work. He has been known to spend a whole day over a single verse. Neither the blame nor the praise of the public affects him, but he does his work in his own way regardless of the critics. There are thousands of level-headed poetry lovers who believe that when he dies the greatest poet of the world will pass away.—[Yankee Blade.

CHANGING COLOR.

A BLACK MAN BECOMES ALMOST PERFECTLY WHITE.

A Remarkable and Rare Instance of Leucoderma—Cause of the Extraordinary Transformation.

A black man rapidly turning white is the marvel to a select few of the prominent physicians of Columbus, Ohio.

"Black as the blackest" could well have been applied to him at one time.

Now he is becoming perfectly white—his arms and limbs, together with the greater part of his body, being pink-skinned, and in most parts where the change has taken place quite as fair as the fairest and plumpest of women.

It is the most remarkable case of leucoderma that has yet been brought to the attention of the medical profession.

The man who is undergoing this singular transformation is Henry Harvard. He is a United States prisoner at the Ohio Penitentiary, where he is serving a sentence with two Georgia moonshiners. Last September Henry and his two companions were arrested not a great distance from Macon. United States Revenue officers had swooped down upon his companions, catching them manufacturing illicit liquor. Harvard was with the men at the time, though it was never proved that he had a hand in manufacturing the stuff. When the officers made the capture, he pulled a revolver from his pocket and gave every evidence of a desire to use the weapon. He is a powerfully built fellow, and it took several blows before he was felled to the ground. He was placed under arrest, and, charged with resisting government officers, was given two years in the Ohio Penitentiary. Received in the early part of last September, with good time off, he still has about a year longer to serve behind the bars of the "Pen."

When he arrived at the Penitentiary the attendants who took charge of him were somewhat surprised at the spotted condition of his face. When he divested himself of his clothing preparatory to a prison bath they discovered his body about evenly divided as between white and black.

It was the impression of some of the attendants at the time that he was a very dirty white man. They could not satisfy their minds with this reasoning, however, after giving him a thorough bath, as no change in his color was apparent. Completely puzzled, the attendants applied for information to the two prisoners who had accompanied Harvard to the Penitentiary. To their astonishment one of these, a fellow named May, told them that a Georgia physician had examined Harvard and had pronounced him afflicted with leprosy. He was at once placed in an unoccupied shed under guard to await an examination by the physicians of the Penitentiary on the following morning, it then being too late in the evening to do any thing in that line.

Early the next morning the strange case was called to the attention of Dr. C. Alleyne Howell, the assistant physician of the Penitentiary. He made a complete examination, and at the conclusion pronounced that Harvard's condition was not due to leprosy. The prisoner was entirely free from any taint, he discovered. Further than that Dr. Howell offered no opinion, assuring the attendants, however, that they need entertain no fears of contracting disease through coming in contact with Harvard. The doctor had made an interesting discovery. It was that the prisoner from Georgia was changing his color. It was some days afterward before he fully satisfied himself as to this. The outer skin was peeling off. That was plain. Information regarding this wonderful specimen of an operation of the system rarely ever witnessed was at once imparted to four or five of the leading doctors of this city. Harvard was brought before them, and they pronounced his case the most remarkable of any of the very few similar ones known to the profession. Together they have quietly watched developments, and have during the past four months seen Harvard almost entirely shed his black skin and assume that color of his more fortunate fellow-being, the white man.

A more perfect specimen of physical development could scarce be imagined. He is over six feet, and weighs about 212 pounds. Stripped to the skin, his huge muscles play like those of the trained athlete, his limbs being well moulded, and his form of excellent build. It presents a sight, too, that will cause the most learned of physicians to gaze in wonderment. The feet are perfectly white and so are the hands. It is not of the darkish white, either, so common with those through whose veins courses colored blood. The calves of the legs a distance above the knees are also white. Part of the hips are black, and then around the body, the back, stomach and chest are white, with that pinkish, soft tint of the maiden. The arms are white and fair to a short distance above the elbows. The tips of his shoulders are black, and their tops, as though he wore epaulets, are white. Across the shoulder blades is the black stripe, jutting up to the hair upon his head in two streaks, just back of the ears, and running up, in a tiny streak to the base of and in front of each ear. The back part of the neck is white. So is the under part of the jaw and a greater part of the skin about the throat.

It is the face, however, that presents the strangest spectacle. About the eyes, down over the cheek bones to the strong jaws, and on each side of the forehead, is skin as white as that of any man in full health. Above the top of each eye, and from temple to temple—in fact, the centre-piece of the forehead—is deep black. Upon the right jaw are two streaks of black—one extending to the corner of the mouth, giving him the appearance, at first sight, of bearing an ugly scar there. His face is an intelligent appearing one.

Harvard is in perfect health, works every day, and is employed in the most trying place in the Penitentiary—the foundry, where the dust is so great and the work so hard that no man but one in full possession of health could keep up under it. He talks freely of his condition, though he endeavors to avoid the gaze always directed at him when any number of visitors to the prison are about.

"I have been changing color now for sixteen years," he said to me. "I have been examined by several Southern physicians, who were attracted to me through curiosity. None but one described my change in color as due to leprosy," and Harvard laughed heartily. "I have never had a sick day in my life, and never contracted any disease—at least I have never suffered from any. I will take that back about the sickness, though. I had the lock-jaw a few years ago, and noticed that after getting better my color changed faster than before."

Now, to a cause for this changing of color. As the physicians describe it, underneath the outer or true skin is a pig-ment that might be termed a second skin. This latter varies in color according to the color of the man. A very black man will have pigment that is black and that of the mulatto will be yellow. Beneath this pigment come the lymphatic glands. They are the absorbents of the body. When the absorption goes on abnormally in the direction of excess then the color matter is absorbed, and the condition presented by Harvard is the result. His black color by the contrast assumes a sort of brownish cast, as though it were varnish and daubed on with a brush.

The physicians who have knowledge of this case are deeply interested in its developments. They say that there has been but one case of the kind that has attracted any wide-spread attention. That was a colored man at Hot Springs, Ark., who died while undergoing the change. [Cincinnati Enquirer.

Stopped Her Merriment.

Four bright-eyed little shop girls boarded a Clark street grip car recently just as it started into the tunnel, and sat all in a row near the rear door. They all drew out their purses together and each produced five pennies to pay their fare. The conductor was at the front end of the car collecting fares.

"Oh, say, girls," exclaimed one demure little miss, when she saw the great wealth of copper about to be bestowed on the unhappy conductor, "it's mean of us to give him all these pennies. It bothers him awfully to get rid of them, for the company won't take pennies from him. My brother used to be a conductor and he told me about it."

"It's too bad," said another girl, going down again for a bill of exchange. "I'll give him a nickel."

"So will I," remarked the third girl.

"You girls havn't a little bit of nerve," exclaimed the last girl, a freckle-faced maiden with a pug nose. "Give me the pennies and I'll see that he gets them."

The pennies were turned over and the conspirator awaited her victim.

On the seat opposite the girls sat a thin-faced, black-eyed little woman who nearly went into convulsions of merriment at the prospect of the conductor's discomfort. And when he came along and the mischievous miss poured the pennies into his hand the black-eyed woman snickered out loud. Calming herself for a moment, she paid her fare, handing the conductor a quarter. He took it, dumped the twenty pennies into her lap, and went about his business.

And the rest of the way through the tunnel the deadly liquid fire in the glances she shot at the four little shop girls dimmed the lustre of the electric lights in the roof of the car.—[Chicago Tribune.

Doom of the Wooden Indian.

"The wooden Indian in front of our stores," said a tobacconist to a reporter the other day, "is like the flesh-and-blood red man. He is being sternly pushed by the white man.

"Just look along our streets. In many cases in front of the cigar stores, instead of the wooden Indian, we see the Roman soldier blandly puffing a Havana. Again, in place of the wooden Indian are those other familiar fancy figures of young men of the period, airy, jocular, and suave, with the invariable silk hat tilted on the back of the head. These figures are intended to give a light and pleasing air to the cigar store in contrast to the grave air of the Indian. For my part I like the stolid Indian with his feathers and tomahawk. He seems appropriate.

"Some other cigar store keepers have supplanted their wooden Indians with colored minstrels in full costume, and the signs seem to be rather popular. Other dealers strive to give their stores an Oriental air, and the turbaned Turk has elbowed away many an Indian. Still others, filled with royal patriotism, have banished their stalwart Powhattans, and adorned their store fronts with genial statues of George Washington, smoking peacefully a painted stump of 'Old Virginy.'

"And some of these cigar-store warriors have a history. That one out there," and the tobacconist pointed to the huge brave who guarded the entrance, "was once the figurehead of one of our men-of-war that fought in the war of 1812."—[New York Times.

Hong Kong's Floating Population.

The floating population of Hong Kong, as it is called, numbers some 60,000 souls. They are a busy and energetic community, as distinct from the Chinese on shore as though they belonged to a different race. They seem to be a sort of mutual aid association, each supplying the wants and needs of the other. It would seem hard to fancy several generations of Europeans passing their lives within the confines of a small boat, seventeen feet long—fathers, mothers, children and grandparents living together like animals in a cage, never leaving their home, yet seemingly as happy as a listless existence and no responsibility could make them.

Of course some are busy, very busy, and paddle about all day long, crying their various wares, with yells at once discordant and unbearable to ears not accustomed to their sound. The others seem to fish, and by whatever means they always appear to have a well-stocked larder of such simple viands as they are accustomed to.

To describe a sampan, one has only to imagine a long, clumsily constructed boat, with a thatched roof over the centre and divided into three compartments. They are propelled somewhat after the fashion of the Venetian gondola. The children occupy one end, the old folks the other, while the centre is devoted to cooking purposes.

One of Magician Keller's Stories.

"While in India," said Magician Keller to some friends recently, "I saw many legerdemain that completely 'stumped' me and some scientific gentlemen that were with me. The most wonderful performances were in hypnotism.

"Framjee Cowasjee Jeejeebhoy, a millionaire Parsee merchant, son of Framjee Cowasjee, the founder of the Bombay Institute of Physical Inquiry bearing his name, gave me his word for this remarkable story:

"In the north of India was a famous hypnotist who possessed the power of hypnotizing himself. His wife, who knew his secret, was accustomed to revive him whenever he exercised this exceptional power. He killed a man and was sentenced to execution. Several days before the time for the execution he hypnotized himself, passing into a condition which to all appearances was death. So perfect was the semblance that the English Government physicians who were called in officially certified that he was dead, and ordered his body cremated. But at this point his wife appeared. She was stricken with grief, and wept until the hearts of the authorities were touched. She was permitted to take away the body for private cremation. Then she revived her husband, and together they escaped."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON CONSIDERED.

Reflections of an Elevating Character—Wholesome Food for Thought—Studying the Scriptural Lessons Intelligently and Profitably.

The lesson for Sunday, Feb. 16, may be found in Luke iii., 7-22.

INTRODUCTORY.

It was the fifteenth year of Tiberius Cæsar; the period in the reign of the second Cæsar, when that flower of the Roman civilization went aside, a self-exiled voluptuary, to plunge into luxury and wantonness at Capreæ. Just at this time of notorious wickedness in high places came the rebuking voice at the Jordan. Rebuking, and yet, at the same time, reassuring. For while it laid bare men's sins it also pointed forward—the "refiner's fire" become a beacon—to an escape from the sins and the dawning of a better day. In any case, it betokened the utter weakness of human strength and the total worthlessness of human greatness or goodness. The only hope for lost man was in the verifying of the prophetic message, brought by this man of the wilderness. And the verification is at hand.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

The axe is laid. Is lying. As if ready for instant work.——Unto the root. Rather, at the root. It has not yet been applied to cut.——Bringeth not forth. Same word as above in v. 8. Do. A tree's doing is in its fruitage.——The fire. More accurately, into fire. No particular fire, except the analogy.

Asked. Or were asking, kept asking. This, like the "then said he" of v. 7 (he was saying), is in the imperfect tense, implying frequentative action.——What shall we do then? See the original. Using the same word as John employed in vs. 8, 9, but translated bring forth. What shall we bring forth.

He answereth and saith unto them. A close rendition into idiomatic English might be, Answering, he would say to them.——Two coats. One of those garments was sufficient in that clime. It was equivalent to saying he that hath an extra coat.——Impart. Literally, to share with.——Meat. Food.——Likewise, i. e., share with the needy out of his abundance.

Publicans. Tax-gatherers under the Romans; much despised by the people.——Master. Teacher.

Unto them. Exceedingly personal preaching. The Greek represents him as speaking straight at them (pros autous).——Exact. No more searching word could have been spoken to the tax-gatherer.——Appointed you. Prescribed. The publicans were accustomed to extort amounts largely beyond the legal requirement. The same word is used by Paul, 1 Cor. 16: 1, "Concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order," etc.

Soldiers. Probably Jewish or half-Jewish militia who chanced to be in that vicinity.——Do violence. To shake violently, to intimidate. Soldiers were not indisposed, as with the prætorian cohort at Rome, to use their power beyond their legitimate province and to their personal advantage.——Accuse any falsely. To take money by false information. Literal blackmail. The word itself is transferred into our language, sycophant. Its root is the word for fig, irregularities in the Athenian fig industry first occasioning the expression.——Wages. Originally, provender or provisions. Evidently John believed a man could be a good soldier. He does not denounce the calling, per se.

And as. Either in the sense of time or reason why, the indecisive participial form being used.——In expectation. Waiting to see.——Mused. Comparing one thing with another, in mental indecision.——Christ or not. The later translations (see Variations) are better: May not he himself be the Christ?

Answered. Replying to the questions in their hearts, as did Christ very often (Mark 10: 51, cf. Matt. 20: 31).——One mightier than I.——Worthy. Not the same word as in v. 8 (axios), but here (ikanos) meaning fit or competent.——Unloose. A most menial task.——With the Holy Ghost. Rather, in. Indicating the fullness of the gift. See Pentecost (Acts 2).——Fire. This has been taken by a recent writer to apply to God's "consuming fire," i. e., judgment.

All the people, i. e., all who would.——Jesus also. Probably along with the rest, at the time of the baptism of all.——Praying. Christ's example at the baptismal waters.——Heaven was opened. God's honoring of the ordinance.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance. John was the truth-telling prophet. We might suppose that such an outspoken designation as "generation of vipers" would offend and turn the people from the preacher. It did offend, but it did not drive his congregation away. Why? Because it was the truth. Like a very nest of serpents they were, slipping out of their dens, "warned," as it were, stirred up by some molesting instrument. This sudden apprehension, or fright, John says, is not enough. Do something, he says; begin to live as if you had really repented of the past and abandoned it. And to such straightforward preaching they responded with eagerness. May it not always be so? "You have grievously offended my husband," said the Christian sister to our neighbor pastor. "I am glad of it," said the pastor. The next day the man himself called. "You hurt my feelings, last night," "Yes, but it was the truth, was it not?" Then followed an earnest personal conversation, and the man went forth a converted soul. Tell men the truth about themselves. It will do them good.

These stones. "Sermons in stones," indeed. What a multitude of helps to the preacher of righteousness are lying about him and at his very feet; nature mutely waiting to be used for driving home the truth. These stones are used to shatter the dogma of traditional righteousness. "Children of Abraham," the men about John were calling themselves, as if that were any exoneration for ill-doing or any plea for acceptance. Look at these stones, said John; God is so far from being dependent upon you or under obligations to you that he can, as at the first, take these and raise up from the earth a new chosen generation. There is just an intimation here of the new dispensation. Dull, lifeless, hopeless—very stones the Gentiles seemed to be, in the eyes of the self-righteous Jew. Such indeed, in a sense, they were. But out of these very stones, quoth John, God is able, by renewing grace, to raise up children unto Abraham. And truly, what hope for these Jews, themselves, were this not so?

What shall we do then? They are not asking, as did the three thousand at Pentecost, or the jailor at Philippi, "What shall I do to be saved?" It is doubtful whether John could have answered such a question; certainly not as Peter answered it with the power of the resurrection and the mighty demonstration of the Spirit. The question here is what shall we do to repent? how shall we prove our sincerity? A query it is, not to be forgotten to-day, and to be as carefully and truthfully answered as by John. In fact, it is included in the "apostle's doctrine" at Pentecost as a sort of subsidiary inquiry. "Repent and be baptized" said Peter. If baptism be the immediate token of such repentance, then the life outlined by John here is the perpetual declaration of the change within. Let us take the Bible as our lamp and light. Step by step it guides us on our way, answering, one by one, every sincere question of the soul.

He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost. Christ's earthly ministry closed with but a new impartation of the Spirit. The Holy Ghost was in the world from the beginning, else how should the prophets of old have looked forward to Jesus? John himself was speaking by that Spirit. Ever since the foundation of the world it has been his office to testify of the Son, first, as he that was to come; now, with power, as he that is come and is raised up to sit upon the right hand of the Majesty on high. Hence Christ is said to baptize with the Holy Spirit, and just here we place the accent. Christ pours out the Spirit with such strength and fullness as to overwhelm and engulf; the whole being lost, as it were, in the new bestowment. Is it not to this that Paul refers in the thrilling language of Eph. 3: 19, "that ye might be filled with the fullness of God?"

A voice came from heaven. Does not God give to us similar tokens of assurance? When we have obediently and trustingly accepted of him, does not the Spirit descend upon us, noiselessly, indeed like the dove, and with the dove's peace left resting in the soul? Yea, more, the voice from heaven is ours also. For whence is that voice "crying Abba Father" within? Well we know. "God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying Abba Father." And so, as Paul here at Gal. 4: 7, says, "Thou art no more a servant, but a son." Christ gives his brethren a testimony from on high like unto that which was his. Only let us remember that it was while he was "praying" that "the heaven was opened."

Next Lesson—"The Temptation of Jesus." Luke 4: 1-13.

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IN THE VINEYARD.

...e Gems of Thought Culled ...or Sabbath Day Reflections.

...HOLESOME READING FOR ALL.

...he Mercy of God—A House-Going Minister—Beyond the Grave—The Religion We Want.

The Mercy of God.

The mercy of God is discriminative. It flows out most to those who need it—like the ministrations of a mother. Wherever, exclaims one, you find a man wrenched and broken down; wherever you find a woman crushed and despairing, wherever you find wrestling, struggling and downfall, there Christ is. He is mighty to help, comfort, save.

Beyond the Grave.

Dr. Lyman Abbott has been installed as pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, at a salary of $8,000 per year. In accepting the place he made a statement of his faith, from which it appears that he believes in the miracles, in the divinity of Christ, and in a possible chance of repentance and forgiveness on the other side of the grave. On the latter point he says:

I refuse to believe that the accident of death transmutes God's mercy and makes repentance impossible, and so closes the door of hope upon the soul forever. What may be the resources of God's mercy in the future I do not know, and shrink from the dogmatism which attempts to define them. I am sure that when the glad day comes the song of rejoicing will rise from every creature in Heaven and on earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea. If there are then any voices not joining in that choral of redeeming love, I believe it will be because they are silent in that second death from which there is no resurrection. Endless conscious sin I do not believe in. I could endure the thought of endless sufferings, but not of sin growing ever deeper, darker and more awful. It has grown to me unthinkable, I believe it is unscriptural.

The Religion We Want.

We want a religion not merely of creeds, but of conduct; a religion that softens the step and gives gentleness to the voice, that checks the impatient word and hasty rebuke; a religion that is respectful to superiors, courteous to inferiors and considerate to friends; a religion not merely for the church and the Sabbath, but that lives in the family and keeps the husband from being cross if his dinner is late, and the wife from fretting if the husband sometimes forgets the scraper and the door mat; that keeps the mother patient if the baby is fretful, and can amuse and interest the children as well as govern and instruct them; that cares for the comfort and the welfare of servants as well as pays them; that projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy home like the eastern fig tree, bearing at once the beauty of its tender blossoms and the glory of its ripened fruit. "I would not give much for that man's religion," said Rowland Hill, "whose very cat and dog are not better for it." Every Christian should so live as to be able, with the good Methodist brother, to say: "If you don't believe I am a Christian, ask my wife." We want a religion not merely for the prayer meeting and the public profession; but for the home, for the counting house, for the marts of business, for the entire life—one that shall smooth the rough places of the world, and make daily life brighter and better, cherishing the spirit of Heaven here, and so preparing for Heaven hereafter. —*Detroit Free Press.*

A House-Going Minister.

When the famous Dr. Chalmers said "A house-going minister makes a church-going people," he uttered a wide truth. For it is not only the fact that the pastor gains the affection of his congregation by visiting and knowing them, and making them his personal friends, thus putting love behind duty in persuading them to frequent the house of God; it is also the fact that in this way he obtains information, gets hints, picks up suggestions vastly and variously helpful to him in his ministrations. Preaching without exact knowledge of the persons preached to is like shooting at a target in the dark—a bullet in the bull's-eye would be a miracle.

Called as he is to preach on a single theme, wide and deep though it be, he is in danger of becoming monotonous. A lawyer is supplied with a new subject by every fresh case. A physician has a new study in each patient. An editor is provided with a new topic through the news from day to day. The preacher alone is thrown back upon his own invention, judgment, predilection, choice in the selection of themes. Unless he is a genius (and geniuses do not march in regiments) he will become repetitious and unedifying, if he makes his own unaided knowledge his source of supply. His pastorate will be short. His congregation will admire him the first year, tolerate him the second and git rid of him the third.

But if he be given to pastoral visitation he will find himself supplied, by just keeping his eyes and ears open, with endless subjects. As he goes from house to house he will get what the lawyer gets in each case, what the physician gets in every patient, what the editor gets in to-day's news—a constant succession of fresh topics. In one house, there is abundance; in another, poverty; in this one, sickness; in that one health; here, sorrow; there, rejoicing; in one place, trouble; in another, disgrace—all the varieties and contrasts of the human life.

What field of homiletics is equal to this? How else can the preacher so surely vary his style and method? Now he will preach to life, for his themes are fetched from life. Knowing by personal contact the thoughts, feelings, habits of his flock, he can apply the Gospel to their needs with unerring skill. For homiletical purposes, reading is tame compared with seeing and hearing. "The world," says the French proverb, "is a book." Many clergymen know too much about literature and too little about life. The pulpit should speak the language of the people. This is a good recipe for a long and useful pastorate.—*St. Louis Republic.*

COMBINATION AMONG WOMEN.

Combination among skilled women workers is increasing every day, though slowly, for women are by natural conservative, and they do not readily accept the principle of unionism. They have many of them suffered sorely from the effect of strikes, and though they realize that prolonged combination, if carried out consistently, must improve their position and in the long run raise their wages, never lose sight of the long period during which their employment must cease, till their ultimate demands are conceded. Added to which they do not forget the bitter feelings aroused—the breach between employer and servant, and above all that in a struggle, such as a long strike always must be, it is only the strong who win, the weak ones go to the wall. All these things make women shy and slow to join a trade union, while the introduction of foreign labor in England, and the increasing demand, on account of their cheapness, for foreign goods, have made a much deeper impression on their minds than is generally admitted. The skilled woman worker has, however, the security of knowing that she can take up her stand with a greater chance of success, for with the best women workers, as with the men, the supply is rarely in excess of the demand. And were technical instruction given to women a good deal of the better class work they cannot do would be carried out in England, instead of being executed by Frenchwomen, who are trained for it in the many technical schools which exist for women in France.

In Scotland the question has been warmly espoused by the women who work in Glasgow and Dundee, and the prospect of combining for the unskilled as well as the skilled workers, is very much more promising there than in England. Scotchwomen are more independent and self-reliant, added to which, though the pay is bad, their surroundings are less deteriorating than those of the London women, and their dwellings are better and rents are lower. The rapid increase of the population and the influx of people from the country to the large towns make the problem of how to deal with our unskilled female labor every year more difficult. The education hitherto given to women in England is purely intellectual, and when a girl has passed the standard, she at once goes into the ranks of the unskilled. If she can give time she may be apprenticed and learn a trade, but the number of girls who can afford to do that is getting fewer every day. The few shillings a girl can earn at once is much too important an addition to the family income to be rejected, and as the majority of them marry while practically children, neither the necessity of being apprenticed nor of joining a union appeals to them.—*English Illustrated Magazine.*

NOT LUCK.

A barque was wrecked on the New Jersey coast one wild winter night, and the only persons saved were two boys who got to shore over the terrible billows on broken pieces of timber.

It was a sad sight when next day four hearses were driven to the village cemetery with bodies of seamen, washed ashore in the night. The boys were the only mourners who followed the funeral managed by town officials. Their homes were far away, and they were soon to be sent back to the port from which they had sailed.

The dozen men of the crew of the doomed barque could not be saved, although the life-saving crew of a neighboring station did everything in human power to get lines or boats out to the ship when she went to pieces scarcely a thousand yards from shore.

"It's boys' luck," said one of the life-saving crew, when the drenched boys came safely through the roaring surf on their piece of timber; "let a boy alone to get ashore, if there is a scrap of a shaving or a hen-coop to hang to."

"Specially if a fellow's got sense enough left in his head to stick to his piece of timber," said one of the rescued boys.

Then it came out that the Captain and his crew were all under the influence of liquor when the gale began, and that the greater the danger became, the more they drank to lessen their sense of the peril.

"It was pretty tough to see such sailing, and not dare to open our mouths," said the other boy. "We'd never have gone to pieces if they'd had their heads enough to hold her steady and off shore."

"That's just it," said his companion. "They didn't have their heads. A fellow's got to be 'all there,' if he wants to make a port in a storm."

Isn't it a good thing to be sure that one has one's head at all times? Many a young man has made shipwreck of his whole life, because in a time of danger and perplexity he has put into his mouth that which "steals the brains away." It is not luck but pluck which wins, and it is the truest sort of pluck to refuse any truce with such an enemy. —*Youth's Companion.*

DEATH advertises itself in many ways, and it generally performs what it advertises.

THE LADIES.

A Budget of Interesting Talk Relating to the Tender Sex.

SOME FEMININE CHARACTERISTICS.

Matters Sober and Satirical, with a Spice of Humor, Prepared Specially for Our Fair Readers.

Mrs. Langtry's Complexion.

Apropos of the Jersey Lily, a point or two which the vulgar herd does not know. Langtry owes that wonderful complexion to the intensely hot baths she takes. The tub is filled with hot waters, and she dabbles first one foot and then the other in it until she can endure it; then in she goes, and comes out looking like a lobster instead of a lily. She does not believe in cold baths. She wears very little underclothing. They are dainty silk shirts of delicate hue, mauve being the favorite. The satin corsets all lace behind, and there is a broad steel down in front. Long silk stockings, which reach nearly to the bottom of the corset, are worn, and except for two or three of the coldest winter months certain bifurcated, lace-trimmed garments are not worn; neither any petticoat save a short affair that barely reaches the knee.—*Chicago Herald's New York letter.*

Saved by His Wife's Tongue.

Timothy Dwyer and Annie his wife, had a talking match before Magistrate Pole recently, and although Timothy was less glib with his tongue he quit the winner. The woman had sworn out a warrant charging the husband with non-support, and after she had been sworn she started to talk, and rattled off statements of Timothy's infidelity at a rate that would make Neil Burgess blush as he heard her. As the lightning-like statements fell from her lips only occasional fragments could be understood, the balance being lost in the rapid rolling and whizzing of her tongue.

Magistrate Pole finely choked her off, and remarked to Timothy that he readily understood that there were many women who drove their husbands from home.

"I discharge you," was his ultimatum, and the garrulous wife talked from the Magistrate's desk through the long corridors, and was only checked by the elevator man, who threatened to drop her to the bottom of the well unless she shut up.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

A Severe Rebuke.

A severe but well-merited rebuke was administered not long ago, says the New York *Evening Sun's* Woman-About-Town, to a society girl by a young man who has the courage of very creditable conviction upon a certain common lack of the nicest courtesy among young women who are really very well bred, and who would not offend for the world if they stopped to think. He told the story himself, as follows:

"During one of my busiest weeks I invited a young woman to go with me to the theater on a certain first night. When the evening came I reached her home shortly before 8 o'clock. I waited in the reception-room for some time. Then the mamma appeared. We chatted for a quarter of an hour longer. Still no signs of the young woman. I looked at my watch; it was just time for the curtain to rise at the theater. I particularly wanted to see the opening of the play.

"Then I rose and took one of my cheeks from my pocket. 'Madam,' I said to the mother, 'here is the check of Miss D.'s chair, and the carriage is at the door. Will you be kind enough to ask her to come when it suits her best. For myself, I want to see the opening of the play.' And I walked out."

"And what did the young woman do?" asked three breathless listeners all at once.

"She came in the course of half an hour. She had good sense enough to take the rebuke in the right way. She knew she deserved it."

"Oh, but I would never have forgiven you!" sighed the chorus.

Why Some Women Grow Old.

It is a fact, as is claimed by many, that the middle-aged men among the working classes look much younger than their wives. What is the reason for it? The same authorities affirm that men in business look older than their wives, and in both cases they lay the cause of the early appearance of old age to overwork. By overwork they must mean work too long continued, for it is admitted that a person will live longer and enjoy better health to do very hard work for a few hours, following it with rest, than to do light work with but little intermission.

Working men do heavy work for ten hours out of the twenty-four; their wives work from fourteen to sixteen hours. Men have idle days when they are looking for work; their wives are never out of a job.

To long hours and no vacation, then, may be laid a large share of the blame for the premature appearance of old age among the wives of laboring men; but does it not seem as if over-worry might also be made to bear a share of it? If there were no such thing as worry, there would be little danger of a woman doing more work than she could do without harm to herself. The woman who does not worry about the proverbial rainy day will not work herself into the grave in trying to make provision for it.

Working men may have as much cause for worry as their wives, but they do less of it. They have a firmer belief in the old saying that there is no use in crossing the bridge until it is reached.

Women do a great deal of worrying over imaginary troubles, and are never at a loss for a subject. One can talk with few women for any length of time without discovering their present cause of worry, while the average man would give no indication that he ever had a care in his life nearer than those caused by some political situation, or something of that sort. Talking over one's troubles tends to increase them; that is a fact that can be proven, no matter what gossip-loving people may say to the contrary; so, in his silence over private annoyances, the average man has an advantage over the average woman.

There is no use in worrying over what cannot be helped. There are women who worry simply for the reason that the husband refuses to do so, and who think that his unwillingness to worry over what may happen some time, is a sure indication that calamity is bound to overtake them. They act as if they thought themselves under contract to carry the whole world on their shoulders, and were doomed to starve to death besides!

The mania for worrying is sometimes an inheritance, and incurable; but it is more often a habit formed from examples by the parents, and can always be modified, and in most instances entirely overcome, by an application of common sense and will power.—*Yankee Blade.*

WHY HE WAS CALLED "MAJOR."

Among all those lawyers who made that heroic advance upon Nashville last spring, to try the famous natural gas bond injunction, before Judge Jackson, none were more distingue in their appearance than Mayor Hamilton and Emery Potter. They rather eclipsed the other legal luminaries, in fact, and threw them into the dense, disheartening umbra of totality in point of style. Down at the Tennessee capital they stopped at the best hotel, were mentioned in the local papers as prominent arrivals, had ice-water sent to their rooms, and revelled in all those rare and costly luxuries which are alone to be obtained at our best and most fashionable hostelries. In fact, the Mayor and Mr. Potter were in good form in every respect.

But they never spoke in court, and were silent as a London barrister. To all intents and purposes they were merely lending a high tone to the Toledo party, and investing it with an air of eclat.

The colored porter at their hotel, after frequent tips, evinced a great fondness for Mr. Potter.

Every morning he awoke the distinguished Toledo attorney, and said:

"Good mornin', Majah, did you enjoy your sleep las' night?"

Mr. Potter replied that he had.

"Yo'll fin' yo' shoes, Majah, all shined up right by yo' do'. Anything mo' I can do for you, Majah, dis mornin'?"

Mr. Potter could not understand the "Majah," but said nothing for several days, but it kept getting worse, the negro insisted on applying the military title to him, and finally Mr. Potter said:

"Say, why do you call me Major? I've been called Colonel, and General, and Captain, and Judge, and everything else, but I was never called Major before. Now I'd like to know what makes you call me Major."

"Well, you see, Majah, i' 's like dis. Du'in' de wah we allus called dose gemmen Majah wha' put on a pow'ful lot o' style, an' never hed nuthin' to do."—*Toledo Blade.*

CLEANING THE TEETH.

Dentists are daily committing the error of not instructing their patients in regard to the proper methods of cleansing their mouths—brushing, picking, rinsing with warm water after meals and at night before going to bed. Our observations must show that people who do those things faithfully have little or no dentistry to do, says a writer in *Medical Classics.* It is astonishing what ignorance exists among people of all classes and conditions as to what cleanliness of the mouth means. They will tell you frankly that they do not brush their mouths as well as they ought to, for they did not know they were going to be examined, and, when you looked, you really thought so, and the second thought was probably not for a month. Cleanly habits are part of an individual's education, and can be formed only in childhood. Too much care cannot be bestowed on the subject for the little one. Each individual must see it thoroughly done—have it done for him, and experience having it well rubbed in with a brush. Not much dentifrice of any kind is needed—small quill toothpicks are best, narrow strips of rubber dam for spaces the quill will not clean. Water used frequently for rinsing, with a motion of the tongue on all the surfaces of the teeth and gums, lingual, palatal, labial and buccal. So much for preventive dentistry, which should be our highest aim.

TWO EDGED.

Nathan Levy—I say, Jacob; dot Ikey Einstein vas a mean man. He vos too grasping for his own goot.

Jacob Solomons—How vos dot?

Nathan Levy—Vy, yesterday I gave him my note for $100 at dirty days, und py a mistake I dated it 1889. Ven I remembered vot I did I vent to him to get dot note back, and he says: "I don't regtify no mistakes after you leaves my office. I've got your note dated January 2, 1889, und it is eleven months overdue, und I'll charge you a year's interest.

Jacob Solomons—Dot vos nod right. Vot haf you done?

Nathan Levy—I told him dot I vould abide by his decision, but dot as I failed last March und only paid my creditors 2 per cend., dot not would have to go mit der old debts, and as dose affairs of dot old firm was vound up he vould hef to sue der creditors for der money. He vos a mean man, dat Ikey Einstein.—*New York Sun.*

CUBA AND YELLOW FEVER.

Should We Buy the Island in Order to Knock Out the Disease?

There has probably not been a month in twenty years when there was not a case of yellow fever in Havana, says a Chicago paper. In the majority of cases in which yellow fever has scourged portions of the United States the disease has been imported from Cuba. There is no estimating what this disease has cost this country. From 1847 to 1878, inclusive, the number of deaths from yellow fever in New Orleans was 24,797, exclusive of what was lost by cases that did not result in death and by paralysis of business. In 1878 the fever in Memphis carried off 5,160 people, and 585 in 1879. The total number of deaths in the United States from yellow fever in 1878 was 14,809, representing a direct loss, besides the amount given, of $17,770,800. In short, in the last quarter of a century yellow fever has cost this country not less than $2,500,000,000; and it is not a disease that is indigenous to this country, but is always imported. The yellow fever scare of 1888 cost Florida and the Southern part of the United States about $50,000,000, notwithstanding the fact there were very few deaths and the disease did not spread.

Since 1880 the commerce of the United States with Cuba and Porto Rico (Cuba is not given separately) has amounted to $678,791,325; in the same time the commerce of those two islands with other countries has been: With Great Britain, $150,238,619; with France, not quite $40,000,000; with Germany, not $10,000,000, and with Spain less than $170,000,000. The commerce of the United States with these islands has therefore been in the past nine years almost double that of the other powers named. In the time mentioned 20,688 American vessels entered for and cleared from Cuban ports, as against 28,429 total entrances and clearances, giving the United States almost three times as many entrances and clearances as those of all other nations. The total tonnage of the entrances and clearances in this time was 15,398,718; American tonnage, 10,131,224, or about two-thirds of all.

Nevertheless, great as is our trade with Cuba, it has been more than balanced in a quarter of a century by the losses due to diseases imported from that pest-hole. This is a most anomalous condition of affairs, and probably stands alone in the history of the world. It is not the policy of the United States to run off after islands and territory belonging to other powers. But here is a case that stands all alone; there is no precedent by which to judge the matter; and unless we wish to have an eternal pest and nuisance right under our noses, we must buy Cuba and clean it, or insist on Spain getting out her scrubbing brush and cleaning it. We paid $7,200,000 for Alaska, it would be money in our pockets to pay ten times as much for Cuba and then clean Havana. Unless we wish to have regular visits from yellow fever something must be done.

MYSTERY OF A PHOTOGRAPH.

A well-known photographer will vouch for the following facts, as told in the London *Tablet:* He was called in one day to take the photograph of a young girl of about twenty, who had died a few days before. The corpse was laid out upon a bed with the hands clasped over the breast. Death had come very gently to her, and, except for the stillness, she lay there as if in sleep. Some flowers had been strewn over the body, and on the floor by the side of the bed, and standing out in black relief against it was the coffin.

The photographer silently adjusted his lens and took the photograph. During the ten minutes needed for the exposure the photographer paced up and down the corridor outside the room where the dead girl lay. When he returned he saw on the lid of the coffin a flower, which was not there before. How did that flower come there? No one had entered the room, the windows were closed, and there was not a breath of air stirring. Why was the flower now lying on the coffin when a few minutes before it was on the bed between the hands of the corpse? The photographer listened, but he could hear no sound except the beating of his own heart. In a few minutes, however, he determined to dismiss the question from his mind, and busied himself with packing up his instrument.

Then he paused—possibly the falling flower had left a trace on the negative, or, as the day was gloomy, the photograph might not be quite successful. He would try again. A second photograph was taken and the artist returned home. That night, sitting up late in his studio, he developed the two negatives. The position of the corpse was not the same in the two negatives. The photographer strained his eyes, half disbelieving the evidence of his own senses, but there were the two negatives before him, telling him in their silent, unmistakable truthfulness that between the taking of the two photographs the arm of the dead girl had distinctly moved. The mystery of the flower on the coffin was solved, but it was succeeded by a mystery more terrible still.

THE CLOTHING OF BABIES.

Although I own that children are now more sensibly clothed than was the case thirty years ago, it is still common to see an infant, who can take no exercise to warm himself, wearing a low-necked, short-sleeved, short-coated dress in the coldest weather. The two parts of the body—viz., the upper portion of the chest and the lower portion of the abdomen—which is the most important to keep from variations of temperature, are exposed, and the child is rendered liable to colds, coughs, and lung diseases on the one hand, and bowel complaint on the other. What little there is of the dress is chiefly composed of open work and embroidery, so that there is about as much warmth in it as in a wire sieve, and the socks accompanying such a dress are of cold white cotton, exposing a cruel length of blue and red leg. I can not see the beauty of a pair of livid blue legs, and would much rather behold them comfortably clad in a pair of stockings. If the beauty lie in the shape of the leg that shape will be displayed to much advantage in a pair of stockings; if it lie in the coloring of the flesh beautiful coloring will not be obtained by leaving the leg bare, and from the artistic point of view a blue or red stocking is infinitely preferable to a blue and red leg.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

OLD WAR CRIES.

Between the war cries common throughout Europe in the Middle Ages and the war songs of the latter centuries there is a wide difference, although the object, which was to animate the troops by some common and endeared subject of reference at that moment of attack, remains the same. War cries were generally one of three things—the name of the leader, the place of the rendezvous, or the figure on the standard. For example of the first class, the cry of the family of Burbon was simply the name "Bourbon." Sometimes an encomium was added, as in the case of the *cri de guerre* of the Counts of Hainault—"Hainault the Noble." Those of the kind which consisted of a reference to the place of rendezvous were abundant in Scotland, in consequence of the localization of clans in particular districts, and the practice which prevailed of collecting them at a particular place by means of a messenger or the "fiery cross." They were also taken from the names of patron saints—that of the King of England was "St. George."

Advance our standards, set upon the foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! —Richard III.

The King of France cried "Montjoye St. Denis"—the former word being in allusion, it is supposed, to certain little mounts on which crosses were erected on the way from Paris to St. Denis for the direction of travelers. The Duke of Milan had for his *clamor militaris*—as an old Italian writer, Sylvester Petra Sancta, quaintly terms it—"Milan the Valiant." An old French herald speaks of some other war cries, somewhat different from the above: the Crusaders' *Dieu le veut*; the cries of invocation, a notable instance of which was that of the lords of Montmorency, *Dieu aide au Premier Chretien* and the cries of exhortation, as that of the Emperor. "A dexter at a sinister," a sufficiently emphatic direction to the soldiers of the chivalrous times. When modes of fighting changed, war cries were laid aside or transferred as mottoes to the crests of the families by which they had been used. The latter is the case with a large proportion of the Scotch family "slogans" (war cries). The favorite battle cry of the Irish was "Aboo." War cries were evidently indulged in by the soldiers in Homers's day, for he speaks of the solemn silence in which the Greeks marched to battle and the wild chants and yells characteristic of the Trojans' advance. The Greeks stood in great awe of their Generals; the cosmopolitan nature of the Trojan army did not leave room for any special patriotic sentiment.—*Nineteenth Century.*

MURDERED HIS FRIEND IN A DREAM.

A curious theory of murder has prevailed with the Governor of Kentucky in obtaining the pardon of W. B. Tompkins, sentenced to prison for life in 1887 for the murder of Samuel Purdy. The two men were warm friends and had roomed together for several years. Cries were heard from their bed-room one night, and Tompkins was found standing in the middle of the room gasping for breath, while Purdy lay murdered on the bed. Tompkins gasped: "He's gone out the door," but the door was closed and no trace of any one was discovered. In a corner of the room was a poker covered with blood and hair. According to Tompkins he said he had been aroused by some one striking across him at Purdy, who lay at the back side of the bed, and had seized the assailant, who had broken away. Purdy's money, $300, was untouched, and Tompkins vehemently protested his innocence to the last. The prosecuting attorney and the judge who tried the case now believe that he killed his friend in a dream, and upon this novel theory he has been released.—*Chicago Herald.*

HOW THEY TALK ON THE STAGE.

The stage hero never talks in a simple, straightforward way, like a mere ordinary mortal.

"You will write to me when you are away, dear, won't you?" says the heroine.

A mere human being would reply:

"Why, of course I shall, ducky, every day."

But the stage hero is a superior creature. He says:

"Dost see yonder star, sweet?"

She looks up, and owns that she does see yonder star; and then off he starts and drivels on about that star for full five minutes, and says that he will cease to write to her when that pale star has fallen from its place amid the firmament of Heaven.

THE YOUNG KNOW EVERYTHING.

Husband—Well, I believe I'll have to go to the public library. I can't find in my encyclopedia what I want.

Wife—Is it very important?

"Yes, my dear, it is very important. I can't finish my article without it. But in the public library I think I will be able to find the authorities that I want."

"Hadn't you better wait, dear, till John comes home from the grammar school? He might be able to give you the information you want."—*Boston Courier.*

WRITING poetry is recommended as a mental exercise. You can get physical exercise by attempting to read it to the editor.—*Terre Haute Express.*

IN NARROW QUARTERS.

A North Carolina Family of Twenty-eight Live in One Room.

In the western part of North Carolina, and about seven miles west of Hot Springs, there lives a family by the name of Brooks. It is a very interesting one, and many a visitor to the quiet little town of Hot Springs has had his curiosity so aroused by stories of this family, that they have hired teams and driven seven miles to the Brooks residence. This consists of a little, low log cabin in an unsettled district, and is occupied by father, mother and twenty exceptionally handsome children.

Every one is a blonde, with golden-yellow hair and peachy complexion, and all as ignorant, wild and untutored as they are beautiful. In addition to the above family proper the two older girls are married. One is a widow with two children, and the other has three children and a husband. Both these little families are living with the old folks at home, making in all a family of twenty-eight when none is missing. The house, or log cabin, consists of but one room, and that a very small one. On two sides of this are built seven berths, one above another against the wall, and they were evidently built with the cabin.

In these "boxes" the parents, children and grandchildren lay themselves away when night comes on. Three times a day this interesting family may be seen at meals. The older members seat themselves about on the ground in front of the house "Indian fashion," and are favored with tin plates and iron spoons, while the younger ones stand around a rough homemade table inside the cabin, eating beans with a relish that is good to look upon. This is the principal diet; now and then they have a change, but it is of the same plain, cheap order. They are all healthy and robust, knowing nothing of sickness.

The father of this family, who has to "hustle" for the beans to fill the twenty-eight hungry mouths, makes as high as $18 some months, but oftener his income will not exceed $15 per month, which sum he earns by walking seven miles daily to Hot Springs to work in the mill of a Mr. Frank Gahagan. The mother, who has a baby in arms, seems contented and happy as she sits with one foot on the side of the homemade cradle, made of an ordinary pine box, with rockers sawed out of a rough board, which she ever now and then gives a "kick" to keep the cradle moving, while she sings over and over again a few lines of some old hymn she has learned. Every one is struck with the remarkable beauty of the children, from the youngest to the oldest. It is something wonderful. The parents have found names for all but one, which is without a name as yet.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

"SHON."

A gentleman who made a horseback tour of the backwoods of the West, some years ago, met with many amusing experiences. He stayed one night with an old German farmer, whose house consisted of but two rooms, one above the other.

The upper room, which was a mere loft, had in it two beds, one of which was given to the guest, while the farmer's boy, a heavy-eyed stupid-looking boy of about fifteen years, named John, slept in the other.

Long before daylight the next morning, the farmer began calling, "Shon! Shon! Gid oud!"

"I vill soon," "Shon" replied drowsily, and immediately fell asleep again.

This occurred several times; then the father called out in the most emphatic tones:

"Shon! O Shon! Eef you dond gid oud yoost so quick as you can, I vill goom up mit a pail of vater, und I bet I makes you shump!"

John seemed to care less for the possible pail of water than for the frostiness of the morning. "I vill be up soon," he answered, and settled himself for another nap.

In two or three minutes, says the traveler, I heard heavy footsteps ascending the rude steps leading to the attic, and while I lay sympathizing with "Shon," a wave of icy water drenched me almost from head to foot.

"Now, sir," stormed my host, "I told you I would douse you if——"

"But you have doused me!" I managed to gasp, with my teeth chattering.

Thus made aware of his mistake, the amazed father became profuse in his apologies, and more excited than ever.

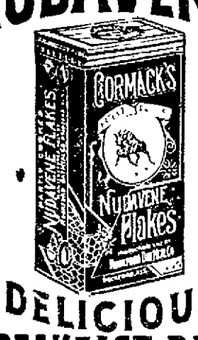
"Vat!" he shrieked in the darkness. "It vas you! O-o-o-o-h, dot Shon! I thought he vas in dis bet! It vas dark; I could not see! Und you vas all vet! O-o-o-o-h, but I gives it to dot Shon now! I vill troun him mit a whole par'l of vater! Shon! you Shon! See vat meestake you make me do! I vill—Shon, vere you vas?"

But "Shon" had taken advantage of the hubbub and darkness, and had escaped the wrath of his father for the present, though I fear there was a terrible reckoning for him later in the day.

HOW TO SEE THE WIND.

Take a polished metal surface of two feet or more, with a straight edge; a large hand-saw will answer the purpose. Take a windy day for the experiment, whether hot or cold, clear or cloudy; only let it not be in murky, rainy weather, says the St. Louis *Republic.* Hold your metallic surface at right angles to the direction of the wind—i. e., if the wind is north, hold your surface east and west, but instead of holding it vertical incline it about forty-two degrees to the horizon, so that the wind, striking, glances and flows over the edge, as the water flows over a dam. Now sight carefully along the edge some minutes at a sharply defined object, and you will see the wind pouring over the edge in graceful curves. Make your observations carefully and you will hardly ever fail in the experiment; the results are even better if the sun is obscured.

NUDAVENE



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LOST—On Calhoun street, a hand bag with bead and spangle trimmings. Finder will confer a favor by leaving same at People's store.

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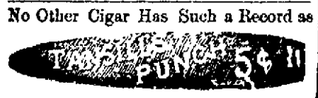


Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1890

NEXT week congress will determine where the world's fair will be held.

THE mayor of Lima, Ohio, has ordered every gambling room in that city closed.

IT is the universal complaint of our merchants that business has been very poor this winter.

FORT WAYNE would extend a royal welcome to the old soldiers if the G. A. R. encampment should be held here.

DR. EDWARD MCGLANN is recovering rapidly in Brooklyn from the bronchial affection that recently overcame him in Chicago.

THE republicans adopted their new code of rules in the lower house of congress yesterday by a strict party vote—yeas 161, nays 145.

THE Trades and Labor council of this city pronounce in favor of the execution of the laws to prohibit gambling. This has the right "ring."

THE McCrea Green escapade is the sensation in the New York newspapers. Our telegrams have had considerable to say about the scandal.

SEYNOLD ALI, the brother of the late sultan of Zanzibar, whose death was announced in our telegraph columns yesterday, succeeds him.

AN effort is now on foot, it is said, to organize a syndicate to buy up the principal manufactories in this country of soda-water fountains and apparatus. What next?

A LIBEL suit against the Sandusky, Ohio., Register has just ended. The plaintiff sued for $25,000 and recovered fifty cents and was compelled to pay his share of the costs.

A RESIDENT of the state of Pennsylvania came near going through life with a name that would have made him miserable. The name was Lynn C. Doyle, and strange to say no one present at his baptism noticed the strange sound it made when pronounced.

WEATHER prophets have been "no good" this winter. They have lost their reckoning and have been unable to make any kind of reliable prediction. Well, the spring time will soon be here and then we may have some kind of weather that we can bet on.

THE committee on elections of the house of representatives will recommend the unseating of Cate, of the First Arkansas district, and of Compton, of the Fifth Maryland district, and the seating of Featherstone and Mudd, the republican contestants. They will also recommend that Clarke, of Alabama, retain his seat.

IT has just been a century since the birth of John Howard the prison philanthropist. He had a genius for his work and began a great reform, which is not ended yet. Civilization has been so busy building palaces that it has forgot to look after hovels or to humanize jails and penitentiaries. But even on these dark places the light of kindness begins to break.

LET the name of the new park, which the Land and Improvement company are to establish, be "The George W. Wood Park." Mr. Wood was the first mayor of Fort Wayne. Or, if this name doesn't suit, let it be "Randall Park." Hon. F. P. Randall wrote the original city charter more than fifty years ago. He was the first city attorney and treasurer, was Fort Wayne's "war mayor" and no man now living has borne a more conspicuous part in the city's history.

ACCORDING to the Washington Critic President Harison likes a good cigar and he smokes one after luncheon and another after dinner. The ladies of the family do not have to withdraw when he enjoys his treat. Mrs. Harrison does not dislike the aroma of a good cigar, although she is like Mrs. Cleveland in detesting the odor of a cigarette. The presidential cigar is not of peculiarly fine or expensive quality. His favorite brand can be bought at about the rate of three for a quarter.

TARIFF REVISION.

The majority of the ways and means committee hope to get their tariff bill into the house by the 1st of March, but it is probable that they will not have it ready so soon. They are finding difficulty in fixing upon any place where the cut can be made.

From present indications it seems not likely that there will be any reduction except on sugar, and that, on the contrary, in many cases there may be increases. Where irregularities and inconsistencies exist it is likely that correction will be made by increasing duties on articles at present discriminated against. The only material reduction of revenue that there seems to be any agreement upon is on tobacco and on whisky used in the arts.

The sugar question is giving them trouble. The proposition to take off a considerable per cent. of the duty and make up the difference to the producers by a bounty does not meet with the approval of the sugar men, and it is possible that the clause will be stricken out of the bill in the house or it may finally defeat the whole measure.

There are understood to be ten republicans in the house who will vote against any considerable reduction of the sugar tax and six of them declare that they will vote against the entire bill if that clause is retained when the question comes to be finally voted on in the house. This opposition in their own party perplexes the majority of the committee in making up their bill.

LOCAL GOSSIP.

S. B. BOND, PRESIDENT OF THE OLD NATIONAL BANK.—Fort Wayne is now enjoying a big boom, the biggest in her history, and the question is, how long this prosperity will continue. I believe it will be lasting unless there should be some financial crisis in the business of the country that we can not now foresee.

T. E. ELLISON.—I have been corresponding with celery raisers at Kalamazoo with a view of interesting them in the newly drained Little River prairie as a place particularly well adapted to the profitable cultivation of celery. There are several thousand acres of land, conveniently near to the Wabash railroad, which differs but little in character of soil from the land near Kalamazoo, on which ample fortunes have been made. It has a sub stratum of clay, thickly covered with vegetable mould, which has been decaying there for centuries. It is fabulously rich, and if not planted in celery will raise better corn than any other land in Northern Indiana. But the growers of celery should seize this opportunity. The Wabash affords prime shipping facilities to all points between New York and St. Louis, and Chicago is easily reached by way of Huntington or Fort Wayne.

DR. C. B. STEMEN, SURGEON WABASH RAILROAD COMPANY.—Some things that are printed in the newspapers might better have been unwritten. Some time ago I went to see General Manager Hays, of the Wabash, to endeavor to interest him in the removal of the company's hospital from Peru to Fort Wayne. When I broached the subject, Mr. Hays became very warm and said that he was not disposed to favor this city. There was a time when he had seriously considered the removal to Fort Wayne of not only the company's hospital from Peru, but the company's shops from Andrews and Butler, and had even been thinking of running a branch of the Butler division to this city, but he had given up these ideas because he had come to believe that Fort Wayne people had grown hostile to the Wabash company. I assurred him that such was not the case, when he produced a copy of a Fort Wayne newspaper, in which the editor urged that the land on Fairfield avenue, which had been given for shop purposes, should be taken away from the company and given to the Fort Wayne Electric company. This was what had made the general manager wrathy, and I am sure that if the editor thought that his article seriously prevented the removal of the shops to this city, he would have regretted it as much as I did.

EX-MAYOR MUHLER.—I don't see that the so called rigid enforcement of the laws and the ordinances is making much difference in the morals of the town. I see the same crowds going over to jail that used to leave the mayor's court for the same destination. The front doors of the saloons may be locked on Sunday yet nobody is permitted to suffer for the want of a drink. The fact is that laws and ordinances are passed by men who do not expect them to be observed and often transgress them, themselves. There are city ordinances, which, if strictly enforced, would cause no end of discomfort, and everybody knows it. For instance, there is an ordinance providing for the fining of every citizen, who does not remove the snow from his sidewalk before 9 o'clock in the morning. The ordinance is not observed and nobody is fined. Another ordinance forbids merchants to expose their goods in front of their stores; yet the merchants do so almost universally and will continue to do so without molestation. These ordinances are understood to have been passed in order to provide a legal remedy in extreme cases only. When the Harding administration came in it was claimed that the chief of police would no longer be permitted to take bail, but must lock up every citizen against whom a charge might be made. Yet the police captain takes bail now, just as Chief Diehl used to. Laws that are sweeping in their effect must be administered with judgment and common sense, or else ignored entirely as wholly bad.

R. S. ROBERTSON, UTAH COMMISSIONER.—President Lincoln appointed to a responsible position in Utah territory a distinguished citizen of Fort Wayne, who did not finish out his term of office, but hastily left the territory and sent his resignation to Washington. This man had been foully dealt with by the Mormons, but, because there was "a woman in the case," no resentment was expressed by his host of friends, who were inclined to see much to excuse the outrage. The man's life and reputation were blasted forever and no defense for him has ever been made. I had not lived long at Salt Lake City and had not made much of a study of Mormon methods before I came to the conclusion that this gentleman had been the victim of a monstrous and cruel conspiracy to disgrace him and drive him from the territory. I have read his first official proclamation, made shortly after he reached Salt Lake, and the determined stand he took on the subject of polygamy, then openly practiced, was far from comforting to the Mormons. One evening a woman came to his office and saying she had business with the official she was admitted. The claim was then made that he had insulted a "mother of Israel" and he left the territory only to be waylaid on his stage journey east, brutally assaulted and left to die. That woman still lives in Utah, at some distance from Salt Lake, and I mean to see whether she will not, before she dies, right this terrible wrong and rescue this gentleman's fair name. The Mormon church which inspired the Mountain Meadow massacre and has committed other outrages quite as villainous would not stop at the awful crime, that effectually rid the territory of a high spirited public servant that they feared they could not control.

DR. W. H. BROOKS.—The order known as the Sons of Malta had been in existence for a number of years and its branches had been pretty widely scattered among the larger cities in America before a lodge was established in Fort Wayne. That was about thirty five years ago and it might have flourished to this day had not Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper exposed the affair and by pen and pencil robbed the noble order of its dignity and made its precious secrets public property. The Sons of Malta is supposed to have been the invention of Mr. Prentice, the famous Louisville editor, and a few jolly hundred spirits. To the uninitiated public it was believed to be an order of men secretly banded together for the purpose of capturing the Island of Cuba, and the respect for the Monroe doctrine, which the members always professed, had the effect of confirming that belief. Beyond this the Sons of Malta recommended themselves to the good opinion of all men by their charity to the poor. No secret order ever gave away half so many sacks of flour, bushels of potatoes or loaves of bread. I had the high honor to be the grand chancellor of the local branch of the order and often do I think over the great fun we had. The thing was a broad farce, as all the world now knows, and its chief attraction was the initiation ceremony. We met in a frame building on Harrison street, which stood, until a short time ago, between Mr. Perry Randall's new hotel and the Nickel Plate freight warehouse. The lodge rooms occupied the second and third floors. However, there wasn't any third floor, for we had taken that out in order that we might initiate the trembling candidate with the more earnestness. As he was led in he was seated before the grand commander and listened to an exceedingly well prepared lecture, which assumed to state the patriotic objects of the order. The candidate was then asked either to enlist in the proposed expedition to capture Cuba, or, in the event of his refusal, he was requested to make a small cash donation to the good cause. It was the cash that we wanted and that was always forthcoming. The candidate was then blindfolded and was put through the initiation, being first led into another part of the building where the grand chancellor held his court. He was asked all sorts of questions, which were prompted by some member, who had an intimate acquaintance with his private life. As the answers were wrung from him the grand chancellor would call out to the grand recorder to record them and that official, stationed at the further end of the hall, would give a tremendous whack to a big gong and call out in a sonorous voice, "It is so recorded." If a candidate objected to answer or showed temper, which was not uncommon, he was ordered to be conducted before the Sublime Council of Ten, which generally succeeded in coercing him into obediance. If he was known to have a taste for music he was asked which was his favorite instrument and upon his indicating it, a violin, guitar, or other instrument was handed to him and he was made to play. That part of the initiation which was always best remembered was the ride on the foaming steed, Pegasus. I have said that the middle floor in the lodge room had been removed. This was for the purpose of erecting a great inclined staging, which extended from the lower floor nearly up to the roof. To the top of this staging the candidate was conducted. He was then placed in a small car which ran on an iron track at a tremendous pace down the incline. When the end was reached the car struck an elliptical spring and stopped. Not so the candidate. He went on and landed on a big piece of sail cloth, which was held up by a lot of strong men and there he was tossed up a score of times until he had quite lost the thread of the ceremony. He was then conducted, still blindfolded, before the Grand Chancellor for instructions and was forced into an arm chair on the seat of which was a big sponge soaked full of cold water. The water would spurt up to the top of his head, saturating his garments. The ceremony ended straightway for we were anxious that the candidate might soon avail himself of a change of clothing, which he did at home, explaining his sorry appearance to his family as best he might. After the initiation the new member never failed to bring in an acquaintance, that he might laugh at his expense. Among the leading spirits of the order were John W. Dawson, editor of the Times and Wm. Smith, the lawyer. Each served as grand commander. Nearly every good fellow of the town became a member. I recall now A. G. Barnett, Louis Peltier, P. J. Wise, Munson VanGeison, Dr. Woodworth and Judge Brackenridge. The Sons of Malta occasionally indulged in midnight parades. The members were all disguised in a very striking manner, and I suppose that two-thirds of the adult population of the city were out on those occasions to see it. After the expose the order collapsed at once.

ROGERS' ROYAL
NERVINE

Tones and invigorates the stomach when weakened by indigestion, corrects the appetite and aids assimilation of the food, while as a nerve tonic it has no equal.

It may be taken immediately after eating for DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCY or ANY IRRITATIONS of the STOMACH or NERVES.

All druggists sell it. $1 per bottle.

ROGERS' ROYAL REMEDIES CO., BOSTON.

AMATEUR BASE BALL.

Some Interesting Games Assured for the Coming Season.

Although neither one of the contemplated base ball leagues may include this city in its list, it is now assured that some interesting amateur contests will engage the attention of lovers of the national game here the coming season.

The Amateur Athletic club has some very good players from which will be organized a nine, while about twenty young men who were conspicuous in last year's games, will prepare themselves for the sport. Among the latter are such players as Will Turner, Oscar Kiefer, Will Downing, Jack Brown, Fred Zollars, Ed. Evans, Charlie Jones and others.

Mr. John B. Blake, foreman in John's harness manufactory, is enthusiastic on base ball and proposes to use all his endeavors to put the latter club in the field.

"A stitch in time saves nine," and if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla now it may save months of future possible sickness.

Milwaukee issues 1,317 saloon licenses and receives therefor the sum of $252,-050.30.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

In Texas it is unnecessary to teach the young idea how to shoot.—Hutchinson News.

"STOP"—Nature Has a Cure.

EATON RAPIDS, Mich.

J. M. LOOSE RED CLOVER Co., Detroit:—Two years I was afflicted with a very severe attack of Erysipelas. After two physicians had used their treatment for several weeks and I continued growing blind, and in their diagnosis concluded that there was no earthly help or hope for me. I gave up, having tried all the remedies I knew or heard of. My neighbor, Mr. Miller, came in to see me one day, and said try Loose's Extract of Red Clover, as he had known of its working remarkable cures. I told him I had lost hope, that nothing would do me any good in the world. He insisted, and taking his hat went to the drug store and bought me one bottle and urged me to try it, which I did. Ten days afterward I sent for two more bottles, and it is wonderful how I improved. I continued using it and to-day I am better than I have been in years. No sign of erysipelas has shown itself and I heartily recommend it to suffering humanity as the greatest and best blood purifier in existence. Yours truly, HENRY MARVIN.

For sale by Drier & Bros.

The latest sleeves for ladies' dresses in Paris are made in one piece, with a seam out of sight.

To-night and To-morrow Night,

And each day and night during this week you can get at all druggists Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma and Consumption. Get a bottle to-day and keep it always in the house, so you can check your cold at once. Price, 50c and $1. Sample bottles free.

If you do not receive your SENTINEL regularly, please notify us immediately, either in person or by postal card, that we may remedy the fault.

FANCY SKATER RUBENSTEIN.

The World's Champion Has Several Relatives in This City.

A cablegram in THE SENTINEL yesterday contained information that Louis Rubenstein, the champion fancy skater of America, won the championship of the world in St. Petersburg Thursday, among competitors from Austria, Finland, Norway, Sweden and Russia.

Mr. Rubenstein has visited this city and is closely related to Ben Cohen, of Redlick's shoe store, and Henry Cohen, of the "39" cigar factory, and the other members of the Cohen family.

From St. Petersburg Rubenstein goes to Hamburg and Amsterdam, where he will enter fancy skating tournaments.

THE SENTINEL will publish extracts from a letter written by Reubenstein in its Monday's issue.

Sames S. Murphy, M. D., Company's Shops, N. C., writes:—"I sell a great deal of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, for every one who tries it likes it."

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." Of course! Why, those old duffers suffered horribly with aches and pains, and didn't and couldn't know that Salvation Oil would cure them.

Newspapers have done much to abbreviate expression and so to improve style.—Emerson.

Ladies Have Tried it.

A number of my lady customers have tried "Mother's Friend," and would not be without it for many times its cost. They recommend it to all who are to become mothers. R. A. Payne, Druggist, Greenville, Ala. Write Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. By all druggists.

You can save $1 on every ticket you buy to Chicago via the Nickel Plate. Call at city ticket office, No. 5 Aveline house block or depot. 15-2t

Wait for the Saengerbund Masquerade ball at the Princess rink. feb. 8, 10, 12, 14, 15.

Here's One For You.

Big Eliza has a horse which she sells to Manager Geary for $80. Mr. Geary, after two days use, sells the horse back to Eliza for $70. Eliza thinking she made $10 sells the horse for $65. Now does she make or lose by the transaction? Season ticket for first correct answer on postal card. Manager GEARY, World's Museum. Big Eliza will be here next week—she weighs 927 pounds. 12 3t

The Nickel Plate city ticket office is the only place down town where you can buy tickets at a reduced rate to all points. Call on them. 15-2t

The Madam Fry Boston Concert company, which will appear at the City Y. M. C. A. on Monday, February 17, will be a great musical and literary treat to the people of our city. The Pittsburg Times says of them: "The attendance at the entertainment in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association was so large that many were unable to find seats; the performance was a very refined one, and the audience expressing its delight in unmeasured terms."

Reduced rates to the west, northwest and southwest via the Nickel Plate. Inquire at city ticket office, 5 Aveline house block or at depot. 15-2t

Grand Masquerade Ball of the Fort Wayne Saengerbund at the Princess rink, Shrove Tuesday, February 18. Tickets, with lady coupon, $1.00; extra lady's ticket 50c. Music by Reineke's full orchestra. feb. 8, 10, 12, 14, 15.

Laura Daintrèy, the writer, is a pretty blonde of twenty-five years.

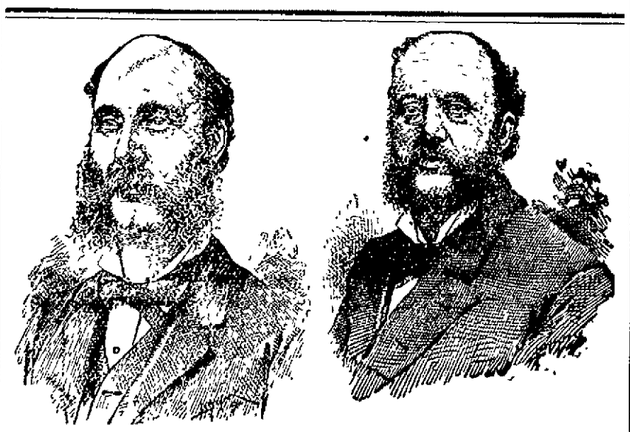
CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.



JOHN HENRY

MERITORIOUS GOODS—well-fitting and stylish designs—at MODERATE PRICES. The wonderful growth of our business is due to the above, and other reliable methods that insure our patrons just treatment and us a continuance of their patronage. We are prepared to show you a matchless line of Boots, Shoes and Slippers that are reliable in style and quality. We respectfully invite your inspection. We will not deal in shoddy goods.

E. VORDERMARK & SONS,
32 Calhoun Street.
SIGN OF BIG RED BOOT.

NOT A PIMPLE ON BABY.

Baby one year old. Had with Eczema. Hair all gone. Scalp covered with eruptions. Cured by Cuticura. Hair splendid and not a pimple on him.

Cured by Cuticura.

I cannot say enough in praise of the Cuticura Remedies. My boy, when one year of age was so bad with eczema that he lost all of his hair. His scalp was covered with eruptions, which the doctor said was scall head, and that his hair would never grow again. Despairing of a cure from physicians I began the use of the Cuticura Remedies, and I am happy to say, with the most perfect success. His hair is now splendid and there is not a pimple on him. I recommend the Cuticura Remedies to mothers as the most speedy, economical and sure cure for all skin diseases of infants and children, and feel that every mother who has an afflicted child will thank me for so doing.

MRS. M. E. WOODSUM, Norway, Me.

Fever Sore Eight Years.

I must extend to you the thanks of one of my customers who has been cured by using the Cuticura Remedies of an old sore caused by a long spell of sickness or fever eight years ago. He was so bad he was fearful he would have to have his leg amputated, but is happy to say he is now entirely well—sound as a dollar. He requests me to use his name, which is H. H. CASON, merchant.

JOHN V. MINOR, Druggist, Gainesboro, Tenn.

We have been selling your Cuticura Remedies for years, and have the first complaint yet to receive from a purchaser. One of the worst cases of scrofula I ever saw was cured by them. TAYLOR & TAYLOR, Frankfort, Kan.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood and Skin Purifier and purest and best of Humor Remedies, internally, and Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, speedily, permanently and economically cure every disease and humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, whether itching, burning, scaly, pimply, scrofulous or hereditary, when all other remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by Cuticura Soap. Absolutely pure.

EVERY MUSCLE ACHES.

Sharp Aches, Dull Pains, Strains, and Weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first, and only Instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents.

T. E. COVINGTON,

Cor. Washington and Harrison Sts.

Spring Garden and Flower Seeds.

All Seed Warranted Fresh.

No Old Stock.

I will also keep

EARLY GARDEN PLANTS.

Call before buying and save money.

Feb13-daw2mo

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DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

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—AND—

SMOKED - MEATS,

60 East Main Street.

He has just placed new machinery in his establishment and is now prepared to make the finest Sausages in the market. Dressed Poultry and Home-made Lard for sale. 24-1yr.

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PLUMBERS,

Steam and Gas Fitters,

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Pumps, Pipe, Hose and Fittings.

DRIVE WELLS.

Natural Gas Fitting a Specialty.

H. C. SITES, DENTIST, NILL'S BLOCK 82 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

I still occupy same rooms occupied 14 years ago.

DR. T. J. DILLS,

NO. 40 WEST BERRY STREET,

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m

The Oldest Firm and Most Reliable in the City,

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ARCHITECTS

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17 WEST WAYNE ST.,

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BROU'S INJECTION

An Infallible Remedy for the Cure of all Contagious Diseases of the Urinary organs; guaranteed not to produce Stricture, no sickening doses; and no inconvenience or loss of time. Recommended by physicians and sold by druggists every where. J. Ferré (successor to Brou), Pharmacien, Paris.

I. S. McCURDY,

D·E·N·T·I·S·T

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DR. LE DUC'S PERIODICAL PILLS,

The Great French Remedy, Paris, France, act directly upon the Generative Organs and Positively Cure Suppression of the Menses from whatever cause, and all Periodical Troubles peculiar to women. A Safe, Reliable Remedy. Warranted to excite Menstruation. Full directions accompany each box. By druggists, or American Pill Royalty Co., proprietors, Spencer, Ia. Supply agents, Dreier & Bro. 26-4-eod

The Mormon Elders' Book

TALMAGE HOME AGAIN.

HIS APPLICATION OF THE DELIVERANCE OF RAHAB.

His Late Visit to the Site of Jericho—Supposed Youth and Errors of Rahab—Her Deliverance by the Israelites and the Lessons It Teaches.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage resumed preaching in Brooklyn on Sunday, Feb. 9, after his visit to the Holy Land, and the Academy of Music was crowded. Thousands of people were not able to get into the building. The subject of his discourse was "The House on the Wall." Dr. Talmage took for his text Joshua vi, 23: "And the young men that were spies went in, and brought out Rahab, and her father, and her mother, and her brethren, and all that she had." He said:

When, only a few weeks ago, I visited Jericho, I said, Can it be possible that this dilapidated place is the Jericho that Mark Antony gave as a wedding present to Cleopatra? Where are the groves of palm trees? Where are Herod's palaces that once stood here? Where is the great theater from the stage of which Salome told the people that Herod was dead? Where is the sycamore tree on the limb of which Zaccheus sat when Jesus passed this place? Where is the wreck of the walls that fell at the blowing of the ram's horns? But the fact that all these have disappeared did not hinder me from seeing in imagination the smash of everything on the fated day, save one house on the wall. That scene centuries ago comes back to me as though it were yesterday.

There is a very sick and sad house in the city of Jericho. What is the matter? Is it poverty? No. Worse than that. Is it leprosy? No. Worse than that. Is it death? No. Worse than that. A daughter has forsaken her home. By what infernal plot she was induced to leave I know not; but they look in vain for her return. Sometimes they hear a footstep very much like hers, and they start up and say: "She comes!" but only to sink back again into disappointment. Alas! Alas! The father sits by the hour, with his face in his hands, saying not one word. The mother's hair is becoming gray too fast, and she begins to stoop so that those who saw her only a little while ago in the street know her not now as she passes. The brothers clinch their fists, swearing vengeance against the despoiler of their home. Alas! will the poor soul never come back? There is a long, deep shadow over all the household. Added to this there is an invading army six miles away, just over the river, coming on to destroy the city; and what with the loss of their child and the coming on of that destructive army, I think the old people wished that they could die. That is the first scene in this drama of the Bible. In a house on the wall of the city is that daughter. That is her home now. Two spies have come from the invading army to look around through Jericho and see how best it may be taken. Yonder is the lost child, in that dwelling on the wall of the city. The police hear of it, and soon there is the shuffling of feet all around about the door, and the city government demands the surrender of those two spies. First, Rahab—for that was the name of the lost child—first, Rahab secretes the two spies and gets their pursuers off the track; but after awhile she says to them: "I will make a bargain with you. I will save your life if you will save my life, and the life of my father and my mother, and my brothers, and my sisters, when the victorious army comes upon the city." O, she had not forgotten her home yet, you see. The wanderer never forgets home. Her heart breaks now as she thinks of how she has maltreated her parents, and she wishes she were back with them again, and she wishes she could get away from her sinful enthrallment; and sometimes she looks up in the face of the midnight, bursting into agonizing tears. No sooner have these two spies promised to save her life, and the life of her father, and mother, and brothers, and sisters, than Rahab takes a scarlet cord and ties it around the body of one of the spies, brings him to the window, and as he clambers out—nervous lest she have not strength to hold him—with muscular arms such as woman seldom has, she lets him down, hand over hand, in safety to the ground. Not being exhausted, she ties the cord around the other spy, brings him to the window, and just as successfully lets him down to the ground. No sooner have these men untied the scarlet cord from their bodies than they look up, and they say: "You had better get all your friends in this house—your father, your mother, your brothers, and your sisters: you had better get them in this house. And then, after you have them here, take this red cord which you have put around our bodies and tie it across the window; and when our victorious army comes up, and sees that scarlet thread in the window, they will spare this house and all who are in it. Shall it be so?" cried the spies. "Aye, aye," said Rahab, from the window, "it shall be so." That is the second scene in this Bible drama.

There is a knock at the door of the old man. He looks up, and says: "Come in," and lo! there is Rahab, the lost child; but she has no time to talk. They gather in excitement around her, and she says to them: "Get ready quickly, and go with me to my house. The army is coming! The trumpet! Make haste! Fly! The enemy!" That is the third scene in this Bible drama. The hosts of Israel are all around about the doomed city of Jericho. Crash! goes the great metropolis, heaps on heaps. The air suffocating with the dust, and horrible with the screams of a dying city. All the houses flat down. All the people dead. Ah no, no. On a crag of the wall—the only piece of the wall left standing—there is a house which we must enter. There is a family there that have been spared. Who are they? Let us go in and see. Rahab, her father, her mother, her brothers, her sisters, all safe, and the only house left standing in all the city. Who saved them? Was the house more firmly built? O, no, it was built in the most perilous place—on the wall; and the wall was the first thing that fell. Was it because her character was any better than any of the other population of the city? O, nor Why then was she spared and all he household? Can you tell me why? O, it was the scarlet line in the window. That is the fourth scene in this Biblo drama. When the destroying angel went through Egypt, it was the blood of the lamb on the door posts that saved the Israelites; and now that vengeance has come upon Jericho it is the same color that assures the safety of Rahab and all her household. My friends, there are foes coming upon us, more deadly and more tremendous, to overthrow our immortal interests. They may trample us down and crush us out forever, unless there be some skillful mode of rescue open. The police of death already begin to clamor for our surrender; but blessed be God, there is a way out. It is through the window, and by a rope so saturated by the blood of the cross, that it is as red as that with which the spies were lowered; and if once our souls shall be delivered, then, the scarlet chord stretched across the window of our escape, we may defy all bombardment, earthly and Satanic.

In the first place, carrying out the idea of my text, we must stretch this scarlet cord across the window of our rescue. There comes a time when a man is surrounded. What is that in the front door of his room. It is the threatenings of the future. What is that in the back door of his soul? It is the sin of the past. He cannot get out of either of those doorways. If he attempts it he will be cut to pieces. What shall he do? Escape through the window of God's mercy. That sunshine has been pouring in for many a day. God's inviting mercy. God's pardoning mercy. God's all conquering mercy. God's everlasting mercy. But, you say, the window is so high. Ah, there is a rope, the very one with which the cross and its victim were lifted. That was strong enough to hold Christ, and it is strong enough to hold you. Bear all your weight upon it, all your hopes for this life, all your hopes for the life that is to come. Escape now through the window. "But," you say, "that cord is too small to save me; that salvation will never do at all for such a sinner as I have been." I suppose that the rope with which Rahab let the two spies to the ground was not thick enough; but they took that or nothing. And, my dear brother, that is your alternative. There is only one scarlet line that can save you. There have been hundreds and thousands who have been borne away in safety by that scarlet line, and it will bear you away in safety. Do you notice what a very narrow escape those spies had? I suppose they came with flustered cheek and with excited heart. They had a very narrow escape. They went in the broad door of sin; but how did they come out? They came out of the window. They went up by the stairs of stone; they came down on a slender thread. And so, my friends, we go easily and unabashedly into sin, and all the doors are open; but if we get out at all it will be by being let down over precipices, wriggling and helpless, the strong grip above keeping us from being dashed on the rocks beneath. It is easy to get into sin, young man. It is not so easy to get out of it.

A young man goes to the marble counter of a hotel. He asks for a brandy smash—called so, I suppose because it smashes the man that takes it. There is no intoxication in it. As the young man receives it he does not seem to be at all excited. It does not give any glossiness to the eye. He walks home in beautiful apparel, and all his prospects are brilliant. That drink is not going to destroy him, but it is the first step on a bad road. Years have passed on, and I see that young man after he has gone the whole length of dissipation. It is midnight, and he is in a hotel—perhaps the very one where he took the first drink. He rises from the bed and comes to the window, and it is easily lifted; so he lifts it. Then he pushes back the blinds and puts his foot on the window sill. Then he gives one spring, and the watchman finds his disfigured body, unrecognizable, on the pavement. O, if he had only waited a little—if he had come down on the scarlet ladder that Jesus holds from the wall for him, and for you, and for me; but no, he made one jump, and was gone.

A minister of Christ was not long ago dismissed from his diocese for intoxication, and in a public meeting he gave this account of his sorrow. He said: "I had a beautiful home once, but strong drink shattered it. I had beautiful children; but this fiend of rum took their dimpled hands in his and led them to the grave. I had a wife to know her was to love her; but she sits in wretchedness to-night while I wander over the earth. I had a mother, and the pride of her life was I; but the thunderbolt struck her. I now have scarcely a friend in the world. Taste of the bitter cup I have tasted, and then answer me as to whether I have any hatred for the agency of my ruin. Hate it! I hate the whole damning traffic. I would to God to-night that every distillery was in flames, for then in the glowing sky I would write in the smoke of the ruin: "Woe to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." That minister of the Gospel went in through the broad door of temptation: he came out of the window. And when I see the temptations that are about us in all countries, and when I know the proclivities to sin in every man's heart, I see that if any of us escape it will be a very narrow escape. O, if we have, my friends, got off from our sin, let us tie the scarlet thread by which we have been saved across the window. Let us do it in praise of him whose blood dyed it that color. Let it be in announcement of the fact that we shall no more be fatally assaulted. "There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Then let all the forces of this world come up in cavalry charge, and let spirits of darkness come on an infernal storming party attempting to take our souls, this rope twisted from these words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," will hurl them back defeated forever.

Still further: We must take this red cord of the text and stretch it across the window of our households. When the Israelitish Army came up against Jericho, they said: "What is that in the window?" Some one said: "That is a scarlet line." "O," said some one else, "that must be the house that was to be spared. Don't touch it." That line was thick enough, and long enough, and conspicuous enough to save Rahab, her father, her mother, her brothers and her sisters—the entire family. Have our households as good protection? You have bolts on the front door and on the back, and fastenings to the window, and perhaps burglar alarms, and perhaps an especial watchman blowing his whistle at midnight before your dwelling; but all that cannot protect your household. Is there on our houses the sign of a Saviour's sacrifice and mercy? Is there a scarlet line in the window? Have your children been consecrated to Christ? Have you been washed in the blood of the atonement? In what room do you have family prayers? Show me where it is you are accustomed to kneel. The sky is black with the coming deluge. Is your family inside or outside of the ark? It is a sad thing for a man to reject Christ; but to lie down in the night of sin, across the path to Heaven, so that his family come up and trip over him—that is terrific.

It is a sad thing for a mother to reject Christ; but to gather her family around her, and then take them by the hand and lead them out into paths of worldliness, away from God and Heaven, alas! alas! There may be geranium and cactus in that family window, and upholstery hovering over it, and childish faces looking out of it, but there is no scarlet thread stretched across it. Although that house may seem to be on the best street in all the town or city, it is really on the edge of a marsh across which sweep most poisonous malarias, and it has a sandy foundation, and its splendor will come down, and great will be the fall of it. A home without God! A prayerless father! An undevoted mother! Awful! awful! is that you? Will you keep on, my brother, on the wrong road, and take your loved ones with you? Time is so short that we cannot waste any of it on apologies, or indirections, or circumlocutions You owe to your children, O father, O mother, more than food, more than clothing, more than shelter—you owe them the example of a prayerful, consecrated, pronounced, out-and-out Christian life. You cannot afford to keep it away from them.

Now, as I stand here, you do not see any hands outstretched towards me, and yet there are hands on my brow and hands on both my shoulders. They are hands of parental benediction. It is quite a good many years ago now since we folded those hands as they began the last sleep on the banks of the Raritan in the village cemetery; but those hands are stretched out toward me to-day, and they are just as warm and they are just as gentle as when I sat on her knee at five years of age. And I shall never shake off those hands. I do not want to. They have helped me so much a thousand times already, and I do not expect to have a trouble or a trial between this and my grave where those hands will not help me. It was not a very splendid home, as the world calls it; but we had a family Bible there, well worn by tender perusal; and there was a a family altar there, where we knelt morning and night; and there was a holy Sabbath there; and stretched in a straight line or hung in loops or festoons, there was a scarlet line in the window. O the tender, precious, blessed memory of a Christian home! Is this the impression you are making upon your children? When you are dead—and it will not be long before you are—when you are dead, will your child say: "If there ever was a good Christian father, mine was one. If there ever was a good Christian mother, mine was one?"

Still further: we want this scarlet line of the text drawn across the window of our prospects. I see Rahab and her father, and her mother, and her brothers and sisters looking out over Jericho, the city of palm trees, and across the river, and over at the army invading, and then up to the mountains and the sky. Mind you, this house was on the wall, and I suppose the prospect from the window must have been very wide. Besides that, I do not think that the scarlet line at all interfered with the view of the landscape. The assurance it gave of safety must have added to the beauty of the country. To-day, my friends, we sit in the window of earthly prospects, and we look off towards the hills of heaven and the landscape of eternal beauty. God has opened the window for us, and we look out. We now only get a dim outline of the inhabitants. We now only here and there catch a note of the exquisite harmony.

But blessed be God for this scarlet line in the window. That tells me that the blood of Christ bought that home for my soul, and I shall go there when my work is done. And as I put my hand on that scarlet line, everything in the future brightens. My eyesight gets better, and the robes of the victors are more lustrous, and our loved ones who went away some time ago—they do not stand any more with their backs to us, but their faces are this way and their voices drop through this Sabbath air, saying with all tenderness and sweetness: "Come! Come! Come!" And the child that you think of only as buried—why, there she is, and it is May day in Heaven; and they gather the amaranth, and they pluck the lilies, and they twist them into a garland for her brow, and she is one of the May queens of Heaven. O do you think they could see our waving to-day? It is quite a pleasant day, pretty clear, and not many clouds in the sky. I wonder if they can see us from that good land? I think they can. If from this window of earthly prospects we can almost see them, then from their towers of light I think they can fully see us. And so I wave them the glory, and I wave them the joy, and I say: "Have you got through with all your troubles?" and their voices answer: "God hath wiped away all tears from our eyes." I say: "Is it as grand up there as you thought it would be?" and the voices answer: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for those that love him." I say; "Do you have any more struggle for bread?" and they answer: "We hunger no more, we thirst no more." And I say: "Have you been out to the cemetery of the golden city?" and they answer: "There is no death here." And I look out through the heavens, and I say: "Where do you get your light from nights, and what do you burn in the temple?" and they answer: "There is no night here, and we have no need of candle or of star." And I say: "What book do you sing out of?" and they answer: "The Hallelujah Chorus." And I say: "In the splendor and magnificence of the city, don't you ever get lost?" and they answer: "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne leadeth us to living fountains of water." O how near they seem. Their wings—do you not feel them? Their harps—do you not hear them? And all that through the window of our earthly prospects, across which stretcheth the scarlet line. Be that my choice color forever. Is it too glaring for you? Do you like the blue because it reminds you of the sky, or the green because it makes you think of the foliage, or the black because it has in it the shadow of the night? I take the scarlet because it shall make me think of the price that was paid for my soul. O the blood! the blood! the blood of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. I see where you are. You are at the cross roads. The next step decides everything. Pause before you take it; but do not pause too long. I hear the blast of the trumpet that wakes the dead. Look out! Look out! For in that day, and in our closing moment on earth, better than any other barricade or defense, however high or broad or stupendous, will be one little, thin, scarlet thread in the window.

A Token of Esteem.

As the train stopped at a station about thirty miles west of Indianapolis we noticed an unusually large crowd on the depot platform, and it was evident that speechmaking had been indulged in and that somebody of note was taking his departure. We soon discovered that this person was a certain Colonel Blank, who came into the car with a package under his arm, and whose cheeks were wet with farewell tears. He called "Good-by!" a score of times from the window, and as the train finally rolled on he blew his nose, wiped his eyes, and turned to us with:

"Gentlemen, it touches the heartstrings to part with old friends and neighbors."

"You are saying farewell, then?"

"Yes. I am going up to Indianapolis to reside. The field here is too limited, as I have discovered after ten years' residence."

"Well, it is certainly pleasant to part from friends the way you have."

"Indeed it is! Over two hundred of the best people in town came down to see me off, and the president of the bank made a beautiful speech, wished me every success, and all that, and then handed me this as a token of respect and esteem."

"Ah! Made you a present, eh? Evidently something nice?"

"Bound to be," replied the Colonel, as he took a package from the seat.

"Perhaps you don't want to reveal the contents here?"

"Oh, I have no objections. We'll undo it and see what they have given me."

He carefully untied the string and removed the several papers which wrapped the precious memento, and lo! there was exposed to our gaze a—sponge! Yes, sir; a great big bath sponge, which never cost less than a dollar! We pressed forward to see it, and the Colonel turned red and white by turns, bit his lips, and bobbed about on the seat, and as we held our breaths he burst out with:

"Gentlemen, heartstrings be blowed! The onery, thieving, loafing, lying crowd have gone and heaped a deadly insult upon me, and the next two hundred and fifty years of my life shall be devoted to wading in human blood clear up to the top vest button!"

In the spring the young sprig's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. The trees also become sappy about the same time.

Infernal Ingenuity

Could scarcely devise more excruciating tortures than those of which you see the evidences in the face of a rheumatic or neuralgic sufferer. The agonies are the consequence of not checking a rheumatic or neuralgic attack at the outset. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been found by skillful medical practitioners to possess not only remedial but defensive efficacy, where those diseases exist, or a tendency to them is exhibited. Surely this puissant but safe botanic medicine, bearing, too, such high specific sanction, is better than the poisons often employed, but most unsafe, not only in continuance, but in isolated doses. The blood is depurated thoroughly from the rheumatic virus, and the nerves, slightly imparted upon, saved from ultimate and direful throes by this benign, saving medicine, which like wise exhibits marked efficacy for malaria, kidney complaints, dyspepsia, constipation, and liver complaint.

How to Care for Canaries.

A good many people don't know how to take care of canary birds, and I therefore give them the following advice, which I got from a bird fancier: Never give your bird sugar or egs or raisins, or anything sweet, expect a small piece of sweet apple (peeled) twice a week. Put the apple in the cage in the morning and take it out at night. It should have all the rape and canary seed it wants and gravel should be kept at the bottom of the cage. Avoid feeding the bird on celery. Twice a week feed it on one-third of a boiled egg, using both the white and yellow of the egg. Grate up the egg; that is better than putting it in whole. Give it the egg the day before it gets the apple, and as large a piece of the former as of the latter. Let it have a bath every day, using water with the chill taken off.—*Epoch.*

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

As Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucus surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine; it is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

☞Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

Why He Wasn't Killed.

Capt. Spear—And were you never wounded, Pat?

Pat—Faith, sor, and I was. In the fight at Spottsylvania, a dirty reb lifted his gun and fired. I was scared, I tell yez. He struck me right under me left breast.

"But if it struck where you say, the ball must have gone through your heart and killed you."

"Oh, bedad, sor! me heart was in me mouth at the time."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A Remedy for the Influenza Cough.

A remedy recommended for patients afflicted with the influenza is Kemp's Balsam, the specific for coughs and colds, which is especially adapted to diseases of the throat and lungs. Do not wait for the first symptoms of the disease before securing the remedy, but get a bottle and keep it on hand for use the moment it is needed. If neglected the influenza has a tendency to bring on pneumonia. All druggists sell the Balsam.

Fatherly Aid.

Mr. Trenbrock—Eileen, do you think—that is—ahem—er—do you suppose you could be happy for life with—(a swallowing gulp)—with—Mr.—ahem!—Mr. Archer?

Miss Trenbrock—Papa—this is so sudden!

Mr. Trenbrock—Well, he was afraid to ask you himself, and I've been trying to think what I said to your mother on a similar occasion, so as to help him out.—*Judge.*

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of *Sick Headache*, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

Electric Plants.

"Where have you been, Charley?"

"Down to the flower show."

"You look disappointed."

"I am."

"What's the matter?"

"I saw the chief botanist, and do you know the old noodle couldn't even point me out the electric plant."—*Chicago Ledger.*

Florence, Ala.

The personally conducted excursions to this rapidly growing city have been so successful that the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad (Evansville Route) will run one on each of the following dates: Feb. 4, 11, 18 and 25. For copy of "Alabama as It Is," and further information, send to William Hill, Gen. Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ill.

WHEELING, W. Va., must be a great place for carriage smiths. This is the remark of a wag on the subject.—*Boston Star.*

The "Mother's Friend."

Not only shortens labor and lessens pain attending it but greatly diminishes the danger to life of both mother and child if used a few months before confinement. Write to The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

WHEN a tailor goes to law it is generally not so much to gain a suit as to get the cost of one.

EVER since 1864 there have been women (*more each year*) who claim that there is no soap half as good, or as economical as Dobbins' Electric. There *must* be some truth in their claim. Try it, see how much.

A DESCRIPTIVE writer said of a pompous man that he looked as if he knew so much that it made him unhappy.

The smoker's delight—"Tansill's Punch."

BETTING is no argument, yet it will do in the place of a better.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Pure Blood

Is absolutely necessary in order to have perfect health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier, quickly conquering scrofula, salt rheum, and all other insidious enemies which attack the blood and undermine the health. It also builds up the whole system, cures dyspepsia and sick headache, and overcomes that tired feeling.

"I have been troubled by a scrofulous affection all my life. It is one of the marked recollections of my boyhood days, and for several years has rendered me unable to labor much. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I have been using at intervals for ten years, is the best thing I have ever taken. I am now 60, and my general health seems better than ever." H. D. ABBOTT, Warren, N. H.

"I have taken two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla for salt rheum and dyspepsia, with which I was troubled very much. After taking this medicine I am feeling as well as ever in my life." G. W. ROSE, Pottsville, Pa.

N. B. If you want a good medicine, get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

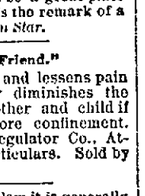
Ely's Cream Balm

WILL CURE

CATARRH

Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.



PENSIONS If you want your pension without delay, put your claim in the hands of JOSEPH H. HUNTER, Attorney, Washington, D. C.

YOUNG MEN Wanted to Learn Telegraphy. Situation is furnished. Circulars free. Address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

Never Say Die!

Scrofula with ulcers, boils and fetter,
Weak of limb and sore of eye,
Hopeless now of growing better,
Surely one must die.

Not at all, poor, discouraged sufferer from disordered blood and scrofulous trouble. Take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great blood-purifier and life-saver of modern days. All those unwholesome sores and blood disorders may be cured, and the victim will look and feel like a new man. It is *warranted* to benefit or cure, or money paid for it promptly returned.

PERFECTION is attained in Dr. Sage's **Catarrh Remedy**. It cures the worst cases.

A Liberal Education.

Mr. Stoxandbonds—I understand, Mr. Quicklyrich, that you have sent your son to college. Do you intend to give him a liberal education?

Mr. Quicklyrich—Yes sir, I do! He has $500 a month and if you know of any one who is giving his son a more liberal education than that, I am prepared to make it a thousand.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Copy of Original.

VAN WERT, Ohio, July 11, 1889.

Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich:

GENTS—This is to certify that I had what is called sciatic rheumatism so badly that I was all drawn over to one side. My hip sank in so that you could lay your hand in the cavity, and I could do no work for over one year. I tried some of the best physicians and did almost everything I could hear or think of, and nothing did me any good until I purchased a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup of Hines & Son, druggists, Van Wert, O. Four bottles cured me and have never had it since.

ALBERT KING.

We certify to the above testimonial.

HINES & SON, Druggists.

In Striking Attire.

Dumpsey—I saw Blobson's wife in a striking costume to-day.

Popinjay—Indeed! What was it?

Dumpsey—Why, she had a broomstick in one hand and a flat-iron in the other, and Blobson was helping to wear the broomstick."—*Burlington Free Press.*

The Excitement Not Over.

The rush on the druggists still continues, and daily scores of people call for a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption. Kemp's Balsam, the standard family remedy, is sold on a guarantee and never fails to give entire satisfaction. Price 50c and $1. Trial size free.

A CHICAGO clergyman recently coupled two Cairs on marriage in that city, and escaped without being squeezed.—*Milwaukee Globe.*

"I have been occasionally troubled with Coughs, and in such case have used BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, which have never failed, and I must say they are second to none in the world."—*Felix A. May, Cashier, St. Paul, Minn.*

"CHANGEABLE hosiery" is now fashionable, but a fellow can't well keep in style if he has but one pair of socks.

BEST, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

IF a fellow really wants a niche in the Temple of Fame he has got to come up to the scratch.

"Good and Honest."

St. Jacobs Oil is thus praised:

State of Ohio Treasury Dept., Columbus, Ohio, Feb. 6, 1889.

"I have used St. Jacobs Oil in my family for years, and find it to be the medicine of medicines

FOR GENERAL USE.

It is a good, honest medicine and honest men will not hesitate to recommend it to suffering humanity." JOHN P. SLEMMONS, Bookkeeper.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

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LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

MIDWINTER MUSIC.

Music as a Handmaid, stands ready to assist in all social pleasures and gaieties.

SOCIAL SINGING. "College Songs," (50 Cents.) "College Songs for Banjo, "Guitar," (each $1.) "Good Old Songs we used to sing" ($1.)

TEMPERANCE. "Temperance Crusade, (35c., or $3.60 doz.) Emerson & Morey. "Temperance Rallying Songs," (35 cts., or $3.60 doz.) Ruff.

ANTHEM BOOKS. "Easy Anthems," (30 cts., or $2.70 doz.) Emerson "Anthems of Praise," ($1 or $9 doz.) Emerson "American Anthem Book." ($1.25 or $12 doz.) Dow's "Responses and Sentences," (60 cts. or $5.40 doz.)

EASY CANTATAS. Sacred: "Ruth and Boaz," (65 cts., $6 doz.) "Rebecca," (65 cts. or $6 doz Secular: "Dairy Maids' Supper," (50 cts. or $4.80 doz.) "Garden of Singing Flowers," (40 cts. or $3.60 doz.)

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"Piano Classics," Vol. 1 and Vol 2, "Popular Piano Collection," "Popular Dance Music Collection," "Song Classics for Sop," "Song Classics for Alto," "Classic Baritone and Bass Songs," "Classic Tenor Songs. Each book $1.

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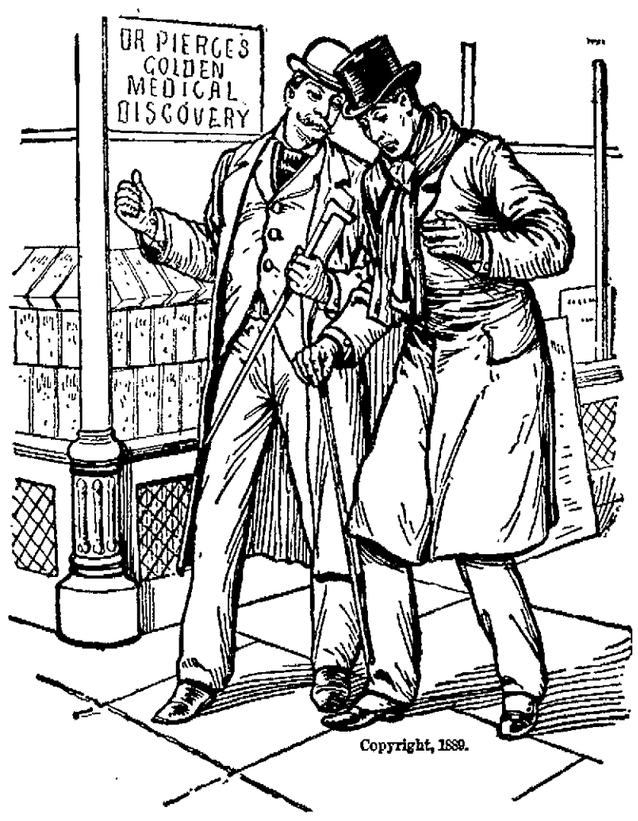

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"ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE."

How often do we hear the above said of some poor pilgrim o'er life's thorny path, whose tottering step, pallid face, unnatural glitter of the eye and hacking cough, and its accompanying involuntary pressure of the hand over the lungs, the seat of the dread disease—consumption—that causes the remark? Too frequently, alas! and in the interests of such unfortunates this is penned, to assure them that their steps need tend no longer towards that narrow receptacle that awaits all—that is, until life's allotted space is covered—from any such cause, for the scientific researches of Dr. R. V. Pierce, of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., resulting in his "Golden Medical Discovery," have wrested from Nature a remedy which never fails to cure this scourge of our race (which is really nothing more nor less than Scrofula of the Lungs), if taken in time and given a fair trial.

For Scrofula in all its myriad forms, whether affecting the lung-tissues or other organs or parts, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a sovereign remedy, and the *only one* that is sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from its manufacturers, that it will benefit or cure, if taken in time and given a fair trial, or money paid for it will be refunded. Enlarged glands, tumors or "bunches," are dissipated by its use; old sores or ulcers healed; "white swellings," hip-joint disease, and kindred ailments, permanently cured. It's a *medicine*, not a beverage; a concentrated vegetable extract, without sugar or syrup in its make-up. Don't beget drunkards. As *peculiar* and marvelous in curative properties as in its composition. It's mission is to *cure*, not palliate.

"Golden Medical Discovery" invigorates and strengthens the liver and lungs, sharpens the appetite, improves digestion, purifies the blood, cleanses the system, and builds up both flesh and strength when reduced by "wasting diseases." It leads all other medicines in amount of sales. There's nothing like it for the diseases for which it is recommended, so don't be fooled into accepting any substitute, said to be "just as good." It's an insult to your intelligence when unprincipled dealers try to palm off something else upon you, *just to make a little better profit!* An honest dealer supplies what his customers want, without questioning their intelligence. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD is offered by the manufacturers of **DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY**, for a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases, no matter of how long standing. 50c., by druggists.

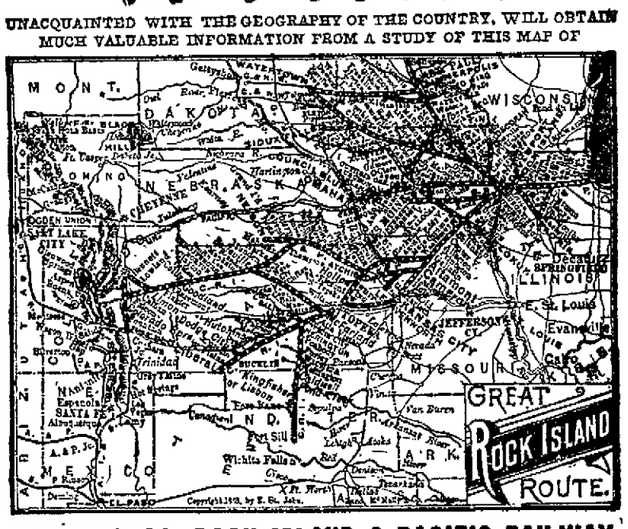
PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

25 CTS 25 CTS

Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,

Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan, and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Pond Creek, Kingfisher, Fort Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—and Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Chicago, Caldwell, Hutchinson, and Dodge City, and Palace Sleeping Cars between Chicago, Wichita, and Hutchinson. Traverses new and vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS,

Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, cool, well ventilated, and free from dust. Through Coaches, Pullman Sleepers, FREE Reclining Chair Cars, and (east of Missouri River) Dining Cars Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Omaha, with Free Reclining Chair Car to North Platte, Neb., and between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver, and Pueblo, via St. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka. Splendid Dining Hotels (furnishing meals at seasonable hours) west of Missouri River. California Excursions daily, with CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from Salt Lake, Ogden, Portland, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The DIRECT LINE to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Garden of the Gods, the Sanitariums, and Scenic Grandeurs of Colorado.

VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE,

Solid Express Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, with THROUGH Reclining Chair Cars (FREE) to and from those points and Kansas City. Through Chair Car and Sleeper between Peoria, Spirit Lake, and Sioux Falls, via Rock Island. The Favorite Line to Pipestone, Watertown, Sioux Falls, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of the Northwest.

THE SHORT LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. CHICAGO, ILL. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Ticket & Pass. Agent.

ASTHMA.

Popham's Asthma Specific Relief in TEN MINUTES.

PETER D. SWOYER, M. D. Fritztown, Pa., writes: "I have had Asthma for 20 years; found no relief until I tried your Specific, which relieved me immediately." Sold by all Druggists. $1 per box, by mail, post paid.

TRIAL PACKAGE FREE. Address, T. POPHAM, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

WANTED SALESMEN and SALESLADIES, both Local and Traveling, to sell Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry. Goods novel and staple, and find a ready sale in all communities. Absolutely no competition. Money refunded if all goods are not as represented, and all bear the guarantee of the manufacturers. We pay a salary of from $12.00 to $30.00 per week. Address for full particulars REED & ANSON, Manufacturing Jewelers' Agents, 153 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

ASTHMA CAN BE CURED. A trial bottle sent Free to any one afflicted. DR. TAFT BRO., Rochester, N. Y.

HOME STUDY Bookkeeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc., thoroughly taught by mail. Circulars free. BRYANT & BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N.Y.

PENSIONS PATENTS, CLAIMS, Send for Circulars. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Atty at Law, Washington, D.C.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us

BETTER THAN GOLD.

RESTORED HER HEALTH.

For 25 years I suffered from boils, erysipelas and other blood affections, taking during that time great quantities of different medicines without giving me any perceptible relief. Friends induced me to try S. S. S. It improved me from the start, and after taking several bottles, restored my health as far as I could hope for at my age, which is now seventy-five years.

MRS. S. M. LUCAS, Bowling Green, Ky.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Health is Wealth!

Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued and genuine only from our Agency. Sold by druggists. Agency, Gross Druggists, Sole Agents, Fort Wayne, Ind., N. E. corner of Wayne and Clinton sts.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages
Allays Pain and Inflammation.
Heals the Sores.
Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY the CURE

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail registered 60 cents. dec3-eod1y
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

The Chastly Record

of deaths that result from malaria is frightful. There is no disease that is so insidious in its attack. Its approach is stealthy and it permeates every fibre of the body, and remedies, which if applied at the outset, by delay lose their power. Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills have proven the most valuable malarial antidote ever discovered. A noted clergyman of New York pronounces them "the greatest blessing of the nineteenth century," and says: "in these days of defective plumbing and sewer gas, no family should be without them." They are pleasant to take, being covered with a vanilla sugar coating.

Tutt's Liver Pills,
SURE ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
Sold Everywhere, 25c.

PAUL E. WOLF.

Steam Carpet Beating.

Carpets taken up, Cleaned and Relaid.

Upholstered Furniture and Mattresses of All Kinds Repaired and Remodeled.

All Work Warranted and Charges Reasonable.

PAUL E. WOLF,
No. 33 AND 35 CLINTON STREET.

$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 81 & 83 Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail prepaid, on receipt of a 2 cent stamp. Sold by Theline & Gross, Druggists, N. E. Clinton and Wayne sts., corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR AND STRENGTH

For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT. Pay in 4 days. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

S. BREIDENSTEIN.

Real Estate & Loans

26 Court Street.

Watch his bulletin for some special bargain

J. M. E. RIEDEL

ARCHITECT,

ABOVE SCHANZ'S GALLERY.

112 CALHOUN ST. - FORT WAYNE, IND

WATER WORKS
—AND—
NATURAL Gas FITTING
—AT—
C. W. BRUNS & CO.,

Plumbers, 166 Calhoun Street, Opp. Cathedral

THE BASS MACHINISTS

Give an Elegant "Hop" at Arion Hall --News Flashed From the Busy Centers.

The first annual ball given last evening, at Arion hall, by the Bass machinists, was a pleasant affair.

The hall was well filled when the orchestra struck up the music for the grand march, which was led by Miss Clara Kutz and Mr. Lewis Zauner, and dance followed dance until midnight, when supper was served.

It was announced on the program that the midnight feast would be "cap screws and pig irons," but it was far from this and was elegant in every particular.

After supper dancing was resumed and the pleasure was kept up until a late hour.

The committees doing the honors of the occasion were:

On Arrangements—Charles Seibt, Henry Zauner, August Fromuth and Lewis Zauner.

On Reception—Charles E. Taylor, Lewis Seibt, Herman Ragel, Gus. Fromuth and Harry Hays.

On floor—Louis Zauner, A. Fromuth, C. Seibt, H. M. Zauner, and C. Taylor.

The affair was one of the best dancing entertainments ever given in the city and reflected credit upon the Bass machinists who are royal entertainers.

GEO. W. STEVENS.

President Ingalls, of the Chesapeake and Ohio, was interviewed at Richmond, Va., by a newspaper reporter.

Referring to the resignation of Mr. Harahan as general manager, he said Superintendent Stevens, with his (Mr. Ingalls') assistance, would run the concern.

"Will Mr. Stevens have his office here or in Cincinnati?"

"He is going to stay right here in Richmond, and nearly everything will be brought back here from Cincinnati. Certainly two of the departments will be brought back very soon, and it is not certain that others will not follow. Richmond is for many reasons the proper place for the general offices. It is in almost every sense a more important point with us than Cincinnati. More work is done in the offices here in a day here is done there in a week."

Upon the retirement of Mr. Harahan, the office of general manager was abolished.

If, in the future, the office is again created, George W. Stevens, at present general superintendent of the road, will be the man called to fill the position. Mr. Stevens is said to be a very capable man and a hustler.

GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

Monday is pay day on the Pittsburg.

The electric light works are invoicing.

President J. H. Bass is at Pittsburg.

Secretary John I. White, of the Bass works, has returned from the west.

C. N. Terrell, third vice grand master of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, is in the city.

General Superintendent E. B. Taylor, of the Pennsylvania, passed through the city last night in his special car.

B. J. Ahrens, of Olds wheel works, suffered a broken leg yesterday by a heavy piece of timber falling on it.

B. F. Miller is the master, and C. P. Holloway the recording secretary of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen of this city.

Ed Pierson, foreman of the Pan Handle shops at Columbus, Ohio, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Pierson, in this city.

E. T. Jeffreys, late general manager of the Illinois Central road, has been offered the position of general manager of the Lake Shore.

W. M. Ruth, formerly master mechanic of the Bass works, has gone to Milwaukee, Wis., where he commences his new duties next week.

Otto Schilling has been appointed successor of N. B. Patterson, as master of transportation of the Peoria, Decatur and Evansville road.

A. B. Stickney, chief train dispatcher of the Mackey lines, has resigned. Joseph Ebret, a former chief train dispatcher, has been appointed his successor.

The Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen hold a meeting at their lodge room tomorrow afternoon. Third Vice Grand Master C. N. Terrell will address them.

C. W. Smith is prominently mentioned for the position of general manager of the Chesapeake and Ohio road. Mr. Smith was for some years general manager of the Indiana, Bloomington and Western.

John Gerding and Jonah Carson have decided to the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne road a strip of land for its side track, between the junction and Hadley station. The papers are filed with County Recorder Thompson.

The law prohibiting the use of stoves or furnaces in passenger cars run on roads in Maryland goes into effect on the first of next May. Several of the Maryland roads are testing the system of heating trains by steam taken from the locomotive.

The Wabash Plain Dealer says: "Will Fisher, the new general passenger agent of the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville road, is shaking up the dry bones on that line. Mr. Fisher is a tireless hustler for business and is getting there with both feet on the 'Great Muncie.'"

The wrong orders of a train dispatcher on the Monon route caused a wreck yesterday at Mitchell, Ind., in which three persons, J. B. Godinger, fireman; W. H. Dillard, engineer; Chas. Wright, mail agent, were killed, and several other persons injured.

General Superintendent Stevens, of the Chesapeake and Ohio road is exciting himself to get all the efficient men who served under him away from the Wabash, says the Wabash Plain Dealer. Half a dozen of "the boys" have already gone, and he is tempting others with such dazzling offers that the Wabash management to retain them has had to advance their salaries. Jim Sullivan, one of the dispatchers at Peru, and as reliable, quick and accurate as any employe on the system, has had his salary advanced to $110 per month to keep him from yielding to the seductive pleadings of "Gentleman George." Newton Cook, formerly yardmaster of the Wabash, at Andrews, but who quit to go farming in Kansas, is considering a proposition from Superintendent Stevens to go to work on the Chesapeake and Ohio.

REPAIRING STREETS

The City Doing So at the Expense of the Salimonie Company.

Some time ago City Attorney Colerick notified the Salimonie Gas and Mining company to repair a large number of streets which were left in a deplorable condition by reason of the natural gas trenches.

These streets were reported by Street Commissioner O'Brien and they were mostly improved ones.

The company failing to comply with the order within the specified time, the council instructed the street commissioner to proceed at once with the work, and the bill for performing the same, will be presented to the Salimonie company for payment. If they refuse to acknowledge it the city will sue the company on its bond. Such is the course mapped out by the city attorney.

So far, Washington street, from Barr street east, and a portion of Calhoun street are the only thoroughfares that have received attention by the street commissioner, except a few alleys also in need of repair, but for this small percentage of the work to be performed the expense amounts to something over $300.

There is much to do yet and it looks as though the Salimonie company will have a healthy bill to nurse before long. The street commissioner will continue with the work when the muddy condition of the streets does not prevent it.

PRIZE BABY SHOW.

World's Museum Commencing Monday, March 3.

First Prize—Diamond Ring.
Second Prize—Baby Carriage.
Third Prize—Baby Toilet Set.
Three other smaller prizes.

Mothers placing their babes on exhibition will receive as much care as at home. Doctor and nurse in attendance every afternoon and evening. Every visitor receives a blank vote; each babe will have a ballot box, and the one receiving the most votes will be entitled to first prize, second largest the second prize, and so on. Any futher information apply to lecturer.

Not One in Ten

Of the people you meet from day to day has perfectly pure, healthy blood. The hereditary scrofulous taint afflicts the large majority of people, while many others acquire diseases from impure air, improper food and wrong indulgences. Hence the imperative necessity for a reliable blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which eradicates every impurity and gives to the blood vitality and health. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, humors, boils, pimples, and all other affections caused by impurities or poisonous germs in the blood. All that is asked for Hood's Sarsaparilla is that it be given a fair trial.

The Beethoven society, of Bonn, owns the last piano used by the composer.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Three democratic governors—Hill, of New York; Campbell, of Ohio, and McKinney, of Virginia—are total abstainers.

A new idea embraced in Ely's Cream Balm. Catarrh is cured by cleansing and healing, not by drying up. It is not a liquid or snuff, but is easily applied into the nostrils. Its effect is magical, and a thorough treatment will cure the worst cases. Price 50c.

With Ely's Cream Balm a child can be treated without pain or dread and with perfect safety. Try the remedy. It cures catarrh, hay fever and colds in the head. It is easily applied into the nostrils and gives relief with the first application. Price 50c.

Berlin is to have an elevated railroad.

Laxador cures Liver Complaint, Bilious Affections and Costiveness. At druggists. Price 25 cts

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP
CURES COUGHS & COLDS FOR 25 ¢

SALVATION OIL
(Price only 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.)
Relieves quickly Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Lumbago, Sprains, Headache, Toothache, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Sores, Backache, &c.

CHEW LANGE'S PLUGS, The Great Tobacco Antidote!—Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.

PERMIT TO SMOKE.

An Ancient German Custom That Enriched the Provincial Treasury.

At the present time Germany might well be called "the smoker's home." Every German has his pipe and can smoke whenever, and within certain limits, wherever he will. There are no restrictions against the use of tobacco and the German can smoke all over the old country's broad domains, except of course, in churches, theaters, etc.

But at one time, in certain parts of Germany, a man did not dare to walk on the street or highway with a pipe in his mouth without special permission to do so, for which he was requested to pay into the treasury of the country a certain yearly stipend. A copy of such an ancient permit, which has been preserved among the relics of his family for years, was shown to us last evening by Mr. C. O. Lepper, the druggist. It was worded as follows:

"This is to testify that Carl, count of Bingen, high sheriff of Mainz, has permission to smoke tobacco for one year, having paid the clerk of the provincial court a tax of eighteen kreuzer (teutscher kours. German currency.)

"Signed and sealed this 26th October, 1729."

Don't Feel Well,

And yet you are not sick enough to consult a doctor, or you refrain from so doing for fear it will alarm yourself and friends—we will tell you just what you need. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will lift you out of that uncertain, uncomfortable, dangerous condition, into a state of good health, confidence and cheerfulness. You've no idea how potent this peculiar medicine is in cases like yours.

Messenger boys are given free rides upon public vehicles in New York.

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for Coughs and Colds does, is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c and $1. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

There are 300 centenarians in England.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clean, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

Ask for Baker's Famous Headache Specific. It never fails to give relief. Sold and guaranteed by Thieme & Gross.

A Lady of Texas Writes:

My case is of long standing; has baffled many physicians; have tried every remedy I could hear of, but Bradfield's Female Regulator is all that relieved me. Write The Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

Madam Fry, City Y. M. C. A., Monday, Feb. 17. Reserved seats, 75c and 50c.

To Buyers of Fine Stock.

The sale of the fine stock is now going on at Lexington, Ky. Those desiring to obtain a map showing the "Blue Grass" regions of Kentucky, and matters of other interest, can do so by calling on W. H. Fisher, C., P. & T. A., 73 Calhoun street. For this occasion the "Muncie Route" will make reduced rates. feb. 14, 16, 17, 19; 24 & 26.

Mark Twain has been invited to England to help receive Stanley.

WHERE THE DANGER LIES.

The Mysterious and Sudden Ending of so Many Lives Fully Accounted For.

The real danger from "Grippe" is in its after effects. Nine-tenths of all deaths resulting are from pneumonia. What is pneumonia? It is a sudden stoppage and filling up of the lungs. Thick, heavy, poisonous mucous gets into the air-cells and prevents breathing. They clog up quickly and death ensues. The only salvation is to keep the lungs working and thus throw off this terrible mucous. There is only one way in which this can be done and that is by stimulating them. Under the influence of a proper amount of pure whiskey, the lungs draw in deep, full breaths and throw out the poisonous air, each time it is exhaled.

But while this is true and whiskey has saved more lives than any other known remedy, if it is not pure whiskey, it is liable to have a bad effect. If it contains fusel oil, a headache or a foul tongue will be the result. On the other hand, when an absolutely pure whiskey like Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey is used no ill effects can by any possibility follow. Prof. Henry A. Mott says: "The purity of Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey (as shown by analytical tests) will fully confirm its absolute and should recommend it to the highest public favor." To all we wish to say, insist upon having Duffy's and do not be persuaded to take any other.

—FOR YOUR—

Hay, Straw, Oats,
Corn, Mill Feed
And Poultry Supplies,
—GO TO—
W. E. MINER'S,
45 EAST COLUMBIA ST.,
(900 6m) TELEPHONE 253.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

FOR COUNTY CLERK: Editor Sentinel—Please announce my name as a candidate for the nomination of county clerk, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.
LOUIS BRAMES.

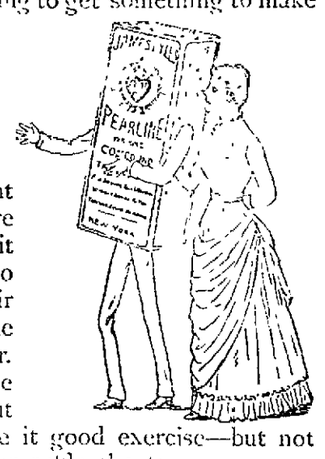
FOR COUNTY CLERK: Editor Sentinel—Please announce my name as a candidate for the nomination of clerk of the Allen circuit court, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.
DANIEL W. SOUDER.

FOR COUNTY CLERK: Editor SENTINEL—Please announce the name of John B. Monning as a candidate for county clerk, subject to the decision of the democratic convention. Mr. Monning is an American born citizen, conversant both in the English and German language and is competent to fill the office with credit to the county.
MANY DEMOCRATS.

FOR RECORDER: Editor Sentinel—Please announce my name as a candidate for the nomination of county recorder, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.
CHAS HAZZARD.

What a Difference

between the woman who is saddled to old-fashioned ideas and she who is bright enough to appreciate a new one. Everybody is striving to get something to make



life easier—often it's right beside them—those who are bright enough to embrace it get the benefits, those who don't go backwards—their work grows harder. Pearline makes life easier and cleaner. Washing and cleaning done with Pearline has about enough work in it to make it good exercise—but not enough to tire the body or ruffle the temper.

Not ours, but the word of the millions who use it as to whether it hurts the hands, clothes or paint—probably your neighbors can tell you all about PEARLINE.

Send it back Peddlers or some unprincipled grocers will tell you "this is as good" or "the same as Pearline." It's never so. IT'S NEVER RIGHT. If your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, he's doing wrong—send it back.

30 Million Pounds
MENIER CHOCOLATE
DRANK AND EATEN EVERY YEAR.
WHY? BECAUSE of all CHOCOLATES
It is the purest and best.
Paris Exposition, 1889 } 3 GRAND PRIZES. 6 GOLD MEDALS.
Ask for YELLOW WRAPPER.
FOR SALE at 40 cents A POUND EVERYWHERE.
BRANCH HOUSE, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK. 6

FRUIT HOUSE PRICES FOR 1890.

This year opens favorable for the people, so far as the Sugar Market is concerned. Last season the great sugar trust had their grip on the market and made it ruinous to the purchaser—so much so that Sugars were advanced in 60 days at least 50 per cent. This is now over—the Sugar Trust is broken and Sugars have declined to a point lower than they ever were—the last reduction is 1 cent per lb.

We now offer Best Extra C., 5c. Best Standard A., 6¼c.
Powdered and Crushed, 7c. Granulated and Cut Loaf, 7c.

COFFEE, COFFEE—Rio, Java and Roasted Coffee.

There has been little change in the Coffee Market the last three months. It is too high yet. The clique has control of the market and keeps prices up. We still sell our best Rio at 20c. lb. This we are enabled to do in consequence of our large purchases and selling direct to our customers—in this way saving the profit of the jobber and wholesale merchant.

Best Rio Coffee, 20c. lb. Choice Old Govt. Jave, 27c lb.
Best Roasted Rio, 23c. lb. Sampson Brand in lb. Packages, 24c.
Sersey Coffee in lb. Packages, 24c. Durham Coffee in Packages, 24c.
Levering's Coffee, 24c. lb.

TEAS, TEAS—Young Hyson, Oolong and Japan.

The high price of Coffee has induced a great many to try Tea—and when it is considered that a pound of Tea can be had for the price of a pound of Coffee and that it will go twice as far, it is not to be wondered at that there is a great increase in our Tea Trade. The truth is we sell double the quantity we used to a few years ago. Our motto is selling large quantities at a small profit, for we purchase direct of the Importers and then in selling direct to our customers we save three profits—the speculator, jobber and the wholesale dealer. We sell a good, rich drawing Tea at 20c. lb., and one grade as low as 10c. lb.

Young Hyson Tea, 20c., 30c.; best, 50c. lb.
Oolong Tea, 30c.; best, 50c. lb.
Imperial Tea, 20c; good, 30c; best, 50c lb.
Gunpowder Tea, good, 30c. best, 50c lb.
Japan Uncolored, good, 30c; best, 50c lb.

CANDIES REDUCED 2c. POUND.

This is owing to the decline on Sugar, which has necessarily affected Candy.

Pure Stick Candy, 10c lb. French Mixed Candy, 10c. Chocolate Drops, 15c lb.
Fancy Bon Bons, 15c and 20c lb. Cinnamon Imperials, 15c lb.
English Walnuts, Brazil Nuts and Soft Shelled Almonds, 12½c and 15c quart.

CALIFORNIA CANNED FRUITS.

California Peaches, 25c can; Bartlet Pears, 25c can; Green Gages, 22c can; Egg Plums, 20c can; White Cherries, 28c can; California Apricots, 20c.

CALIFORNIA DRIED FRUITS.

California Dried Apricots, 20c lb. Peeled Peaches, 25c and 33c lb.
California Silver Prunes, 15c lb; Nectarines, 20c lb; Pitted Plums, 16c lb.

OILS—All Kinds Reduced 10c Gallon.

Machine Oil, Linseed Oil and Lard Oil—Choice Yellow Machine Oil, 20c and 30c gallon; Neats Foot Oil, 70c gallon; Fish Oil, 60c gallon; Lard Oil, 60c gallon: Linseed Oil, 75c gallon; Castor Oil, $1.75 gallon.

Maple Syrups, Golden Drips and New Orleans Molasses.

Extra Golden Drip, 40c gallon; New Orleans, 35c; best, 50c. Choice Maple Syrup, 80c gallon.

FISH FOR THE LENTEN SEASON.

White Fish, Trout, Mackerel and Labrador Herring; also, Codfish and Smoked Halibut. Family White Fish kits, 45c; No. 1 White Fish kits, 80c; Mackerel in kits, $1.00; best, $1.50 and $1.75. Codfish per lb. 8c; Herring, 1c each; Holland Herring, kegs 90c; Scotch Herring, kegs $1.15.

CIGARS, PLUG AND SMOKING TOBACCO.

PLUG TOBACCO—Horse Shoe, 45; J. T. or Big Chunk, 38c, Wild Flower, 40c. FINE CUT—25c; good, 50c; best, 75c. SMOKING—16c; choice, 20c; Durham Smoking, 45c. BOX CIGARS from 50c per box to 80c, $1.00 and $1.40 per box.

You will Save at least 20c on the Dollar by Purchasing at

FORT WAYNE FRUIT HOUSE.

BOSTON T STORE.

Challenge Hams,
English Breakfast Bacon,
Silver Leaf Flour,
Fresh Roasted Coffee Everyday.

Full Line of Fancy and Staple Groceries, Domestic and Tropical fruits.

No. 20 W. BERRY ST.

TELEPHONE 152.

FLORIDA AND RETURN BY THE QUEEN & CRESCENT Jacksonville VIA Chattanooga AND ATLANTA.
IT MAKES THE QUICKEST TIME EVER MADE BY ANY LINE. ONLY 27 HOURS, 20 MIN. TO
SHORTEST LINE TO FLORIDA BY 110 MILES. QUICKEST BY 3 HOURS.
The only line that runs three through Sleeping Cars daily from Cincinnati to Florida and Southeastern points. The Q. & C. is the only line running both Pullman Cars and Mann Compartment Cars to Florida.
Queen & Crescent Trains leave Central Station. Secure tickets in any part of United States.
D. G. EDWARDS, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt, QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

From Pennsylvania Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains run by Central Time.

Leave and Arrive at Fort Wayne, by the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railway, as follows.

GOING EAST:	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 20, Mail Express.....	1 20 p m	1 40 p m
No. 8, d, East Line.....	7 46 p m	8 00 p m
No. 2, d, Penn'a Limited..	8 53 p m	9 00 p m
No. 4, d, Atlantic Ex.....	5 10 a m	5 20 a m
No. 58, Chicago Accom...	10 50 p m	.....
No. 62, Plymouth Accom.	8 55 a m	.....
No. 10, Crestline Accom..	.....	7 00 a m
No. 60, Chicago Express..	11 55 a m	.....
GOING WEST:	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 3, d, Pacific Express..	1 35 a m	1 45 a m
No. 5, d, Penn'a Limited..	5 35 a m	5 45 a m
No. 1, East Line.....	11 20 a m	11 40 a m
No. 9, d, Western Ex.....	5 10 p m	5 15 p m
No. 11, Crestline Accom..	6 45 p m	.....
No. 61, Plymouth Accom.	.....	4 00 p m
No. 59, Chicago Accom....	.....	6 30 a m

†Daily except Monday; all other trains daily except Sunday.

NORTH DEPOT.
[MUNCIE ROUTE]

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER RAILROADS.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.

Through car service between Fort Wayne and Indianapolis. Solid trains between Fort Wayne and Cincinnati.

Central Standard Time.

TIME CARD. Dec. 1, 1889.	No. 5. Daily.	No. 1. Ex-S'dy.	No. 3. Daily.
Fort Wayne..lv	6:00 a. m.	10:25 a. m.	6:05 p. m.
Indianapolis..ar	10:30 a. m.	3:50 p. m.	10:50 p. m.
Cincinnati...ar	——	5:30 p. m.	——
Louisville....ar	——	7:00 p. m.	——
RETURNING:	Daily.	Ex-S'dy.	Daily.
Louisville....lv	——	7:20 a. m.	——
Cincinnati....lv	——	7:50 a. m.	——
Indianapolis.lv	7:00 a. m.	11:10 a. m.	3:05 p. m.
Fort Wayne.ar	11:35 a. m.	3:45 p. m.	7:40 p. m.

ONE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP

Between all stations from Fort Wayne to Muncie on Sundays. Two Sunday trains each way. Trains leave from North Side depot. Rates to Cincinnati and points South less than via. any other line.

WABASH RAILWAY.
MARCH 31, 1889.

GOING WEST.	Depar
Pacific Express, daily	5 00 a. m.
Kansas City ex. daily ex'pt Sunday	1 45 p. m.
Vestibule Limited and Mail	8 17 p. m.
Lafayette accom	3 30 p. m.
GOING EAST.	Depart
Vestibule limited daily	5 05 a m
Cannon Ba except Sunday	1 36
Limited Expr daily	8 25
Lafayette accom. rives 11 a m.	

INDIANA DIVISION TIME CARD.

Lv Ft Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 00 a m	10 30 a m
1 45 p m	6 20 p m
Lv Indianapolis	Ar Ft Wayne
7 15 a m	1 20 p m
1 10 p m	6 10 p m
7 00 p m	5 00 a m

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars and new free chair cars on the Pacific and Limited express. Free chair cars dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
Time Table for Fort Wayne in Effect Nov. 10, '89

GOING NORTH.			
*For Grand Rapids and North	Lv 3 00 a m		
" " "	" 8 05 a m		
For Grand Rapids	" 2 40 p m		
From Richmond	Ar 6 10 p m		
GOING SOUTH.			
For Richmond and Cincinnati	Lv 5 45 a m		
" " "	" 1 00 p m		
" " "	" 12 10 a m		
From Grand Rapids	Ar 6 30 p m		

*Daily between Cin. and Grand Rapids. All other trains daily except Sunday.

Headquarters for Harness.

A complete outfit in the Harness line at Bottom prices. No. 39 Harrison St.

SCHONE, WELLMAN & SCHOPFMAN,

Undertakers & Enbalmers
OFFICE: 39 W. BERRY ST.
Open day and night. Orders can be left at the office, or at No. 225 East Washington street, or at No. 44 Pritchard st. dec 0-dawtm
TELEPHONE 278.

DR. SANDEN'S
ELECTRIC BELT
WITH SUSPENSORY FOR WEAK MEN

INVIGORATES DISABILITATED OR OVER-DISCRETIONS or EXCESSES CURE by this New ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY MONEY. Made for this specific purpose. Cure of Generative Weakness, giving Freely, Mild, Soothing, Continuous Currents of Electricity through the WEAK PART, restoring to full VITALITY and MANLY STRENGTH. If Electric Current fails to Instantly, or we forfeit $5000 in cash. Belt & Suspensory Complete $5. and up. Worst cases Permanently Cured in three months. Sealed pamphlet Free. SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., 169 La Salle St., CHICAGO, ILL.

TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address, Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND

Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal. Perfectly safe. Is used monthly. Safe. Effectual. Price $1, by mail, sealed. Ladies, ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute, or inclose 2 stamps for sealed particulars. Address POND LILY CO. PANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

WEAK MEN MADE STRONG

FREE TO ALL MEN.

Sealed Treatise explaining absolute and perfect CURE without stomach drugging, for Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Lack of Vigor and Development, Premature Decline, Functional Disorders, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, etc.
THE MARSTON CO., 19 Park Place, New York, N. Y.

P. E. COX,
PRACTICAL
Sanitary Plumber,
Has opened a shop at
No. 29 West Main Street.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT
Reasonable Prices

STYLES FOR THE FAIR.

DRESSES MUST BE MADE PLAINER THAN EVER.

These Are the Palmy Days of Feminine People with Good Figures—A Word Concerning Wraps—The Latest Fad in Stockings—A Shopping Incident.

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]

COLD weather has well nigh forgotten itself in the Eastern and Southern cities, but even there a few touches of low temperature have lately reminded people that winter is more than two months old, while throughout the Northwest the first two months of the year have been more seasonable. Many of the women who meant to do without winter wraps see the error of their ways, and the heart of the cloak-dealer rejoices as he says, blandly: "Not this week, madam; we really cannot do it for the next fortnight—we are so crowded with work." Under the circumstances the average woman has to set her wits to work to devise an outer garment which shall have all the air of a made-to-order, unduplicated, stylish, and altogether soul-satisfying wrap. Now, if the woman has an efficient ally in her dress-maker, she can get a valuable hint from the accompanying picture. It will furnish just the golden mean between the heavy sealskin and the light cape; in fact, it is just what is wanted in our present climate. It should be made of some plain, fine cloth, preferably in one of the lighter shades of brown. The model shown in Fig. 1 is in one of the soft, indescribable tints known as ashes-of-roses, and is heavily braided across the front, to the very top of the collar, in silk braid just enough darker in color to make a pleasant contrast. Every row of braid on the front, as well as on the long cuffs, has its small button covered to match. The sleeves

FIGURE I.

are full from shoulder to elbow, where they end with a rather narrow band of ostrich trimming like that which outlines the wide braided front.

One of the most disappointed girls must have been the stylish maiden who saw a few snow-flakes in New York gradually melt away under an August sun. And why? Just look at the skating-dress which she has been preparing for herself (see figure 2). If you can imagine a pretty girl clothed in a gown of dark but glowing scarlet, with skirt and sailor blouse and sleeves so full as to furnish sufficient warmth without any jacket, and with just a suspicion of black velvet at the wrists and around the edge of her red cap, you can imagine why the owner of that costume feels that her health demands a colder climate. Her long boa and muff come in very handily for finishing touches, and no one will deny that she has reason to look pensive. I have sketched her as an interesting exhibit of a wintry toilet.

Some of the women who have money left over in plenty after buying the costliest finery are making costume albums. A book of this kind was picked up by a visitor to New York in the drawing-room of a young matron well known in society. On the first page was a full-length photograph of Mrs. Blank, in her bridal robes, apparently fresh from the altar; while on the opposite page was an artistic arrangement of the materials that had composed the bridal toilet, satin and lace, with even stray orange blossoms deftly painted here and there. The next page represented her in a well-fitting tailor-made suit, apparently just on the point of starting on her honeymoon, while the opposite page again supplied evidence as to the colors and materials which the photograph could not give. The rest of the book was arranged on a similar plan, the left-handed page being reserved for a photograph of gown and wearer, while the right contained specimens of the materials and trimmings. Considerable ingenuity and taste were displayed in the exhibits of the latter, each page being adorned with some appropriate emblem, either embroidered or painted, and carrying the date when the costume first appeared in public. Aside from the fancifulness of

FIGURE II.

the idea, it really gave a most entertaining chapter from her social history. To the owner of course it would prove a book of memories, recalling to her many otherwise forgotten events in her life.

A series of photographs, taken at different times, of any one person, never fails to be instructive. If you do not believe it, gentle reader, just collect all the work of art fondly supposed to portray yourself, from your earliest infancy up to the present day, and you will no longer doubt my words. You may marvel at the fashions in dress of your earliest period, but you will perhaps find more edifying changes in the wearer. All your little idiosyncrasies will come out in some picture or other, and you will arise from the study of this portrait gallery with some entirely new ideas of yourself. Collectively the photographs produce an effect which individually they could never have.

Do you carry a satchel when you go shopping? Wonderful how hard it is to trace a penny among all the stuff in the bag! Besides, you never know if there really is a penny there or not. To be sure you always drop your small change into it, but now that the clasp of the bag has taken to bursting open you can't be sure you don't lose a good deal. When you hold the bag on end and shake it you hear something rattle, but you know that package of steel buttons came loose in the bag last week, and you are always thinking the buttons are nickels. Of course you can't see; you just have to drag out whatever you get hold of. If you could only keep from getting the bag so jammed full, or induce the clasp to stay closed. It is so embarrassing to go along spilling pictures and pennies and letters out of a gaping bag; besides, it is so dangerous. Of course you never meant to carry your pocket-book in the bag—it is so unsafe; but somehow you have got into the habit of just dropping it in, and every shopping day of your life you expect the bag to open and spill out all your wealth as well as your new purse. It would be so easy, too, for any one to open the bag without your knowing it and take what they want. To be sure you try to keep a clutch on the clasp all the time, but concentrate your mind as you may you will keep forgetting, and it drives you into a nervous chill whenever you recollect yourself.

Here is a shopping incident: "What sort of a woman is she? Well, I'll tell you. She is the kind of woman that always gets a seat in a street car." I heard a woman say that in describing another. When pressed for an explanation she went on to say: "Why, don't you know that the woman who goes into a car, selects some man, and coolly and deliberately stares at him for a few seconds, always gets a seat? You see, her victim can't stand it. First he gets nervous, and tries to look unconcerned and preoccupied. Then he fidgets and shuffles about. Finally he weakens, and with a faint 'Take my seat, madam,' abdicates in her favor. I would scorn to do such a thing," concluded the speaker. "I am a working woman, but I realize that men sometimes are tired. I don't stare at any unfortunate, and I scarcely ever get a seat in a crowded train."

These are unmistakably the palmy days of the feminine people with good figures. The latest utterances of those in authority say that dresses must be plainer and straighter than ever—tailor made of the tailor-made—without a drape or a wrinkle anywhere. Even the sleeves in these dresses are straight and plain, though rather high upon the shoulders. As a result, these plain costumes show an inclination toward figured or striped materials or even checks, and towards combinations. The engraving shown in figure 3 shows a happy compromise between extremes. The main part of the gown is of plain navy-blue camels-hair serge, and is combined with striped goods in blue-gold and brown, which serves for the lapels of the coat-basque, and for the cuffs and the bands which finish off the skirt. Without the demi-train it makes an admirable street costume.

The latest nice thing in stockings? Hey? A girl's foot, of course. But I mean the latest fad, which is to have stockings of contrasting colors. For example, a pale green silk on your right foot and a terra cotta on your left. Snakes and other reptiles of creepy inclination are now embroidered on hosiery. A serpent that is ambitious, or a lizard whose motto is excelsior, are popular adornments of my lady's stockings. Great care must be taken to show this collection of creeping things to masculine eyes. Then undoubtedly will ensue that old, old excuse: "It was the serpent that tempted me." At a reception a foot was repeatedly extended for inspection. Much, much may be pardoned a pretty foot daintily shod, but this pedal extremity of a well-known authoress was clad in a bright pink silk stocking, which tended to make her plump foot look of generous breadth. When will women learn that black is the only suitable covering for feet that are not

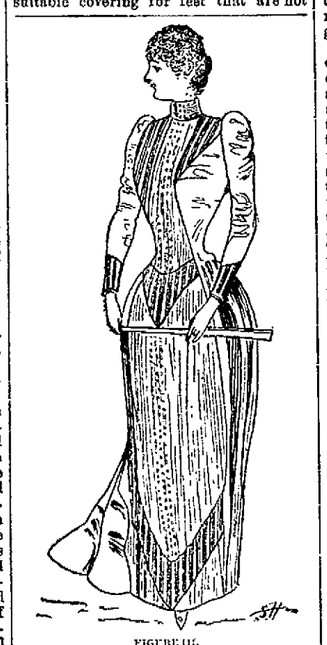


FIGURE III.

fairylike in size?—*Daisy Dart, in Chicago Ledger.*

Trying to Cook Snow.

A little California girl, finding snow in the piazza corners one morning, and, supposing it to be a new kind of flour, made up several "patty cakes," and gravely took them into the kitchen to cook them.

She put them on top of the range at the back, and went out at once for more "dough." When she returned, her mother's Chinese cook stood by the range with a broad grin on his usually stolid face.

"Oh, Sam, did you go and eat my cookies?" cried Lily.

"Fire eatee Lily's cooky," answered the smiling Sam.

After the little girl's mother had been called, and had explained the mystery, Sam told how he also had once been deceived as to the nature of snow.

Sam had been a laundryman in San Francisco when he first came to America, and it was quite natural that he should apply the unknown substance to the uses of his trade.

"Me no findee snow a' China, all samee here," he said. "Me findee heap snow down San F'an'sco one day. Me catchee pan full, all samee starch! Hot water! Starch all gone, all samee Lily's cooky."

His Family.

In making final proof before the United States land office, Judge Guichard, of Walla Walla, usually asks: "Have you a family?" Most of them answer in the affirmative, but the other day he got hold of a man who had the biggest family on record. "Have you a family?" said the Judge, as he pulled down his vest. "Yes, sir," said the man, somewhat confused. "What does it consist of?" continued Mr. Guichard. "Well," said the man, looking up toward the ceiling, so as to refresh his mind and give a true account, "a wife and twelve children, two married, a hired man, a gang plow, a sagger a Bain wagon and a span of mules." "That's enough," said the Judge with a smile, and the settler got his papers without any further trouble.

THE man who is given to sober reflection seldom gets into a tight place.

HOW GLASS IS BLOWN.

AN HOUR IN THE INTERIOR OF A GLASS FACTORY.

Many Beautiful Forms Produced Without Much Aid from Tools or Machinery—An Art in Which Little or No Progress Has Been Made in the Last Three Hundred Years.

THAT the glass-blowing industry ought to be one of the principal factors of the commercial prosperity of the United States is apparent at once to any one who considers how instinctively the average American takes to any mechanical art which demands personal smartness and activity rather than complex theories carried out to practical conclusions. Glass-blowing is perhaps the most striking illustration of diversity of forms obtainable with the minimum of tools, of the emancipation of the struggling operative from costly machinery and a long apprenticeship in many branches. Three hundred years of steady development in the technical arts have added little or nothing to the resources of the glass-bower, and the tools retain the primitive simplicity of the days of Queen Elizabeth and the Venetian artists in inimitable glass-work. The only important labor-saving invention, that of bottle-molding, is an American device.

Withal, glass-blowing as an art has receded rather than advanced within the last three centuries, just as painting has done. The Venetian artists in glass have left no successors. Beautiful effects are still obtainable in stained-glass windows and ornamental goblets, but a collection of sixteenth century relics is not indicative of modern progress, or of any comparison which can be said to be other than odious.

Entering a glass factory, the first object which attracts attention is the great central furnaces in which the glass is melted. The most unobservant person will have noticed that ordinary glass presents itself in three aspects—brown, green, and stainless white or flint glass. The former tints are due to the presence of iron-oxide in the sand, which is one of the principal ingredients. When colorless glass is desired the iron has to be eliminated, or the color masked by suitable means, and it is a noteworthy fact that a proportion of iron in the sand too small to be indicated by the most delicate assay will impart a distinct hue to glass. Different metallic oxides impart different hues;

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN GLASSBLOWERS.

thus tin or arsenic will render the product white and opaque, gold will give a ruby red, copper in the form of black oxide with a little iron ore will yield an emerald-green product; cobalt-oxide a blue, manganese a purple, oxide of uranium a yellow, and so on.

It follows that where colorless glass is desired the greatest care has to be taken to insure the use of sand in which the metallic oxides referred to are distinguished by their absence.

The furnace takes up quite a large part of the room in a glass factory, and is circular in form, to allow the operators to approach the pots from all sides. The accompanying cut will give an idea of the arrangement of the melting-pots on the siege or true floor of the furnace. As these melting-pots are of large size (some are fifty-five inches in diameter) and have to withstand continuously a heat which will easily melt iron or steel, it follows that they have to be made of well kneaded, tempered and annealed fire-clay. There is a glorious uncertainty about the life of a melting-pot. It may give way and break up in eight hours, or it may last for months. In any case the sides wear through and get thin in the lapse of time from the absorption of the clay into the vitrified molten mass within. Just so long as a good pot can be patched up and fortified it is kept in use, but when a pot has to be removed, no matter under what circumstances, it means a hot, hard day's work for all hands. The first thing is to dislodge the broken fragments of the pot, or the whole affair bodily if not broken, by battering-ram

THE MARVER.

blows directed with a gigantic crowbar into the interior of a furnace heated like unto that into which Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego were cast in the days of old. When the work is completed, the new pot, already annealed and heated to whiteness, has to be placed in position, and as the pot and contents may weigh many hundred pounds, the ordeal is necessarily a severe one. Burns and blisters are every-day occurrences in a glass factory, but the visitor soon learns one lesson. If he wishes to avoid burns and blows he will not seek to get out of the way of the men. He will act most wisely in recognizing that they have an independent intelligence. The man who keeps cool in crossing a street will be safe in walking under the noses of the horses; the nervous pedestrian who advances, turns back, and then stands still has only himself to thank if he is run over.

It is a busy scene, this interior of a glass factory in full blast. About 100 hands, men and boys in nearly equal proportions, are employed. First the operator sticks the end of a long iron tube into a glowing white hole and draws the instrument forth with a glistening gelatinous-looking mass at the end. He rolls this mass actively for a few moments on a flat slab called a "marver," from a corruption of the French word marbre, meaning marble, that substance being formerly employed in making the slabs. The marver is placed in a slightly inclined position on a wooden slab, and the rolling of the glass on the surface, easy as it looks, is quite an art.

While the glass is still in the soft, pasty condition the operator blows it slightly and guides the lump into the interior of a mold closed by a treadle, blowing it all the time. The transformation is almost instantaneous, and when the pressure on the treadle is released the tube is withdrawn with a "full-blown" bottle at the end of it. As already remarked, this bottle-mold is an American invention, and the saving in the case of cheap goods is very great. The bottles are annealed—a process of reheating and gradual cooling—and finished off at the necks, etc., by manipulation at the "glory-holes" of smaller furnaces.

In another part of the factory the visitor witnesses the making of carboys, or the huge jars employed to hold acids and liquids in bulk; the final shape in this instance also being given by pressure in a suitable mold. The carboy, before being taken to the annealing furnace, is detached from the blowing-rod by a dexterous flip on the neck with a stream of water, which cuts off the carboy as clean as if a knife or file were used. A similar expertness is exhibited by a neighboring workman, who, before expanding the "gathering" of molten glass into a carboy, examines it critically to detect flaws

BLOWING GLASS CARBOY.

and impurities undiscernible to an ordinary eye. These flaws are picked out with a hot iron tool, just as a cook would extract a plum or cherry stone from a mass of dough.

Michigan Robins.

BIRDIE-KIN, birdie-kin, don't fly away," said Aunt Helen gently, as she drew near to a tiny fat birdling that sat perched on the porch railing one warm Sabbath afternoon, its little round head, tucked into the plump, thickly feathered body, making it look as if it had no neck at all.

But birdie did not seem to want to fly away; he only turned his head a little so as to see her better, and looked at Aunt Helen with his bright round eyes as if he would say:

"You won't hurt me, I know. Please let me sit still: I'm dreadfully tired."

So Aunt Helen cooed over him a second or two, and then, as he didn't seem a bit afraid, quietly went back into the house and called the twin girls, saying:

"Come and see what I found on the back porch just now." And then, nolding over their heads to their father, said: "You come along, too, Charlie. I want you to put a little bird back into its nest for me."

"No use," said their father, shaking his head. "It'll fly away as soon as we attempt to touch it; they always do. I've tried it too often."

"Please try again," said Aunt Helen, coaxingly: "I am afraid the cats will catch it if we don't." Then to the children: "Softly, softly," as the little feet pattered and clattered on the bare kitchen floor, and the little tongues chattered and chattered as only twin girlies' tongues can. "Softly, softly, or you will frighten the poor, tired birdie."

But I guess he was too tired to be afraid of anything, for he only winked and winked the gray lids of his round eyes, as if he were getting sleepy, and nestled into a rounder ball than ever as the little girlies "Ah-ed" and "Oh-ed," and their father repeated:

"No use; he'll fly away as soon as I attempt to touch him. They always do!"

But this bird didn't: he didn't even flutter or try to get away, as the long, strong fingers closed so gently round him.

So they all went up-stairs to Aunt Helen's room. First Aunt Helen, then papa, with the birdie, and then the little lassies.

Then Aunt Helen threw her window open wide and showed papa the cute little nest in the berry basket fastened close under the eaves, out of which, she felt quite sure, birdie must either have flown or fallen, as all summer long she had had a pair of olds birds there and fed them crumbs and seeds on her windowsill, and in the spring time given hair and threads to rebuild their nest—to make it soft and nice for the little newcomers.

It was a good thing papa was so tall and had such nice, long arms, for he couldn't have reached the nest at all if he had been a little, short-armed man.

Well, he put the little birdie in, and the papa and mamma birds flew to the nest, and the little twin girlies "Ah-ed!" and "Oh-ed!" again, and they all thought what a happy little bird-family that now would be.

But by-and-by Aunt Helen heard no end of a fuss outside of her window, and when she looked out what do you suppose she saw?

The two old birds flying about that nest and chattering and chippering and scolding and flapping their wings at a great rate.

She tried to find out what it all meant, but she couldn't understand bird-talk, and the birdies couldn't talk English. But she began to be afraid that she had gotten a strange bird-baby into that nest, and that the papa and mamma birds had found out that it wasn't their child at all.

Pretty soon night fell and all grew quiet in eaves-land. But the next morning when she wanted to give the birdies their breakfast the nest was quite empty: the birds had all flown, and she never knew why or where.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Understood the Family.

Monsieur wanted the picture hung to the right; madame wanted it on the left. But monsieur insisted that the servant should hang the picture according to his orders. Consequently Joseph stuck a nail in the wall on the right, but this done he also went and stuck another in on the left.

"What is that second nail for?" his master inquired in astonishment.

"It's to save me the trouble of fetching the ladder to-morrow when monsieur will have come round to the views of madame."—*London Punch.*

"White in a Single Night."

Chemists have discovered that the hair contains an oil, a mucus substance, iron and carbonate of iron, phosphate and oxide of magnesia, besides a large proportion of sulphur. White hair contains also phosphate of magnesia, and its oil is nearly colorless. When hair becomes suddenly white, from fright or other causes, it is probably owing to the sulphur absorbing the oil, as in the operation of whitening linen clothes.

ONE of the items in a bill received by the select men of Eastport, Maine, for the maintenance of an estrayed Eastport pauper by another town was $10 for popcorn cakes.

A POUND of cure ought to be sovereign remedy.

VERY EXCITING SPORT.

CATCHING ALLIGATORS IN SOUTHERN SWAMPS.

Traps Laid for Saurians and How the Savage Beasts Sometimes Fall Into Them—Rejoicing by the Entire Colored Population When the Captive Is Finally Killed.

FOR days after having left the plantation of Col. Jim Thompson, near Alligator Swamp, N. C., Denton, myself, and Caleb, our colored guide, continued our journey still horseback in a southwesterly direction toward the South Carolina line, writes a correspondent of the Chicago *Times*. The country we passed over was one continuous network of rivers, creeks, swamps, lagoons, and morass. A great portion of it was densely

EFFECTS OF THE SNUFF.

timbered with cypress, pine, oak, and sycamore (the latter the old Southern buttonwood).

It was populated pretty thickly in a few sections only. The great swamp tracts, covering thousands of acres, contained but few whites, however, the population being made up of negroes, whose indolent nature and impervious organization rendered them proof against malaria and steady work.

Lassitude and superstition grow more prevalent as we journeyed toward the Gulf, until as we approached South Carolina we found the blacks, like the islanders of the south seas, idling away their time lolling about in the shade or congregated at corner stores in groups waiting for that long-looked-for and always expected "forty acres and a mule." Caleb wasn't one of that kind, however. He was much more intelligent than the majority, energetic as negroes go, and withal brave and somewhat rash—an almost unaccountable feature with the tar-heel darky.

One afternoon we approached a branch of Waccamucca River at the edge of a big swamp. A darky ferryman lay on the sand of the beach in the broiling sun, with his mouth wide open, sound asleep. His scow, a flat-bottomed boat perhaps twenty feet long, was tied to the shore awaiting doubtless the arrival of some travelers like ourselves. Beyond on the opposite side of the stream the country stretched away in a broad savanna with fields of cotton and corn, with here and there the typical log cabin of some negro tenant or laborer, while at a distance below of half a mile or more the white walls and ivy-covered verandas of some planters' residences brought the first pleasant relief to our eyes and senses for over a week past.

The old Virginia and North Carolina darky is as full of anything that partakes

TRAPPING AN ALLIGATOR.

of fun as an egg is full of meat, and Caleb was no exception. Begging us not to interrupt the slumbers of our prospective Sharon, he dismounted, took an immense pinch of snuff, and, quietly slipping up to the darky, dropped the whole mass fairly down his wide-stretched nostrils. The next few seconds were rife with a display of facial contortions it would be folly to undertake to describe. The old darky drew in his nostrils until his flat nose looked ready to disappear altogether. His immense mouth, which a moment before had gaped open wide enough to frighten a rhinoceros, closed like a fly-trap, while his upper lip flew up over his nose. For an instant the entire black face writhed and contorted with the most surprising facility. Then his eyelids flew open and a volcano tore loose. No such sneeze was ever heard in that peaceful locality, and the noise startled the flamingos along the beach.

Just as the old darky gave vent to that tremendous sneeze Caleb let go a couple of shots from an old duck-gun over his head. That finished the old fellow. With a yell of mortal terror he went heels over head into the river. Fortunately the water was shallow and he ran no risk of drowning, but it was with some difficulty that we persuaded him that we were not devils and induced him to come ashore.

"'Fore God, gemmen, dis niggah 'spected ole Gabel'd tooted his hawn. What foh you white folks want scare yoh ole Uncle Joe to def foh?"

When the old fellow found that there was no danger of getting hurt, he began to get mad, and the end would probably have been a fight with Caleb but for the present of a bright silver half-dollar. That settled it, and we were soon making our way at a snail's pace across the river.

When about half-way over a faint yell was heard, coming apparently from up the narrow stream which emptied into the river just above, coming from the depths of the swamp.

Old Joe began to get excited, and went to work with a vim, pulling on the rope which spanned the stream.

"What does that noise mean?" asked Denton, as another yell, louder than before, came floating down to us.

"Dat? Wy dat jes means dat dem niggas cot a 'gator, an' a big one at dat!"

"An alligator? You don't mean that there are any alligators in that swamp?"

"Dat I dus, honey. Dey's lots 'gators 'bout here, an' dey's def on pigs and dogs an' little niggas. Wy on'y las' Sat'dy a big 'gator jis scooped up an' swallered two uv the ole woman's pigs. An' ole Jake Tonsing los' a fine ca'f yest'd'y mawnin rite up dar," pointing to a small cabin about 200 yards above.

All of us caught the excitement, and it wasn't many minutes before we were ashore at the mouth of the little river. Old Uncle Joe tied up his scow and we fastened our horses to the trees, knowing we could not use them in the swamp. A walk of about 100 yards over the morass brought us to an open space where the creek widened and deepened into a small lake. Here we found about a dozen men and boys surrounding a tremendous alligator, which was doing his level best to get back to the water and to snap up some of the more venturesome darkies. He was fully 100 feet away, however, and the crowd had surrounded him with long poles and axes. Whenever an opportunity presented itself one or the other would hit him over the nose with his long pole, while two or three who had axes were trying to get in a blow at his head, but with poor success. However, they kept the saurian from getting away while one old fellow was trying to slip a noose over his head. The old darky had the rope hung over the end of a long pole with which he tried to slip it over the alligator's neck, but the old reptile was too smart, with all his apparent awkwardness, and he kept his long snout from being caught by swinging it out of the way or snapping at the rope.

Just as we came up, a little darky about 14 or 15 years old got within reach of the alligator's tail. That useful organ flew around and struck the boy just below the small of the back and knocked him twenty feet away, landing him in a big bunch of swamp grass. The boy was the son of an old fellow who had been standing in front of the 'gator, looking for an opportunity to fire a load of shot out of an old musket into the animal's eyes. Infuriated at his hopeful's mishap, and perhaps thinking that he was badly hurt, the old darky banged away. For all the damage he did the alligator, he may as well have fired at a sheet of boiler-iron. The shot glanced off the alligator's hide and frescoed three or four of the darkies, and then pandemonium broke loose. They forgot all about the 'gator, and went for that old darky. If it hadn't been for the new arrivals the animal would have got away doubtless, and the old musketeer would have got a threshing, but we called them off, and went more systematically to work to capture the saurian.

While one stood on each side, poking their poles at his eyes whenever he tried to turn or back away, old Joe took the rope and pole and soon had the noose over his head. Then, with a yell of satisfaction, the darkies all got hold of the heavy rope and pulled it taut.

One end was turned about a tree, and as fast as a foot was gained the slack was taken up, until after a half-hour's hard labor the alligator's nose was pulled close up to the tree.

During the entire time taken up in landing the 'gator safely the air was interlarded with interjections and ejaculations of hatred from the darkies who had suffered to appease his ravenous appetite:

"Swallered my yaller pup las' week, did yo', you 'fernal scoun'el?"

"Chawed up ole Gabe's cat, um! humph! Gess ye dun creatin' 'sturbance in dis yer naborhood?"

"I dun spec' youse same ole 'gator what got Cato Smif's boy las' summer. Won't have no more good times mastercatin' little niggas, you ole debbil!"

The alligator made a last struggle to escape. He snapped his great jaws with their rows of long, sharp teeth, thrashed his long, dangerous tail about, but it was useless; the negroes soon put an end to his career with an ax. After he was killed they drew him up and skinned him and knocked out his teeth. The fat was taken away to be tried into oil, and the rest of the carcass left for the buzzards, which were already sailing overhead, having scented their prey from afar.

On the way back to the boat, accompanied by the crew of 'gator-hunters, we learned how they had trapped the alligator. The saurian is extremely fond of dogs, which they often follow into the fields for quite a distance in hopes, doubtless, of capturing some unlucky canine. For some weeks past we learned an alligator had been creating havoc among the pigs and calves of the negroes along the edge of the swamp and they had determined to capture or kill it. Knowing its weakness they had tied a half-grown pup to a small tree about 200 yards from the river early that morning, and while one of their number stood on watch for the first appearance of their victim the rest of the crowd retired to the shade, and, negro-like, stretched themselves out for a nap. It was afternoon, just before we arrived at the river bank, when the boy on watch reported the presence of the 'gator. The negroes waited until he was within a few feet of the crying and howling pup before they broke cover. Whether they would have succeeded in killing their enemy without help is a question of serious doubt to my mind. However, when they did finally succeed in killing him they were the most delighted lot of darkies I had seen in many days.

"The Tail of Roberto."

Speaking of that stereotyped answer of the bookseller, "We haven't the book in now, but will send and get it," the "Listener" recalls a story. In a certain family every member wrote out a list of the Christmas presents that he or she would like to get, and hung it up on the chimney-piece, for the guidance of those who were going to make gifts. It was rather convenient and nice all around. But a young man of the family conceived the idea of throwing a little humor into the list of things that he wanted, and among the other articles that he put down as desirable Christmas present for himself he included "The tail of Roberto." Now Roberto was the name of a cat that lived in the house, and the young man could not possibly have the cat's tail for a present, because it was bob-tailed. It was a fairly good joke, but it happened that a member of the family, who wasn't very good at orthography, took this entry for the name of a book, and, having a partiality for the young man, started off on a tour through the bookstores in search of it.

"Have you 'The Tale of Roberto?" she asked at a very large and entirely first-class store.

The bookseller scratched his head a moment and made answer:

"No, we haven't it in stock just now, but we can send and get it for you!"

Embarrassing.

"Did you use your French while you were in Paris?" asked a young woman of a friend who had just returned from a European tour.

"Once or twice—but it was embarrassing."

"Why?"

"We nearly always had to tell what we wanted in English before we could get any one to understand us."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Obliging Indeed.

"Please tell me where I am to go. I was invited to see the transit of Venus."

"I am extremely sorry, madam, but you are too late. The transit was over fifteen minutes ago."

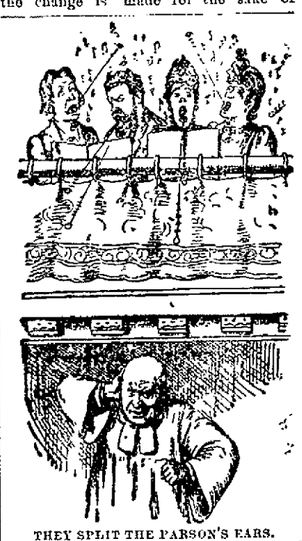
"Oh, that's no matter. The superintendent is a friend of mine, and I am sure he will have it done again for me."—*Fliegende Blatter*

THE CHURCH CHOIR BOY.

A REMARKABLE INNOVATION IN A BROOKLYN CHURCH.

The Introduction of the Boy Soprano Promises to Put a Stop to the Squabbles of Feminine Singers—Relief for a Distracted Preacher.

A REMARKABLE innovation, which will probably extend to many Episcopalian churches throughout the country, has lately been introduced by Rev. Dr. Vandervater, an Episcopalian clergyman, of Brooklyn, N. Y. In his choir, which is one of the finest in the city, the men and boy singers are surpliced. Hereafter the ladies are also to wear the choral surplice. A dressing-room is provided, where they can remove their wraps and robe themselves in the long, snow-white robes and the regulation neck-band, and deep, loose-hanging sleeves. Dr. Vandevater contends that the change is made for the sake of



THEY SPLIT THE PARSON'S EARS.

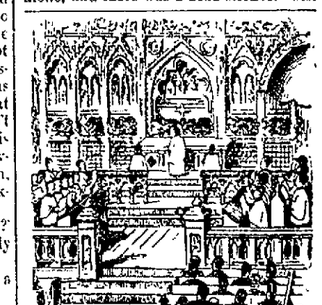
preserving the picturesque uniformity of the choir, which, while surplices and fashionable toilets mingled together, was obviously in bad taste. The Rev. T. W. Shackelford, of New York, in an article upon the subject of church music, highly commends the introduction of the boy choir. It has, he says, come to stay. In the cities, a good quartette, apart from the question of ecclesiastical propriety, is an expensive luxury, which poor churches cannot afford; and if they are driven to the volunteer choirs of mixed voices, we have the old difficulty of temper, precedence, etc., to contend with, and unless the organist be a clever man, without temper and nerves, with a strong will and suave manner, the irritation is ever breaking out afresh, and is sure to injure the congregation.

Substitute boys for women and this trouble disappears. The boys are directly under authority, and must submit to rules or be punished by fines if they are paid, or if volunteers, by suspension, a disgrace to which they do not like to submit. Boy nature is not usually jealous, as school-boys readily grant precedence to those who are superior to them in lessons or games; and it is so in choirs. The rank and file are not jealous of the boy with a fine voice to whom the

SWEET BOY SOPRANOS.

solo work is given; they are rather proud of belonging to a choir that has a fine singer in it.

A poor parson had been wrestling for years with the vagaries and tantrums of a lot of uneducated, screaming girls, until life had become a burden. On one occasion, a Thanksgiving Day, because the choir in the next town, Boreas, had done it, they insisted on singing the "Hallelujah Chorus" from the "Messiah." The choir consisted of sixteen trebles, one-half of whom could not sing above F, and that note very often was quite screwed up to the pitch; one feeble alto, the only young lady in the choir who pretended to read; one shaky tenor, and three bassos, two of whom growled, and the third roared like a bull of Bashan. No sooner was the sermon ended than the choir burst out with the great, the sublime chorus. Alas! no longer great or sublime from their lips. They screamed, they roared, they yelled Hallelu*jah!* Hallelu*jah!* Hallelu*jah!* The tone became more and more wavering; the tempo more and more uncertain, until, when the fugue was reached, the thing collapsed like Dr. Holmes' one-horse shay—all at once. A few high notes sounded alone, and there was a dead silence. The



BOY CHOIR IN TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.

congregation sat down with a sigh of relief; but the fate of that choir was sealed.

The parson had been trying for months to get his vestry to consent to a trial of the boys and now they yielded, and when, after a few weeks' training, the little boys took the place of the girls, the people rejoiced and the much relieved pastor said a special thanksgiving.

And Then He Died.

Funny man (on his death bed)—Darling, you will grant me one wish ere I die? When I have breathed my last I want to be cremated and then have my ashes put into the stove.

Wife—Oh, Thomas, Thomas, what do you mean? Why do you wish to have your ashes put into the stove?

Funny man (with an effort)—So that they can mingle with the grate.

AN inventor expects to make a watch which will run a month without winding.

EMBROIDERIES.

This is a genuine sale of Embroideries. We are satisfied that this is the best and cheapest line of Embroideries ever brought to Fort Wayne. Large additions to the stock of Embroideries will be made to morrow.

White Goods!

In Connection with our Embroidery sale, we will sell

PLAID NAINSOOKS

at 8c a yard. Excellent qualities.

Plaid India Linens,

At 10c a yard, nothing so good for the price before.

PLAID PIQUES!

At the remarkable low price of 20c a yard. Handsome novelties.

New Torchon Collars

For Children's wear. Hand made.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

Have you seen the grand line of

Night Gowns!

We are showing. We ask you to examine these particularly. Over 900 Gowns came in this week.

AND SUCH A LINE!
AND SUCH PRICES!

You cannot possibly get them up so cheap, nor so good.

Come and see them.

ROOT & COMPANY.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE NEW WORLD'S MUSEUM AND THEATRE.

(Formerly Academy of Music.)
JAMES GEARY.....MANAGER.
Open every afternoon and evening. Catering only to ladies, gentlemen and children.

This Week the Great Zarro's

In their startling and sensational novelty

DECAPITATION.

A man's head cut off in full view of the audience

J. Hanson Craig, heartiest man alive.
Lulu Aevers long hair snake charmer.
Capt. Baldwin, armless wonder.
Arthur Hull, man with the iron skull.
Master Leonzo, dancing on broken glass.
Professor King, the paper King.
Zeldela, Caucasian princess.
Prof. Sewey, Bohemian glass blower.
Madam Zero, illusionist.
Kinnan & Brady's Shadowgraphs.
Harry Kinnan, Punch and Judy manipulator.
Prof. Zero, lecturer and humorist.
Chas. Anderson, profile artist.
Professor Jones, electrician.
Barrett & West, European artists.
DeVaney & Reed, comedians.
Alexander, the musical wonder.

All the above and much more
FOR ONE DIME.

Open every afternoon from 1 to 5 p. m.; night, 7 to 10:30.

Coming next week, BIG ELIZA, largest woman alive. See her unloaded with a derrick.

NATURAL GAS FITTING.

H. J. ASH is prepared to do your Natural Gas Fitting very promptly and give you first-class work for the least possible sum of money. Give him a call at No. 9 E. Columbia St. Stoves of every description for all kinds of fuel. Also Kitchen Furnishing Goods.

I. G. CLARK,

No. 181 Calhoun St.,

Has on hand a large stock of mouldings and will frame pictures to order cheaper than the cheapest. See his stock before buying. feb-71m

COLUMBUS BUGGY CO.

Road Wagons.
Road Carts.
13 E. Columbia St.
JOS. W. BELL.

Our ladies' and gents' fine shoes are of better quality, better styles and more desirable in every way than ony ever offered at that price.

OUR $2.00 SHOES

Are of a high standard. We have them in any style desired and can assure you a perfect fit, every pair warranted. Our lines of hand sewed shoes for Ladies' and Gentlemen cannot be beat in this city, either for quality or price. We are bound to maint in our position as the Popular Price Shoe Dealers of Fort Wayne.

Redlick Bros.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1890.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. Victor Wolf left for Chicago last evening.

Mr. Louis Wolf leaves for New York this evening.

Miss Grace Woodward gave a reception yesterday afternoon.

Miss Phoebe Selle, of Chicago, is visiting her uncles, the Detzers.

The Madam Fry Boston Concert company will appear at the City Y. M. C. A. Monday evening.

The Sangerbund will give a ball on Shrove Tuesday, next week, which will be a notable social event.

The Catholic Knights of America will hold an important meeting to morrow afternoon at Library hall.

The funeral of Mrs. Ellen O'Neil occurred this morning from the Cathedral. Relatives from abroad were in attendance.

Considerable compliment is paid to the Wayne street M. E. church choir under the direction of Prof. W. F. Heath.

The business and professional class of the City Y. M. C. A. will exercise under the direction of Prof. Gage next Monday afternoon.

Mr. D. McKinney, representing E. C. Penfield & Co., medical supplies, Philadelphia, was in the city to-day. He called on the druggists.

The masquerade given at Standard hall by Mr. Ed. Cartwright and Miss Mary Farnan last evening, was largely attended. The affair was quite a social success.

...ful euchre party last evening.

Allen Docter was initiated into the order of the Golden Eagle last night.

Mrs. W. H. Stewart, of 432 East Wayne street, celebrated her forty-third birthday to-day.

William Heit, of the organ factory, is very sick with typhoid fever at his home on Nirdlinger avenue.

Mr. R. N. Van Slyke, of the Hawpatch, Ind., is visiting his brother, pastor of the Berry street M. E. church.

The Plymouth Democrat says: "Mrs. C. O. Smith and Miss Rena Fulton left Tuesday for a three or four week's visit in Fort Wayne."

Sion S Bass post held an interesting meeting last night The members are earnest, like other posts, in their efforts to have the encampment come here, where it belongs.

The broken winter has been hard on street car horses. Superintendent McNutt has been doctoring the equines, only in exceptional cases, when Dr. H, A. Read is called.

Mr. John McCarty is expected to arrive from Chicago to-night, to be the guest of his parents. He is now secretary of the Indiana auxilliary of the world's fair committee.

The funeral of the late August Krueckber, an old settler of this county, will take place to-morrow afternoon from the residence, in Adams township, Rev. Zschoche officiating.

Mr. Louis Schmidt has returned from Chicago, where he purchased fittings and stock for the new drug store to be established in the Schmitz block, in which enterprise he has an interest.

Owing to the resignation of Mr. Louis Schmidt, who will open a drug store of his own, the duties of Mr. Gustave Gocke will be divided between the Broadway and Columbia street stores of B. R. Noll.

Mr. George Gable, who arrived from Little Rock several nights ago to visit his relatives on Madison street, may decide to remain here. He is an engineer and may accept a run on one of the roads here.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Boyles leave to-morrow noon for Chicago, their home, after a brief stay with his parents, on Miner street. His wife was Miss Gertrude Bailey, a pretty and accomplished young lady. His marriage was quite a surprise to his friends in this city.

Mrs. Harvey Hinman, of Cleveland, who has been visting at the home of M. H. Brooks, of 22 Baker street, spent the day in Larwill among old friends. She will return here previous to her return home. Mrs. Hinman's husband was formerly a contractor in this city.

The St. Paul Catholic congregation will give a fair two nights next week, commencing next Monday. The fair will be held in the school house. The big attraction Monday will be the appearance of Wayne Commandery C. B. L., in their elegant new uniforms.

...ies auxiliary of the City Y. M. C. A. will hold a regular meeting next Wednesday afternoon.

F. Granger, Detroit; Wm. Stacy, Philadelphia, and J. F. Getty, Logansport, are registered at the Aldine.

Mr. C A. Munson, of the Chicago office of the Fort Wayne Electric company, is home to spend Sunday.

The "Husking Bee" will meet at the residence of Dr. Weisell, No. 311 West Jefferson street, next Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Mrs. Fred Heath, of Grand Rapids who for the past week has been visiting Mrs. Frank Perry, of 127 Montgomery street, has returned to her home.

The farm of James Cole, in Washington and St. Joe townships, has been purchased by William Bleke, the consideration being $12,000. The farm comprises 158 acres.

Last Thursday evening Miss Mary Mulcahey and Mollie Condon, of Logansport, were tendered a nice surprise at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Golden, of 184 West Wayne street.

Another Lot of Shaker Sweet Corn.

10 barrels, very choice, reduced to half price, 5c quart.

FRUIT HOUSE.

The best bargains are at Golden & Monahan's. The goods must be sold this month.

All lamps at cost. China Bazaar.

Madam Fry, City Y. M. C. A., Monday, February 17.

NO M'GINTY JOKE!

Men's Sewed Government Shoes, 99 cents.
Men's Tap Sole Working Boots, $1.92.
Men's Rubber Boots, $2.
MASSACHUSETTS SHOE CO., 36 Calhoun street.

Hanging lamps at cost. China Bazaar.

Go to Golden & Monahan's closing sale for bargains in gents' furnishing goods, 66 Calhoun street.

For photographs give B. A. Strawn a call, at the corner of Calhoun and Columbia.

Take none but Fuss or B. & O.; all dealers sell them; best 5 and 10 cent cigars sold.

Men's Solid Made Dress Shoes, Lace or Congress, $1 50; just as good a shoe as is sold for $2 in other stores.
MASSACHUSETTS SHOE CO., 36 Calhoun street.

Madam Fry, City Y. M. C. A., Monday, February 17.

For photographs give B. A. Strawn a call, at the corner of Calhoun and Columbia.

The best bargains are at Golden & Monahan's. The goods must be sold this month.

The Massachusetts Shoe Company have removed to 36 Calhoun street, first door north of Main street.

Reduction on Butter, Eggs, and Potatoes.

Choice Roll Butter, 16c lb.
Good Jar Butter, 8c lb.
Fresh Eggs, 14c dozen.
Choice Early Rose Potatoes, 35c bu.
Best Smoked Picnic Hams, 6c lb.
Best Sugar Cured Hams, 10c lb.

FRUIT HOUSE.

HEADQUARTERS FOR FURNITURE.

The largest line of Plush and Fancy Rocking Chairs ever shown in Fort Wayne. These goods should have been here for the holiday trade. Antique Rockers, with removable Plush Upholstering; good enough for a king and cheap enough for anybody. See our Parlor Suits. You will be surprised at the prices and variety. Lots of new designs and shades in Plush and Tapestry. Call and look through our stock and you will be pleased.
THE PAPE FURNITURE CO.

Do you smoke the B. & O.? It's as fine as silk; 10 cents.

NEW STRAW HATS.

Twenty-five cases of new Black Straw Hats received at MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR, N. W. cor. Calhoun and Main streets.

For a good cigar smoke the B. & O., the best 10 cent cigar.

Save 50 cents on every pair of Men's Shoes by buying at the MASSACHUSETTS SHOE CO., First door north of Main street

If you are going on a journey don't buy your tickets until you have seen the city ticket agent of the Nickel Plate, as he can save you from one dollar up on all tickets. Remember the place: 5 Aveline house block or depot office. 15-2t

FIRST IN THE FIELD.

New Spring Styles in Black Straw Hats just received at MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR.

For a good 5 cent cigar smoke the Fuss, made from choice stock.

For reduced rates to Chicago, Cleveland, St. Paul, Duluth, Portland and all points west call at the Nickel Plate city ticket office, 5 Aveline house block, or depot. 15-2t

For a good 5 cent cigar smoke the Fuss, made from choice stock.

Go to B. A. Strawn for photographs. He will please you. Corner Calhoun and Columbia.

WANTED—A girl for general house work in small family. Good wages paid. Enquire at 190 West Berry street.

ufacture our goods in the city from the log. You don't have to be a cabinet-maker to appreciate the superior workmanship. Call and see.

PAPE FURNITURE CO.

Madam Fry, City Y. M. C. A., Monday, February 17.

Do you smoke the B. & O.? It's as fine as silk; 10 cents.

Between the Seasons.

It's a little too early to talk about house cleaning and the New Carpets you will be wanting at that time. And yet we have recently been able to pluck dandelions, in full bloom, in city dooryards. House cleaning is, therefore, likely to come early this spring, and so, right here, we want to enter into an agreement with you to sell you your Spring Carpets. We are getting in the Largest and Handsomest Line we have ever shown.

But it is not too early to purchase BABY CARRIAGES. We have a larger stock than all other Fort Wayne houses combined.

BABY CARRIAGES for fair haired babies.

BABY CARRIAGES for dark haired babies.

BABY CARRIAGES upholstered in all the new shades.

BABY CARRIAGES at one third less than usual price.

BABY CARRIAGES with the best wire wheels, best patent springs, best parasol attachments and best rubber tires.

DECORATED BED ROOM CROCKERY SETS in the largest assortment ever shown in Fort Wayne. Nearly two hundred different styles and colorings to select from.

HANGING, PARLOR AND ORDINARY STAND LAMPS at the same small profits at which we sell everything else.

FOSTER

Furniture and Carpet Company.

I WILL

STORE

(PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK), EAST BERRY STREET.

We have just received our first shipment of

EMBROIDERIES,

To which we respectfully invite inspection of variety and prices.

Also, a splendid new line of

WASH GOODS!

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We shall continue to sell the balance of our Cloaks, Wraps, Blankets, and all Heavy Winter Goods at same prices as they were during our marked-down sale which is lower than manufacturer's prices.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

Pixley & Long Block
Berry street.
Dozois, Beadell & Co.

T. H. McCormick, M. D.,

Office—Rooms 7, 8 and 9, Pixley & Long building, East Berry Street.

Office Hours { 8 to 9 a. m. / 1 to 3 p. m. } Fort Wayne, Ind.

Calls Answered in the Forenoon.

J. E. WAUGH, D. D. S.,

Dental Office in Shoaff's Gallery,
21 W. BERRY ST,

World's Museum!

(FORMERLY ACADEMY OF MUSIC.)

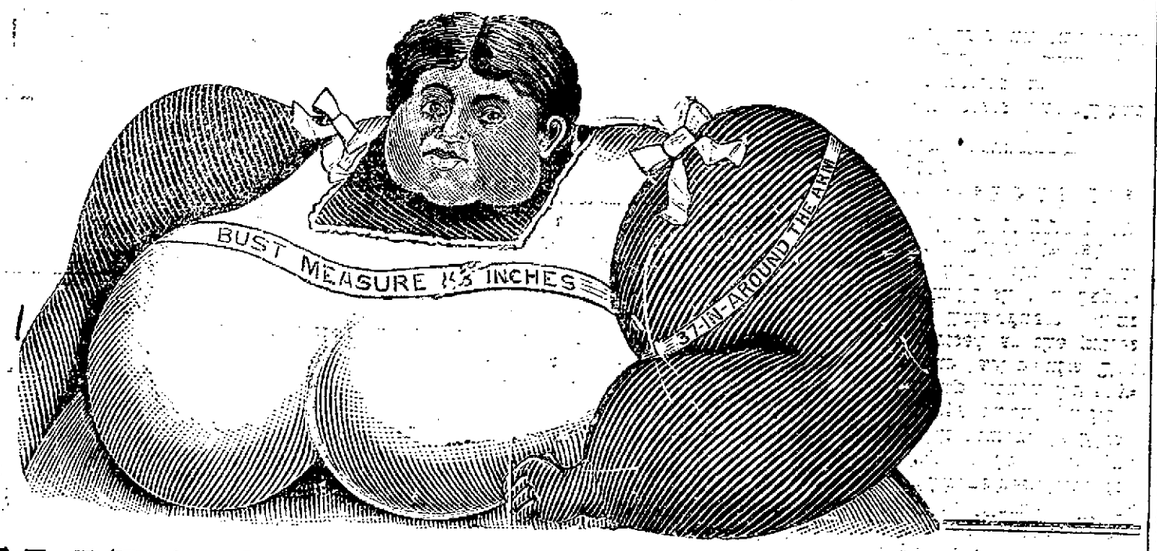
JAMES GEARY, - - - - - - - Manager.

☞ The Popular Cheap Priced Family Resort.

Presenting each week the Latest Novelties. The world's Greatest wonders. A school for the instruction of the old and the young.

OPEN EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

WEEK COMMENCING FEB. 17.



BIG ELIZA!

Largest, biggest, heaviest fat woman alive; weight, 927 pounds. The earth trembles when she walks, the building shakes when she laughs. $1,000 challenge that she is the largest human being alive, or that ever did live. See her unloaded with a derrick at the depot, Monday morning, Feb. 17, and paraded up Calhoun street to the Museum. A treat. The sight of a life time.

WANTED—Twenty able-bodied men to assist in unloading her next Monday morning. Everybody should see this living, breathing mountain of human flesh.

GALATEA---A marble statue turned to Life, breathing, laughing and sleeping in full view of the audience. The finest illusion in the world.

AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY taken from one of the Pyramids of Egypt, by Prof. Ward, of Rochester, N. Y. An embolmed body, in a good state of preservation, at least three thousand, three hundred years old.

THE ALLIGATOR BOY, Captured of the east coast of North Carolina.

Special engagement of 4-Paws original

Fiji Princess and Daughter!

Every scholar has read about the Fiji Cannibals.

Now you have an opportunity to see one.

RETAINED FOR ONE MORE WEEK

Capt. Baldwin—Armless Wonder.
Prof. King—The Paper King.
Prof. Sewey—The Glass Blower.
Madam Zera—Illusionist.
Master Leonzo—Glass Dancer.
Kinnon & Brady—Shadowgraphy.
Harry Kinnan—Punch and Judy.

ON THE STAGE:

Miles, Breen & Ireland's Comedy COMPANY.

Introducing Twelve First-class Artists among them YOUNG IRELAND.

CHAMPION IRISH DANCER OF THE WORLD. Holder of 24 Medals.

☞ This show will be a treat. ☜

DEVIL KID.

Of all the wonderful Freaks of Nature that has ever come into the world, the Devil Kid is certainly the greatest. It is the same which created so much excitement in Cleveland, O., where born. It has horns sprouting from its head, tusks protruding from its mouth in place of teeth, claws in place of hands, hoofs instead of feet, and a tail two feet long.

All the above and much more for One Dime. Children 5 cents. Open every afternoon and evening. 4 stage performances each day, at 2:00, 3:30, 8:00 and 9:15 p. m. Doors open at 1:00 and 7:00.

Coming Next--ANNIE NELSON, the smallest little lady in the world.

Chattel Mortgage Sale

—OF—

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBER GOODS.

No. 29 Calhoun Street.

Mr. M. McDonald, of this city, holding a mortgage on the entire stock of Boots and Shoes of Hugh Dyer & Co., one of the largest retail shoe stores of Toledo, O., they being unable to meet the demands of the mortgagee, were, on the 10th of this month, Closed by the SHERIFF, who by order of the COURT, shipped the entire stock to Fort Wayne, to be closed out at once for less than

33c on the Dollar.

Owing to a great deal of "Humbug," so called "Sheriff's Sales," who are nothing more than stores traveling from town to town selling inferior goods, the public of this city may be suspicious of this sale, we therefore take the precaution to announce this a

Genuine Chattel Mortgage Sale

All our goods are strictly solid, and made by such makers as Pingree & Smith, Ludlow & Co., Gray Bros., John Kelly and Reynolds Bros. The above makers have their name stamped on the goods. Thus, assuring the public that they get what they bargain for.

THE MORTGAGEE

Demands a speedy settlement, and we are ordered by the COURT to close out at once. "Sell the goods no matter how big the loss," that's our orders, and we will SACRIFICE every DOLLAR'S worth for 33c.

This is a chance of a life-time. Don't miss it. You can't afford to. Remember we guarantee to save you from 50c to $3.00 on every pair of shoes you buy.

CHATTEL MORTGAGE SALE

BOOTS, ✦ SHOES ✦ AND ✦ RUBBER ✦ GOODS,

29 Calhoun St. - - - - Fort Wayne, Ind.

LOOK FOR LARGE YELLOW SIGN.

NewspaperARCHIVE.com

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833 — SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1890. — PRICE FIVE CENTS

GEO. DeWALD & CO.

We Are Now OPENING NEW WORK In Ginghams and Prints.

An Inspection Will Prove to you the Elegant Quality Of the Work.

GEORGE -:- DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY.

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

WAH-KEE'S LAUNDRY,

No. 8 W. Wayne St

Shirts	10
Collars	2
Cuffs, per pair	4
Drawers	5
Undershirts	5
Night Shirts	5
Socks, per pair	5
Handkerchiefs	2
Neckties	3

Big reduction from above prices for Starching and Ironing only.

THE ATLANTIC MEAT MARKET.

Round Sirloin Steak, 15c for 25c.
Beef Roast, per lb. 7c; Loin Steak, per lb. 10c.
Soup Beef, per lb. 5c.
Pork Chops per lb. 7c.
Roast of Pork, per lb. 6c.
Side Pork, 4 lbs. 25c.
Smoked Ham per lb. 10c.
Sanford Sugar-cured Hams, per lb. 12c.
Smoked Boneless Ham, per lb. 15c.
Bacon, per lb. 8c. Mixed Pork, per lb. 8c.
Pure Kettle Rendered Lard, per lb. 8c.
Blood Pudding, per lb. 7c.
Bologna Sausage per lb. 7c.
Wiener Wurst, per lb. 10c;
Head Cheese, per lb. 7c.
Liver Pudding, per lb. 5c.
Pork Sausage, per lb. 8c.
Poultry, Butter and Eggs always on hand, as cheap as the cheapest, at P. PARROTT'S,
jan7-1m No. 98 E. Columbia St.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.

Our Line of New

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

This season has been a surprise to the Ladies.

Amongst the many buyers in this department this week it has been the general verdict that for

Style, Workmanship, Material,

And Low Prices, our line this season far excels any other ever shown in the city.

Why try to make your

Underwear!

Or pay a big price for an inferior quality of goods, when we will sell you the best made and of the best material for the same money.

So Many Ladies' Say:

"I can't buy my underwear ready made as I can't get anything to fit me. They are never large enough."

WE HAVE

Convinced a great many ladies during this week that we can fit them, and some who have never been able to buy ready made Underwear before.

Our sizes are not cut scant, but are cut full and large and with the assortment we have, we can suit and fit anyone.

We cordially invite every Lady to come and inspect our line.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.

54 Calhoun St.

WRECKS OF A DAY!

A Fatal Collision at Bairdstown, O.--Fearful Crash in Michigan and Another in Ontario.

NORTH BALTIMORE, Ohio, Feb. 15.—A west bound freight and an east-bound stock train collided near Bairdstown last evening. Both engines and several cars of both trains are a mass of ruins. A large number of hogs and sheep were killed.

A young man by the name of Bowersox, of Garrett, Ind., who was riding on the engine of the stock train, was fatally injured. William Reynolds, brakeman of the local freight, is missing. His body will probably be found beneath the debris, as he was upon the second car when the engines collided. Brakeman Ellison, of the local, is injured to some extent, but will probably recover.

RUSHED DOWN GRADE.

IONIA, Mich., Feb. 15.—Twenty-three freight cars broke loose from a train at Stanton Junction, yesterday morning, rushed down a heavy grade towards this city at a speed of forty miles an hour, and crashed into a freight train standing on the track in the yards. Twenty-three cars were smashed and many of them thrown from the track. A brakeman who was standing on the train in the yards, was hurled to the ground and had a leg broken. A man and two horses which he was shipping in one of the run-away cars were taken from the wreck uninjured.

TRAINS WRECKED.

CAYUGA, Ont., Feb. 15.—Two long freight trains on the Canada Southern division of the Michigan Central railway collided near here Thursday night. Twenty-five of the cars and both engines were completely wrecked. Forty other cars were more or less damaged. The crews escaped by jumping.

TEMPERANCE CRUSADERS

Charged With Firing a Drug Store in Missouri--The Fire Record.

HAMILTON, Mo., Feb. 15.—W. E. Irving, a druggist of this place and owner of a drug store at Nettleton, a small town a short distance east of here, received a telegram from his Nettleton manager yesterday, informing him that his store at that place had been destroyed by fire early yesterday morning. Mr. Irving had been warned by the temperance crusaders that something would happen if the indiscriminate sale of liquor at his store was not stopped. It is believed that the crusaders set fire to the building.

MUSKEGON, Mich., Feb. 15.—The Dayton Manufacturing company's works at North Muskegon with contents and lumber, burned to the ground last night. Loss, about $150,000; partly insured.

O'NEILL, Neb., Feb. 15.—The O'Neill roller mills were destroyed by fire Thursday night. The loss is $50,000; insurance, $24,000. Three thousand sacks of flour and all of the office furniture was saved. The elevator and its contents were also destroyed.

IN THE COURTS.

New Suits Entered and Old Ones Dismissed--The Claim Docket--Other Business.

The court house is usually a busy place on Saturday. To-day was no exception.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Judge O'Rourke dismissed the cases of Ernst F. Liebman and James M. Henry vs. John W. Hayden. Costs paid.

Arguments made for a new trial in the case of Taylor vs. Hiler, on which verdict was rendered but no judgment.

Next Saturday the claim docket will be called and claims not prosecuted will be dismissed.

The following cases were dismissed: Leopold Wolf against John Leikauf; Henry Pfeiffer against Joseph Victin; Benjamin Rothschild against Nelson Bailey and others.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Walter M. Steppacher, enters suit against Alexander S. Lafferty, complaint on account, $665. J. M. Robinson is attorney for the plaintiff.

John Suelzer enters suit against Thomas Ahern on account, demand, $175. W. & E. Leonard are attorneys for the plaintiff.

Ellen Ahern and Thomas Ahern, enter suit against Gottlieb Epple, partition of real estate. Morris & Barrett are attorneys for plaintiff.

John Orff against William J. Snyder; judgment for plaintiff, $154.

Moses H. Marks and others against J. S. Mosier; dismissed.

Louis Ohuhouse against J. S. Mosier; dismissed.

Henry A. Grothalman and others against Frederick Brase and others; foreclosure mechanic's lien: judgment for plaintiff, $108.96.

James B. White against Jesse Bonn and others; dismissed.

THE SQUIRES.

The case of William Klump, against Henry Spangler, brought in the court of Justice France, has been dismissed.

Yesterday before Squire France, Frederick Spangler, of Marion township, was fined $1 and costs for provoking William Klump, of this city.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The county commissioners will be in session next Wednesday, when they will visit Monroe township to look after several bridges, which are reported to be in an unsafe condition.

THE PREACHED WORD.

The Pulpits From Which It Will Be Proclaimed To-morrow.

Pastor Northrop invites you to "The Tabernacle."

Services at Trinity M. E. church Sunday morning and evening, by the pastor. Let there be a general rallying.

A number receive the hand of fellowship at the Christian Chapel to-morrow at 10:30. Baptism administered at 7.30.

Meeting for men only at the R. R. Department Y. M. C. A. at 3 o'clock, standard time. One hour. All men cordially invited.

In the Third Presbyterian church, Rev. J. M. Boggs will preach at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 3 p. m. Young people's prayer meeting at 7 p. m.

Services at the Grace Reformed church to-morrow morning and evening. The evening services will be illustrated with pulpit paintings. Topic: "Gaining the World and Losing the Soul."

St. Paul M. E. church.—The revival meetings at this church continue with unabated interest. Services to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. The meetings will continue next week

First Presbyterian church, Rev. D. W. Moffat, pastor. Services at 10:45 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m., and meeting of the society of Christian Endeavor at 6.30 p m.

Rev. J. H. Deaner, of Findlay college, Findlay, Ohio, will fill the pulpit at the Church of God to-morrow morning and evening, 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:15 a. m.

Quarterly meeting services at the Berry Street M. E. church. Love feast at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m., by Rev. H. N. Herrick, followed by communion services. Preaching in the evening at 7:30.

Services as usual at the Wayne Street M. E. church to-morrow. Preaching at 10:30 a. m., and 7:45 p. m., by the pastor. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Epworth league at 7 p. m. All are cordially invited to all services.

Song service at the City Y. M. C. A. Sunday, at 4 o'clock, city time. The meeting will be led by Nathaniel Barton. Young men, you are cordially invited to come out and take a part in the exercises. You will come again if you do.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Hon. R. C. Bell is at Indianapolis.

J. H. Bass was at Pittsburg to-day.

Born to Rev. C. F. Kriete and wife—a daughter.

Mrs. E. A. Barnes, of Detroit, is the guest of her parents, Judge and Mrs. Morris.

Misses Rosie Simon and Lena Scharf gave a reception last evening in honor of their guest of Chicago.

The Zions Lutheran congregation will meet to-morrow to consider plans for their proposed new edifice to be erected at a cost of $30,000.

In the case of Taylor vs. Hiler, mention of which was made in yesterday's issue, Mr. Hiler secured a judgment of $50 against the company.

Two drunks, Thomas Green arrested by Officer Patton, and John Sayer arrested by Officer Limecooly, were sent to jail by the mayor to day.

Mr. Adolph Geismer is now at Thomaston, Ga., in the interest of Scribner's publications. Mr. Geismer expects to re-engage in business in this city at an early day.

The announcement is made of the approaching marriage of Miss Clara Fleming, of this city, to Mr. Wm. Lowis, of Media, Pa. The ceremony will be solemnized at Richmond, Va., February 18.

Mr. P. A. Lynn, general commercial agent of the Wabash with headquarters at Pittsburg, was in the city last evening. Mr. Lynn was predecessor of Col. F. N. Kollock, local agent of the Union line.

The marriage of Miss Briggie Murphy to J. P. Downs will take place Tuesday morning at 8:30 o'clock at the Cathedral, Father Delaney officiating. Reception at 8 o'clock in the evening at the residence, 30 Butler street.

W. S. and W. B. Bash will send Minnie B. and Lucila, their fast horses, to the auction sale at Cambridge City, Ind., March 11. Dr. Long will send his team of driving mares and Rockhill Bros. & Fleming will send four colts.

The funeral of the late Miss Louise Andrews occurred this morning from St. Mary's Catholic church. The young ladies' sodality, of which the deceased was once an active member, attended the service in a body. The ceremonies were very affecting. Miss Andrews formerly lived here, but she lately made her home in Auburn. She was taken sick here on her way home from Peru, died here, and was buried beside the grave of her mother.

MONTANA'S SENATORS.

The Contested Election Case of Montana is Being Argued in the Senate To-day.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—The senate committee on privileges and elections to-day began the hearing of the contested election cases in Montana.

Mr. Payne, counsel for Messrs. Sanders and Powers, opened the hearing with an argument, claiming that the legislature, in joint assembly, voted for Sanders and Powers and claimed that they were duly elected and entitled to seats in the senate unless that body could overcome the legislature and prove that they were unqualified for the position or had obtained their seats by bribery or fraud.

In the case now under consideration he said, the certificates of election contradicted each other, two lacking the signature of the governor and two lacking the signature of the secretary of state. The journal of the house, he said, showed that in joint assembly Sanders and Powers had been elected. He reviewed at some length the action of the legislature, arguing to prove that the five senators and ten representatives occupying their seats January 14, afterward twisted, were senators and representatives respectively, until their election.

The senate which met January 1, was a defacto senate and constitutionally the senators holding credentials, accepted by the senate, were entitled to act as members of the senate and their actions as senators were valid until they were dispossessed of their seats.

SWEET MUSIC!

Interspersed With Recitations by the Talented Miss Twaney.

A recital will be given by some of the young ladies of the Second Presbyterian church at the new chapel next Tuesday evening, February 18. A first-class musical program will be presented, interspersed with interesting and amusing recitations by Miss Twaney. The object of the entertainment is to secure funds to be used in paying for a fine new piano which the young ladies have purchased for the chapel of the new church.

The following is a program of the evening's entertainment:

PART I.

1. Greig.....Norwegian Wedding Procession
2. White.....Madeline
Mr. Bash.
3. Nora Perry.....Lady Wentworth
Miss Twaney.
4. (a. McDowell.....Hexentanz
(b. Chopin (a. Prelude.
(b. Impromptu.
Miss Neale.
5. Vocal Solo.....Selected
Mr. Yarnelle.
6. Dancla.....Redowa de Wallerstein
Gertrude Beake and Carlie Gass.
7. Vocal Solo.....Selected
Miss Sturgis.
8. (a. James Whitcomb Riley....Nothin' to Say
(b. Samuel Lover.....Low Back Car
Miss Twaney.
9. St. Heller.....In the Forest (a. Springtime
(b. The Chase
Miss Large.
10. Balfe.....Trust Her Not
Messrs. Lang and Yarnelle.

THE MAYOR AND GAMBLING.

The Chief of Police to Receive Strict Instructions To-night.

It was ascertained to-day from a reliable source that Mayor Harding will call into his presence to-night, Chief of Police Frank Wilkinson, for the purpose of giving him strict instructions concerning gambling.

The mayor has given these orders before.

A SENTINEL reporter called, at the mayor's office to learn the truth of the statement.

"Yes," said he, "I am going to have this gambling stopped. I know to a certainty that several of these dens of iniquity are being operated in bold defiance of the law."

"Haven't you given orders before?" asked the reporter.

"I have; I hope this will be the last time, too. To-night I will instruct the chief of police to do his duty again. If gambling is not suppressed after this order I shall file complaint against the officer before the police commission."

Chief Wilkinson is a conscientious and faithful officer. He will, without a doubt, do his duty, helping to down this great evil.

It might be news to the mayor and police, and again it might not, to know that gambling is also carried on in this city in broad daylight.

HAMLET WITHOUT THE HAMLET.

Members of the Caledonian Club in an Embarrassing Dilemma.

Last night nearly twenty-three persons, mostly members of the Caledonian club, met at the Aldine hotel, according to pre-arrangement. The object of the gathering was to indulge in a banquet and present Hon. J. B. White with a gold-headed cane.

A committee was detailed to escort Mr. White to the hotel, where he was to meet with the surprise. Through some misunderstanding, Mr. White failed to appear and the banquet was proceeded with under gloomy circumstances.

The affair was not under the official arrangement of the Caledonians, but members individually.

The cane has not yet been presented. It is a fine stick and bears an elegantly engraved inscription.

Going to Dakota.

With the present week Mr. Seymour J. Smith terminates his long residence in Fort Wayne and removes with his excellent family to Pierre, S. D., where he will embark in business on his own account.

For the past fifteen years Mr. Smith has been in the employ of Messrs. Morgan & Beach, wholesale hardware dealers, and for all of that time has represented that firm "on the road."

If Mr. Smith needed any further recommendation to the good people of Pierre than his long and successful career as a business man entitles him to, THE SENTINEL would be glad to say that Fort Wayne has no more upright citizen and the commercial interests of the city have had no better or more energetic representative. That he will succeed goes without saying. A gentleman of his sterling worth seldom fails. He will be greatly missed and at the meetings of the Travelers' Protective association, of which he has been an officer, there will be especial regret at his going.

LOCAL LINES.

Mr. Aaron Rothschild is in Chicago.

Mr. H. G. Olds has returned from Chicago.

Wm. Gerke, of St. Joe township, has pneumonia.

Mr. Louis Hirsh, of Louis Wolf & Co., is quite seriously sick.

Mr. George Mullen is assisting behind the desk at the Aldine.

Miss Carrie Heilbroner is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Klopfer, at Dayton, Ohio.

George Anspaugh has been appointed postmaster at Edgerton, the newly established postoffice east of here.

Mr. D. F. Comparet sustained a severe fall at his home yesterday, which inflicted a deep gash on his scalp.

Mr. A. S. Barrett, the "scalper" who went to Salt Lake City, is now a clerk in the leading shoe store at that place.

Mr. A. W. Stace is removing his grocery business from Lafayette street to the corner of Francis and Lewis streets.

Mr. J. W. Hanley, of the pension office at Indianapolis, is in the city having been called here by the illness of his mother.

Hon. J. H. Bass has purchased the business block owned by Tony Trentman and occupied by A. S. Lafferty, the clothier.

Mr. Fred L. Grill, cashier of the Hoosier Manufacturing company, left to-day for a brief visit with his parents at Ashland, Ohio.

Mr. Emiel Rosenthal has accepted a position with Friend's Enterprise as salesman and will enter upon his new duties March 1st.

One of the large windows in the store room of Mr. Frank DeLagrange & Co., on Hanna street, was accidentally broken yesterday.

Mrs. M. L. Wilhelm has been seriously ill with neuralgia, superinduced by la grippe, for four week, and is not yet able to be around.

Andy Fox, son of the contractor, has gone to Pittsburg to assist Bob Cunningham in erecting towers for the electric light company.

Messrs. George W. Ewing and George B. McKinnie went to Lafayette to-day, where they will attend the institution of a lodge of Elks this evening.

Married, Mr. Joseph F. Bricker, of Dunfee, Ind., and Miss Jeanie Snider, of Arcadia, Ohio, Rev. Thos. J. Loring officiating. The young couple will make their home in Dunfee, Allen county, Ind.

Willie Lewis, the boy who was held for the supposed theft of a lawn mower and other articles, was released by the mayor to-day, there being no proof. The boy's mother who has been at the hospital, hobbled into the court room to appeal for her son's freedom.

Mr. A. E. Ludwick died at 6 o'clock this morning at the City hospital of paralysis, aged about twenty-eight years. His home was on the Goshen road, in Washington township, and he was unmarried. He was a brother-in law of Mr. D. D. Wolf, of 612 East Wayne. Funeral Monday at 1 p. m., from the home of the mother of the deceased and interment at Hatfield's cemetery.

The committees appointed by the various Knights of Pythias lodges meet this evening, at the office of Dr. J. W. Youngo, to further perfect the arrangements for special memorial exercises by this order, on Sunday, the 23rd inst., in memory of the late deceased and lamented Justus Rathbone. These exercises will be conducted at the Masonic Temple and will be largely attended by knights from outside the city. It is expected that Grand Chancellor Suit will be present on this occasion.

The Trades and Labor council held a meeting last night, with President Marsh in the chair. Vice President Green sent in his resignation. The council adopted a resolution favoring a shortening of the hours of labor to nine hours a day, and also a resolution favoring the enforcement of the laws against gambling. The committee on securing speakers for Labor Day, September 1, 1890, reported that it was in communication with some of the leading labor orators of the country, and the prospects looked bright for the securing of good speakers.

THE FIRST GUN!

The Grand Lodge A. O. U. W. Next Week--The Grand Officers and Committees to Be Present.

The first important meeting that comes here, since so much fervor has been shown by our public spirited organizations in securing conventions to Fort Wayne, is the meeting of the grand lodge of the A. O. U. W. which will be held next week.

The meeting is the bi-annial of lodges of Indiana. It will attract to this city the grand officers of the body, and from 150 to 200 delegates.

The session will be convened Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock, in Pythian hall, and will continue two days. On Tuesday evening a banquet will be given, at which members of Fort Wayne, No. 19, and Summit City, No. 36, the local lodges, will be present.

The business of the grand lodge is confined to the officers and delegates.

The grand officers will arrive to-morrow evening, and will register at the Aldine.

The list is as follows:

P. G. M. W.—Noble J. York, Muncie.

G. M. W.—N. S. Byram, Indianapolis.

G. F.—L. H. Carr, Rushville.

G. O.—F. D. Neal, Cicero.

G. Recorder—F. Baker, Evansville.

G. Receiver—James Cox, Terre Haute.

G. I. W.—Joseph Morris, Indianapolis.

G. O. W.—F. Stampfli, Evansville.

G. Medical Ex.—Paul H. Curtner, Hazelton.

Committee on Credentials—J. F. Francis, Indianapolis; J. B. Duncan, Crawfordsville; Charles Smith, Terre Haute.

Committee on Finance—Emil Levy, Evansville; J. H. Ferguson, Evansville; J. McBith, Monticello.

Committee on Laws—J. W. Spain, Evansville; C. C. Gennug, Evansville; P. H. Barrett, New Albany.

Mr. W. J. Vosey, of this city, is grand guide and is the only officer of the grand lodge in this city.

This is one good convention. Let more of them come. The Summit City can take care of them.

E. H. McDonald, of No. 19, and N. Conover, of No. 36, will be the representatives.

Those from this city who are entitled and will take the grand lodge degree are E. H. McDonald and D. B. Kohler, of No. 19, and Rev. S. A. Northtop, J. E. Lonergan, W. S. Harrison, N. Conover and Dr. T. H. McCormick of No. 36.

Big Deficiency.

ROCHESTER, Feb. 15.—A deficit of $60,000 has been found in the accounts of City Treasurer John A. Davis. He says it is due to advances to contractors and city employes.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—For Indiana: Continued cool and fair weather, variable winds, fair weather Sunday.

Judge Robert Lowry and Attorney S. L. Morris are home from Columbus, Ohio, where they took depositions in a case.

The Massachusetts Shoe Company have removed to 36 Calhoun street, first door north of Main street.

Hanging lamps at cost for the next thirty days at the China Bazaar, 12 East Columbia street.

Those ladies fine Dongola button shoes that the Massachusetts Shoe Company are selling for $1.50 pleases everybody and it seems as though everybody is buying them.

Lamps at cost at the China Bazaar.

For a good cigar smoke the B. & O., the best 10 cent cigar.

The Massachusetts Shoe Company have removed to 30 Calhoun street, first door north of Main street.

Call at the Nickel Plate city ticket office, 5 Aveline house block, for reduced rates to all points. Open all the time. You will save money by calling on them.

15 2t

The Massachusetts Shoe Company have removed to 36 Calhoun street, first door north of Main street.

Madam Silvers, of 190 Montgomery street, is meeting with good success in fortune telling, and will tell you the past and future. Prices, 25c and 50c.

Go to Golden & Monahan's closing sale for bargains in gent's furnishing goods; 46 Calhoun street.

CHICAGO MARKET.

CHICAGO, Feb. 15.—Wheat: February, 71½; March, 75. May, 77½; June, 77½. Corn: February, 27½. March, 28; May, 29⅜; June, 29½. Oats: February, 20; March, 23; May, 29⅜@21; June, 20. Pork: February, $9.70; March, $9.75; May, $9.97½; June, $10.05. Lard: February, $5.80; March, $5.82½; May, $5.92½; June, $6.00. Short ribs: February, $4.70; March, $4.70; May, $4.80@4.82½; June, $4.87½.

WILL NOT APPEAR.

The Boston Symphony Orchestral Club Cancel Their Engagement at the Temple To-night.

The Boston Symphony Orchestral club, which was to have given a concert at the Masonic Temple theatre to-night, have cancelled their engagement, and as a consequence amusement lovers will not witness their performance this evening.

This action on the part of the manager, Mr. Max Bachert, is certainly a strange piece of work and calls for the severest censure. He made the engagement with the Temple management some time ago for an entertainment in this city. A few days ago he sent to the Temple management a telegram asking what were the prospects for securing a good audience.

Treasurer F. E. Studor answered him at once, but the wily manager, who probably had a chance to show at some other city to-night, where possibly he thought he could make more money than he could here, claimed he had not received the telegram, and wired from Dayton, Ohio, yesterday, as follows:

If you think we can't get a good audience for to-morrow, will cancel. Telegraph quick.

Mr. Studor immediately answered as follows:

Advance sale all right; prospects good. Impossible to cancel the date.

Then came a telegram from Mr. Bachert saying that they had cancelled the engagement and would not show here to-night. Treasurer Stouder at once wired the manager that he would hold the company responsible for expenses and rent of the Temple and a law action will probably follow.

The action of Manager Bachert is the lowest type of unfairness and it is to be hoped that the Temple folks will compel him to pay dearly for his inexcusable breaking of an engagement. The show would have had an excellent house had it appeared here to-night.

$25.00 REWARD!

The Land and Improvement Company Make a Proposition.

They Will Give Our People a Chance to Name the New Park.

And Will Pay $25 00 to the Person Proposing the Name Adopted.

The gentlemen composing the Fort Wayne Land and Improvement company, feel that they would like to have the citizens of Fort Wayne and vicinity have a part in naming the new city park, which they propose to lay out in their recently acquired property east and north of the city. They have decided, therefore, to invite all our people to assist in the selection of a pretty and suitable name.

To the person proposing the name which shall finally be chosen the directors have decided to award the sum of twenty-five dollars. And any person, old or young, is privileged and invited to compete for said prize, under the following conditions: No person is to send in more than one name, but a family consisting of a number of persons may send in one name for each, but each must be sent in in a separate envelope. The name proposed is to be plainly written on a sheet of paper, together with the name of the person proposing it, and his or her place of residence. This must be sealed and the envelope addressed and endorsed as follows:

SECRETARY LAND IMPROVEMENT CO.,
FORT WAYNE,
INDIANA.

NAME FOR PARK.

Thus addressed, they are to be mailed or left at the company's office, room No. 12, Pixley Long block.

On receipt of all envelopes, thus marked, the secretary will number each in the order in which it is received and, without opening, will file them away until 6 p. m., Feb. 27, the date appointed for the closing of competition. The secretary shall then open all envelopes in the order in which they are numbered and shall record, in a properly ruled book, the name proposed, the number borne upon the envelope, the name of the person sending it in, and his place of residence. When this is done, the secretary shall prepare a list of the names suggested, but shall not inform any person by whom any such name has been sent in. The stockholders shall then be called together and the list of names being submitted, they shall proceed to ballot for the name of their choice; each person to vote upon such shares as have been subscribed by him, or for which he may hold a written proxy. Balloting shall be continued until some name shall receive a majority of all the stock voted. After each ballot the names receiving the smallest number of votes, to the extent of one-tenth of the number voted for shall be dropped and shall not again be voted for. If before a choice is reached the number of names be reduced to less than ten, the name receiving the smallest number of votes shall be dropped at each succeeding ballot. When a selection is finally reached, if it be found that two or more persons have sent in the name chosen, the prize shall go to the person shown by the secretary's books to have first proposed it.

By order of the board of directors.

D. N. FOSTER, President.

C. A. WILDRICK, Secretary.

Fresh Lot Buckwheat and New Maple Syrup.

Home-Made Buckwheat Flour, 35c sack.

Self Rising Buckwheat, 20c sack.

New Vermont Maple Syrup, 20c quart.

FRUIT HOUSE.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Startling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

The other day a very handsome carrier pigeon was presented to the Empress of Austria at the palace in Gödöllö by the Archduchess Marie Valerie, and is noted by writers of fiction in quest of new incidents. The bird was one of those which are trained for service at the arsenal of Pola, and when the Empress recently sailed from Pola to Corfu she took this pigeon on board her yacht, having arranged to let it fly with a letter for her daughter at a certain distance from the coast. It was supposed that the pigeon would return to Pola, and orders were given to forward the contents of the letter which it carried immediately by telegraph to the young Archduchess. Unfortunately a peasant with a gun saw the bird and shot it. He did not notice the letter, which was no doubt blown off by the shot, and so, while he bore home the Empress's winged messenger for supper, the letter remained on the ground. It was accidentally found a few days afterwards, and now royal newspapers are proposing that to prevent a recurrence of such mishaps pigeons should no more be shot at all. It is a wonder that nobody has suggested that carrier pigeon on State service should be put into a showy uniform, like those in which the Austrian civil servants are shortly going to astonish their fellow-subjects.

JOHN MYLCHREEST, of Middletown, N. Y., is a queer chap, and as adroit in some ways as he is defective physically. John is 14 years old, and has no arms; he never had any, so he has had to get along handily without them. He makes his feet do the chores ordinarily intrusted to the hands by other folks, and he does some feats that would be notable if done by persons who have hands as well as feet. For instance, being fond of horses, he has learned to drive them expertly, and he manipulates the reins entirely with his toes. He lolls back on the wagon seat, gathers up the lines deftly with his toes, sings out, "Gi'lang" and rattles away, cracking his whip and having a grand time. The reins he holds in the flexible toes of his left foot, the whip in the cluster of eight-foot toes, and he plies the lash, if necessary, and sees the lines if the steeds cut up, and goes through town at a rattling gate with the skill of an accomplished and two-handed whip. When John is not on the turf or behind a roadster taking an outing, he is in the newsboy business, and it is a smart chap that can sell papers and make change with his hands as swiftly and as handsomely as young Mylchreest can do those things with his nimble ten toes.

BILLIE MUSTARD is an eccentric old man well known among the farming community of Butler County, Ohio. During the summer and fall months he worked as a day laborer among the farmers, being a good man wherever he was put. He was saving, and when winter approached he resorted to Four Mile Creek, where he dug a hole in the bank and there constructed a cot of straw and such other materials as he could gather and spent his nights there. During the continued rainy spell his domicile caved in, burying the old man to the waist, and in this position he was compelled to dig himself out, which occupied two days. Billie has led a queer life, but has through all his vicissitudes borne a name for honesty and sobriety. A few days ago some of the neighbors had him removed to the county infirmary, where he will probably end his days, as he is far advanced in years.

A REPORTER witnessed an extraordinary scene in the vicinity of Biddleville, N. C., in front of a small cabin a pulpit had been erected. In this stood a colored man "preaching" at the top of his voice. There was no one except the reporter and the preacher near, and the former stood and listened, but was not noticed by the speaker. On inquiry it was found that the preacher was Robert Bell. Two years ago he was fired from the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Beddleville because he would go into his church barefooted. He was warned against this offense, and, heeding it not, one Sunday, as he attempted to ascend his pulpit shoeless, half a dozen good, pious deacons seized him and fired him from the church. On that day Bell declared that he would preach three times every day in his own yard, and he does it, though no one goes to hear him.

THE possibilities of the canine brain may not yet have been fathomed even by dog-lovers. The Caribou (Me.) Republican tells of a wonderful feat of a Newfoundland in that town. It seems that when the office of the Vaughan House was opened the other morning, a hole six inches in diameter was found to have been burned completely through the double floor near the stove. The dog, known as Joe, was shut up in the room, and an examination showed marks of the dog's claws in the charred wood. Mr. Smith, the proprietor of the house, says Joe is a first-class fireman, and if he sees a burning cigar stub, a match, or a spark on the floor, he will scratch them with his front paws until the fire is extinguished. Mr. Smith has no doubt but that Joe saved the building, and perhaps the inmates.

AT a grocery store in Belfast, Mass., recently, while quite a number of persons were gathered therein, the proprietor got them to guessing on various things, finally coming to pea beans. A number of guesses were made as to how many were in a bushel. The most reckless person in the party guessed as high as 50,000. From that there were various other estimates of a smaller number. "Well, sir," said the grocer, "there are 149,000." Of course no one would believe him until he explained that there were sixty to a half ounce, and proved it. "Then how many bank notes will it take to weigh as much as a silver dollar?" he said. "One hundred!" Seventy-five!" "Three hundred!" cried out several. "Not right," said the grocer; "just twenty-two"—which he illustrated and proved.

THE following instance of cannibalism is given by a correspondent in Santiago, Chili: "Pea Perez, accompanied by a small boy, Enrique Belle, aged seven years, left Valparaiso to travel on foot to Santiago. Upon arrival at the entrance of the railroad tunnel, near San Pedro, Perez seized the boy and undertook to eat him alive. The story says that he ate the fingers off one hand and ate part of one foot, and bit pieces out of the cheek. He then commenced sucking the blood. In the meantime the boy fainted. The guard of the tunnel surprised Perez in the midst of his feast, but could not arrest him, as he fled up the mountain. The boy was taken care of and Perez has since been arrested.

HENRY WOOD, a farmer near Beach City, Stark County, Ohio, welcomed a plausible-tongued stranger claiming to be a

ALMOST A SAVAGE.

A WHITE MAN'S STRANGE LIFE IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

He is Made Second in Power Over a Tribe of Natives Helping a Shipwrecked Crew.

The Portland (Me.) Daily Tuesday 1, Second William Gooding, [illegible] sailed from Newcastle, New South Wales, March 7, 1869, for Hong Kong under charter for New York. She proceeded on the fifth of April following, when she encountered a cyclone and was driven down on Suwanna Reef, near Pozzet Island one of the group of Caroline Islands in the South Pacific.

The crew escaped in one of the ship's boats and managed with great difficulty to reach a small islet to the northward. From this islet after the storm subsided they made the island of Pozzet, which is inhabited by a race of fierce savages. As the boat approached the island a fleet of canoes put out to intercept them. There were about thirty canoes, with eight or ten men in each, and all were armed with knives and spears. Some of the savages could not wait for the boat to come alongside, but jumped overboard and swam to her, each man carrying a long, wicked-looking knife, held between his teeth.

The first savages to reach the boat clambered in until the boat was nearly swamped. Then they began to strip the sailors of their coats and other garments, throwing the garments aboard their own canoe, which by this time were paddling alongside. The white men were soon despoiled of everything but their underclothing, these being left to them, and the whole fleet drew in toward the land.

When they got ashore, and while the shipwrecked crew were standing surrounded by the noisy crowd of natives, a man dressed as all the others, only with a cloth about his hips, pushed his way through the crowd and spoke to them in the English language.

To the astonishment of Captain Gooding, to whom the man addressed himself, the seeming native introduced himself as Charles Irons, an Englishman, and offered to render any assistance it was possible for him to give.

Later, the captain learned Irons' history. It appears that he was left at Pozzet Island by a trading vessel about four years ago, his business being to represent the traders in the cocoanut oil trade, but the vessel had never called for Irons since leaving him, and he had gradually assumed the habits of the natives and finally became so much like them in appearance and manner of life he was not in any way to be distinguished from the people among whom he lived. He had taken to himself seven wives, and was regarded by the natives as a man of importance, second only to the chief of the tribe.

Irons had been so long among the natives that he had forgotten many of the common things of civilization. A day or two after landing at Pozzet, Captain Gooding, who had become in a degree uncertain about his reckoning of time, not knowing exactly whether the day was Thursday or Friday in the week, asked Irons if he knew what day of the week it was. Irons answered that he did not, and more than that he did not know what year it was.

Captain Gooding says that the natives would never have allowed him and his crew to leave Pozzet if it had not been for the good offices of Irons. Irons interested himself in behalf of the shipwrecked men and hired a canoe from the natives with presents of English calico, from stores in his possession. With this canoe Captain Gooding, Second Mate George W. Harrison, and one of the ship's crew set sail ten days after their arrival at Pozzet, leaving the remainder of the ship's company and First Mate Richard Watchman, seven men in all, at Pozzet.

The captain and his men made their way in the canoe by a roundabout course from island to island, touching at eight different ones and making stops at each, varying from two days to a month's duration, finally arriving at Ruk, where there is a missionary station.

Here they were cared for by the missionaries and obtained the use of the boat belonging to the station. In the missionary boat they made sail back to Pozzet direct, and taking the members of the crew they had left there, returned to the missionary island.

Two months after their return the missionary vessel Morning Star arrived and took them all to Honolulu, where they landed November 18. From Honolulu Captain Gooding and part of the crew were brought by the steamer Australia to San Francisco, arriving there November 29.

This story, told by Captain Gooding on his return, was published in the New York Herald's London edition, and the managing owners of the wrecked bark, Chase, Leavitt & Co., of Portland, Me., and and Captain Gooding of Yarmouth, are in receipt of letters from London making inquiry in regard to the Irons who appeared to figure as prime minister of the savage Pozzet.

Both letters are from the same source, the "Probate and Divorce Registry, Somerset House, London," and are signed by Lancelot C. Irons. The writer says he has reason to believe the white man on Pozzet Island is his younger and only living brother, and says: "We last heard of him in December, 1868, when he was trading with the savages of New Guinea in a ship that chartered from Brisbane." He gives a minute description of his brother as he appeared at that time, and says his full name is William Charles Frederick Irons.

The letter to Captain Gooding contains questions as to particulars of identification and inquiries as to how assistance might be sent to the man at Pozzet if he proves to be the person sought for. The letter to Chase, Leavitt & Co., concludes: "I and all my people feel sure that the Englishman mentioned is our brother, supposed to have been murdered by the savages eleven years ago."

Captain William Gooding says he has no doubt the man at Pozzet was the William Charles Frederick Irons inquired for. The description given in the letter from Somerset House tallies in all points with that of the man he met at Pozzet.

Captain Gooding says that at his first meeting with the man at Pozzet, in surprise at being addressed in the language of civilization, he exclaimed: "What! Can you speak English?"

"I ought to," was the answer, "for I was born in London."

Captain Gooding says he left Irons at the missionary station at Ruk. Irons having accompanied him there on the return voyage of the missionary boat. When they arrived the missionaries were greatly surprised to see Irons, for they had heard a report of his death at the hands of the savages in December, 1868. The party also met at one of the islands in the Ruk lagoon Harry Chisholm, who was at one time a shipmate of Irons. He was surprised to see Irons alive, having heard the report of his death.

From information gathered by Captain

NINE INDIANS AFTER SCALPS.

And How it was that Senator Pettigrew Ate One of Them for Dinner.

"It was not until I found the three white men scalped in the creek that I realized how close the hostile Indians were," said Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota. "My camp was made about fifty miles from Bismarck. It was in 1863—which was then a settlement of forty or fifty buildings, maybe, most of them dance houses and saloons. A more wicked town it would be difficult to imagine. The northern Pacific road had its terminus there and the toughs and bad characters from all the country round naturally congregated at the point from which trans-continental freight was shipped down the Missouri. However, I wasn't speaking of territorial civilization, but of the savages, of whom I spied nine while out hunting on this occasion in the breast-high grass of a valley. I was shooting for the pot, and just happened to look toward the southwestern horizon when I was interested to observe the number of Sioux I mentioned stealing along in single file around the bottom slope of a hill about a mile away. They were coming in my direction, and, inasmuch as the red men were fiercely on the war path against all whites at that time, my first thought was to make for the camp, for I did not desire to figure without a skull covering, like the three unfortunates to whom the attention of myself and my companion had been called in the water way.

I managed to reach camp in time by a frantic race and found there only the cook, who had already seen the Indians approaching and had got ready all the guns belonging to the party. There were eight Winchester rifles, each carrying a magazine of bullets, beside other arms, and, inasmuch as both the cook and myself were first-rate shots, we felt confident of being able to easily dispose of nine Sioux before they could even do so much as get within their own gun-shot range. But we had one great anxiety, namely, for the seven other members of the expedition, who had gone out in another direction with only one shot-gun among them. After we had loaded the few pistols that had not been prepared we bent our attention upon the enemy. I asked the cook to hand me a field glass, so that I might inspect the foe more closely. You know, in that part of the world the atmosphere has this peculiarity—that objects seen at a distance are very much distorted to the view of times. For instance, a dog afar will seem as big as an elephant, and other things will seem in various ways transmogrified. Thus you will not be so much surprised when I tell you that upon looking through the glass I beheld nearing us in single file nothing more or less formidable than nine antelopes. We had one of them for dinner that evening. [Washington Star.

A Four-Year-Old's Protest.

A Chicago gentleman has a four-year-old boy who is an inveterate gum-chewer. The boy's name is John, and he thinks it is a great hardship to put aside his gum when he goes to bed at night. He is inclined very much to rebel against such discipline. A few Sundays ago he went to the cemetery with his parents. Passing a pasture along the track, little John saw a cow lying down and chewing her cud. He at once exhibited wild alarm and excitedly exclaimed: "Oh, ma, look there! That cow has gone to bed chewing her gum, and you won't let little John do that." One evening John's elder brother and sister were discussing anatomy and looking over a physiological work. John was particularly interested in the pictures of sections of the human being. After they had got through he took the book, and, pointing to the lungs, heart, liver, and arm, a leg and other dissevered members of the human frame, he inquired: "Does it take all these to make a boy?"—[Chicago Herald.

Birds That Speak.

The parrot is generally supposed to have the monopoly of the power of talking among birds, but as a matter of fact, the parrot is decidedly inferior to the myna. There are always examples of these birds in the insect house at the Zoo, and they repeat various phrases with great clearness of utterance.

Curiously enough the hen has a gruff voice, while the cock speaks in a clear, high tone like that of a child. The mynahs can be easily provoked into showing off their power of speech, and will greet the visitor with "Good morning," in response to his salutations. The mynah is a kind of starling, and this latter bird is well known for its imitative powers. Some years ago an account was published of a "talking canary," which could articulate quite plainly and would repeat a series of phrases.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

The Aged Poet Laureate.

Alfred Tennyson smokes a big clay pipe, and never uses the same pipe but once. He dislikes notoriety and is said to have burned all his letters, so that his future biographer will have a hard time of it writing his life. He says he does not propose after he is dead to be "ripped up like a pig." To strangers he is surly and even rude, but with congenial spirits the native sunshine of his nature shines out. He does not believe in poetic inspiration, but believes that all good poetry is the result of hard, patient and persistent work. He has been known to spend a whole day over a single verse. Neither the blame nor the praise of the public affects him, but he does his work regardless of the critics. Thousands of level-headed people believe that when he is gone the poet of the world will rank with Shakespeare and Milton.

CHANGING COLOR.

A BLACK MAN BECOMES ALMOST PERFECTLY WHITE.

A Remarkable and Rare Instance of Leucoderma—Cause of the Extraordinary Transformation.

A black man rapidly turning white is the marvel to a select few of the prominent physicians of Columbus, Ohio.

"Black as the Ethiopian" could well have been applied to him at one time.

Now he is becoming perfectly white—his arms and hands, together with the greater part of his body, being pinkish-skinned, and in most parts where the change has taken place quite as fair as the fairest and plumpest of women.

It is the most remarkable case of leucoderma that has yet been brought to the attention of the medical profession.

The man who is undergoing this singular transformation is Henry Harvard. He is a United States prisoner at the Ohio Penitentiary, where he is serving a sentence with two Georgia moonshiners. Last September Henry and his two companions were arrested not a great distance from Macon. United States Revenue officers had swooped down upon his companions, catching them manufacturing illicit liquor. Harvard was with the men at the time, though it was never proved that he had a hand in manufacturing the stuff. When the officers made the capture, he pulled a revolver from his pocket and gave every evidence of a desire to use the weapon. He is a powerfully built fellow, and it took several blows before he was felled to the ground. He was placed under arrest, and, charged with resisting government officers, was given two years in the Ohio Penitentiary. Received in the early part of last September, with good time off, he still has about a year longer to serve behind the bars of the "pen."

When he arrived at the Penitentiary the attendants who took charge of him were somewhat surprised at the spotted condition of his face. When he divested himself of his clothing preparatory to a prison bath they discovered his body almost evenly divided as between white and black.

It was the impression of some of the attendants at the time that he was a very dirty white man. They could not satisfy their minds with this reasoning, however, after giving him a thorough bath, as no change in his color was apparent. Completely puzzled, the attendants applied for information to the two prisoners who had accompanied Harvard to the Penitentiary. To their astonishment one of these, a fellow named May, told them that a Georgia physician had examined Harvard and had pronounced him afflicted with leprosy. He was at once placed in an unoccupied shed under guard to await an examination by the physicians of the Penitentiary on the following morning, it then being too late in the evening to do any thing in that line.

Early the next morning the strange case was called to the attention of Dr. C. Alleyne Howell, the assistant physician of the Penitentiary. He made a complete examination, and at the conclusion pronounced that Harvard's condition was not due to leprosy. The prisoner was entirely free from any taint, he discovered. Further than that Dr. Howell offered no opinion, assuring the attendants, however, that they need entertain no fears of contracting disease through coming in contact with Harvard. The doctor had made an interesting discovery. It was that the prisoner from Georgia was changing his color. It was some days afterward before he fully satisfied himself as to this. The outer skin was peeling off. That was plain. Information regarding this wonderful specimen of an operation of the system rarely ever witnessed was at once imparted to four or five of the leading doctors of this city. Harvard was brought before them, and they pronounced his case the most remarkable of any of the very few similar cases known to the profession. Together they have quietly watched developments, and have during the past four months seen Harvard almost entirely shed his black skin and assume that color of his more fortunate fellow-being, the white man.

A more perfect specimen of physical development could scarce be imagined. He is over six feet, and weighs about 213 pounds. Stripped to the skin, his huge muscles play like those of the trained athlete, his limbs being well moulded, and his form of excellent build. It presents a sight, too, that will cause the most learned of physicians to gaze in wonderment. The feet are perfectly white and so are the hands. It is not of the darkish white, either, so common with those through whose veins courses colored blood. The calves of the legs a distance above the knees are also white. Part of the lips are black, and then around the body, the back, stomach and chest are white, with that pinkish, soft tint of the maiden. The arms are white and fair to a short distance above the elbows. The tips of his shoulders are black, and their tops, as though he wore epaulets, are white. Across the shoulder blades is the black stripe, jutting up to the hair upon his head in two streaks, just back of the ears, and running up in a tiny streak to the base of and in front of each ear. The back part of the neck is white. So is the under part of the jaw and a greater part of the skin about the throat.

It is the face, however, that presents the strangest spectacle. About the eyes, down over the cheek bones to the strong jaws, and on each side of the forehead, is skin as white as that of any man in full health. Above the top of each eye, and from temple to temple—in fact, the centre-piece of the forehead—is deep black. Upon the right jaw are two streaks of black—one extending to the corner of the mouth, giving him the appearance, at first sight, of bearing an ugly scar there. His face is an intelligent appearing one.

Harvard is in perfect health, works every day, and is employed in the most trying place in the Penitentiary—the foundry, where the dust is so great and the work so hard that no man but one in full possession of health could keep up under it. He talks freely of his condition, though he endeavors to avoid the gaze always directed at him when any number of visitors to the prison are about.

"I have been changing color now for sixteen years," he said to me. "I have been examined by several Southern physicians, who were attracted to me through curiosity. None but one described my change in color as due to leprosy," and Harvard laughed heartily. "I have never had a sick day in my life, and never contracted any disease—at least I have never suffered from any. I will take that back about the sickness, though. I had the lock-jaw a few years ago and noticed that after getting better my color changed faster than before."

Now, to a cause for this changing of color. As the physicians describe it, underneath the outer or true skin is a pigment—what might be termed a second skin. The latter takes its color from the outer skin, and as the latter is becoming white the former will follow. Before this pigment comes the Ethiopic islands. They are the descendants of the body. When the complexion as seen ordinarily in the white race is absolute, and the color matter is absolute, and the condition prevailed by Harvard in the south. His black color by the contrast becomes a sort of brownish cast, as though it were varnish and daubed on with a brush.

The physicians who have knowledge of this case are deeply interested in its development. They say that there has been but one case of the kind that has attracted any wide spread attention. That was a colored man at Hot Springs, Ark., who died while undergoing the change. [Cincinnati Enquirer.

Stopped Her Merriment.

Four bright-eyed little shop girls bounded a Clark street grip car recently just as it started into the tunnel, and sat all in a row near the rear door. They all drew out their purses together and each produced five pennies to pay their fare. The conductor was at the front end of the car collecting fares.

"Oh, say, girls," exclaimed one demure little miss, when she saw the great wealth of copper about to be bestowed on the unhappy conductor, "it's mean of us to give him all these pennies. It bothers him awfully to get rid of them, for the company won't take pennies from him. My brother used to be a conductor and he told me about it then."

"It's too bad," said another girl, going down again for a bill of exchange. "I'll give him a nickel."

"So will I," remarked the third girl.

"You girls haven't a little bit of nerve," exclaimed the last girl, a freckle-faced maiden with a pug nose. "Give me the pennies and I'll see that he gets them."

The pennies were turned over and the conspirator awaited her victim.

On the seat opposite the girls sat a thin-faced, black-eyed little woman who nearly went into convulsions of merriment at the prospect of the conductor's discomfiture. And when he came along and the mischievous miss poured the pennies into his hand the black-eyed woman snickered out loud. Calming herself for a moment, she paid her fare, handing the conductor a quarter. He took it, dumped the twenty pennies into her lap, and went about his business.

And the rest of the way through the tunnel the deadly liquid fire in the glances she shot at the four little shop girls dimmed the lustre of the electric lights in the roof of the car.—[Chicago Tribune.

Doom of the Wooden Indian.

"The wooden Indian in front of our stores," said a tobacconist to a reporter the other day, "is like the flesh-and-blood red man. He is being sternly pushed by the white man.

"Just look along our streets. In many cases in front of the cigar stores, instead of the wooden Indian, we see the Roman soldier blandly puffing a Havana. Again, in place of the wooden Indian are those other familiar fancy figures of young men of the period, airy, jocular, and suave, with the invariable silk hat tilted on the back of the head. These figures are intended to give a light and pleasing air to the cigar store in contrast to the grave air of the Indian. For my part I like the stolid Indian with his feathers and tomahawk. He seems appropriate.

"Some other cigar store keepers have supplanted their wooden Indians with colored minstrels in full costume, and the signs seem to be rather popular. Other dealers strive to give their stores an Oriental air, and the turbaned Turk has elbowed away many an Indian. Still others, filled with royal patriotism, have banished their stalwart Powhattans, and adorned their store fronts with genial statues of George Washington, smoking peacefully a painted stump of 'Old Virginy.'

"And some of these cigar store warriors have a history. That one out there," and the tobacconist pointed to the huge brave who guarded the entrance, "was once the figurehead of one of our men-of-war that fought in the war of 1812."—[New York Times.

Hong Kong's Floating Population.

The floating population of Hong Kong, as it is called, numbers some 60,000 souls. They are a busy and energetic community, as distinct from the Chinese on shore as though they belonged to a different race. They seem to be a sort of mutual aid association, each supplying the wants and needs of the other. It would seem hard to fancy several generations of Europeans passing their lives within the confines of a small boat, seventeen feet long—fathers, mothers, children and grandparents living together like animals in a cage, never leaving their home, yet seemingly as happy as a fitless existence and no responsibility could make them.

Of course some are busy, very busy, and paddle about all day long, crying their various wares, with yells at once discordant and unbearable to ears not accustomed to their sound. The others seem to fish, and by whatever means they always appear to have a well-stocked larder of such simple viands as they are accustomed to.

To describe a sampan, one has only to imagine a long, clumsily constructed boat, with a thatched roof over the centre and divided into three compartments. They are propelled somewhat after the fashion of the Venetian gondola. The children occupy one end, the old folks the other, while the centre is devoted to cooking purposes.

One of Magician Keller's Stories.

"While in India," said Magician Keller to some friends recently, "I saw many things done by the native masters of legerdemain that completely 'stumped' me and some scientific gentlemen that were with me. The most wonderful performances were in hypnotism.

"Framjee Cowasjee Jeejeebhoy, a millionaire Parsee merchant, son of Framjee Cowasjee, the founder of the Bombay Institute of Physical Inquiry bearing his name, gave me his word for this remarkable story:

"In the north of India was a famous hypnotist who possessed the power of hypnotizing himself. His wife, who knew his secret, was accustomed to revive him whenever he exercised this exceptional power. He killed a man and was sentenced to execution. Several days before the time for the execution he hypnotized himself, passing into a condition which, to all appearances was death. So perfect was the semblance that the English Government physicians who were called in officially certified that he was dead, and ordered his body cremated. But at this point his wife appeared. She was stricken with grief, and wept until the hearts of the authorities were touched. She was permitted to take away the body for private cremation. Then she revived her husband, and together they escaped."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON CONSIDERED.

Reflections of an Elevating Character—Wholesome Food for Thought—Studying the Scriptural Lessons Intelligently and Profitably.

The Lesson for Sunday, Feb. 16, may be found in Luke xiii, 7-22.

INTERMEDIATE.

It was the fifteenth year of Tiberius Cæsar; the period in the reign of the second Cæsar, when that flower of the Roman civilization went solde, a self-exiled voluptuary, to plunge into luxury and wantonness at Capreæ. Just at this time of notorious wickedness in high places came the rebuking voice at the Jordan. Rebuking, and yet, at the same time, reassuring. For while it laid bare men's sins it also pointed forward—the "refuge" becomes a lesson—to an escape from the sins and the dawning of a better day. In any case, it beckoned the utter weakness of human strength and the total worthlessness of human greatness or goodness. The only hope for lost man was in the verifying of the prophetic message, brought by this man of the wilderness. And the verification is at hand.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

The axe is laid. Is lying. As if ready for instant work.——Unto the root. Rather, at the root. It has not yet been applied to cut.——Brimeth not forth. Same word as above in v. 8. Do. A tree's doing is in its fruitage.——The fig. More accurately, into the fig. No particular fig, except the analogy.

Asked. Or were asking, kept asking. This, like the "then said he" of v. 7 (same saying), is in the imperfect tense, implying frequentative action.——What shall we do then? See the original. Using the same word as John employed in vs. 8, 9, but translated, bring forth. What shall we bring forth.

He answereth and saith unto them. A close rendition into idiomatic English might be, Answering, he would say to them.——Two coats. One of those garments was sufficient in fine clime. It was equivalent to saying in the Judith we say raiment.——Impart. Literally, to share with.——Meat. Food.——Likewise, i. e., share with the needy out of his abundance.

Publicans. Tax-gatherers under the Romans; much despised by the people.——Master. Teacher.

Unto them. Exceedingly personal preaching. The Greek represents him as speaking straight at them (pros autous).——Exact. No more searching word could have been spoken to the tax-gatherer.——Appointed you. Prescribed. The publicans were accustomed to extort amounts largely beyond the legal requirement. The same word is used by Paul, 1 Cor. 16: 1, "Concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order."

Soldiers. Probably Jewish or half-Jewish militia who chanced to be in that vicinity.——Do violence. To shake violently, to intimidate. Soldiers were not indisposed, as with the praetorian cohort at Rome, to use their power beyond their legitimate province and to their personal advantage.——Accuse any falsely. To take money by false information. Literal blackmail. The word itself is transferred into our language, sycophant. Its root is the word for fig, irregularities in the Athenian fig industry first occasioning the expression.——Wages. Originally, provender or provisions. Evidently John believed a man could be a good soldier. He does not denounce the calling per se.

And as. Either in the sense of time or reason why, the indicative participial form being used.——In expectation. Waiting to see.——Mused. Comparing one thing with another, in mental indecision.——Christ or not. The later translations (see Variations) are better: May not he himself be the Christ?

Answered. Replying to the questions in their hearts, as did Christ very often (Mark iii: 34, cf. Matt. xii: 39).——One mightier than I.——Worthy. Not the same word as in v. 8 (twice), but here (Bloomfield) meaning fit or competent.——Unloose. A most menial task.——With the Holy Ghost. Rather, In. Indicating the fullness of the gift. See Pentecost (Acts 2).——Fire. This has been taken by a recent writer to apply to God's "consuming fire," i. e., judgment.

All the people, i. e., all who would.——Jesus also. Probably along with the rest, at the time of the baptism of all.——Praying. Christ's example of his baptismal waters.——Heaven was opened. God's honoring of the ordinance.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance. John was the truth-telling prophet. We might suppose that such an outspoken declaration as "generation of vipers" would offend and turn the people from the preacher. It did offend, but it did not drive his congregation away. Why? Because it was the truth. Only a very most of serpents they were, slipping out of their dens, "warned," as it were, stirred up by some meddling instrument. This sudden apprehension, or fright, John says, is not enough. So something, he says, begin to live as if you had really repented of the past and abandoned it. And to seek straightforward preaching they responded with eagerness. Maybe not always be so? "You have grievously offended my husband," said the Christian sister to our neighbor pastor. "I am glad of it," said the pastor. The next day the man himself called. "You hurt my feelings, last night. "Yes, but it was the truth, was it not?" Then followed an earnest personal conversation, and the man went forth a converted soul. Tell men the truth about themselves. It will do them good.

Those stones. "Sermons in stones," indeed. What a multitude of helps to the preacher of righteousness are lying about him and at his very feet; naturally waiting to be used for driving home the truth. These stones are used to shatter the dogma of traditional righteousness. "Children of Abraham," the men about John were sufficiently conscious, as that were any exoneration for the glories or any plea for acceptance. Look at those stones, said John; God is so far from being dependent upon you or under obligations to you that he can, as at the first, take these and raise up from them a new and chosen generation. There is just an intimation here of the new dispensation. Dull, lifeless, hopeless—very stones the Gentiles seemed to be, in the eyes of the self-righteous Jew. Such indeed, in a sense, they were. But out of these very stones, spoke John, God is able, by renewing grace, to raise up children unto Abraham. And truly, what hope for these Jews, themselves, were this not so?

What shall we do then? They are not asking, as did the three thousand at Pentecost, or the jailer at Philippi, "What shall I do to be saved?" It is doubtful whether John could have answered such a question; certainly not as Peter answered it with the power of the resurrection and the mighty demonstration of the Spirit. The question here is what shall we do to repent? how shall we prove our sincerity? A query it is, not to be forgotten to-day, and to be as carefully and truthfully answered as by John. In fact, it is included in the "apostle's doctrine" at Pentecost as a sort of subsidiary inquiry. "Repent and be baptized" said Peter. If baptism be the foundation token of such repentance, then the life outlined by John here is the perpetual declaration of the change within. Let us take the Bible as our lamp and light, step by step it guides us on our way, answering, one by one, every sincere question of the soul.

He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost. Christ's coming meant not a new Spirit, but a new importation of the Spirit. The Holy Ghost was in the world from the beginning, else how should the prophets of old have looked forward to Jesus? John himself was speaking by that Spirit. Ever since the foundation of the world it has been his office to testify of the Son, first, as he that was to come; now, with power, as he that is come and is raised up to sit upon the right hand of the Majesty on high. Hence Christ is said to baptize with the Holy Spirit, and just here we place the accent. Christ pours out the Spirit with such strength and fullness as to overwhelm and engulf; the whole being lost, as it were, in the new bestowment. Is it not to this that Paul refers in the thrilling language of Eph. 3: 19, "that ye might be filled with the fullness of God?"

A voice came from heaven. Does not God give us no similar tokens of assurance? When we have obediently and trustingly accepted of him, does not the Spirit descend upon us, noiselessly, indeed like the dove, and with the dove's peace left resting in the soul? Yea, more, the voice from heaven is ours also. For we have "received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba Father" within? Yea, more, "God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying Abba Father." And so, as Paul here at Gal. 4: 7, says, "Thou art no more a servant, but a son." Christ gives his brethren a testimony from on high like unto that which was his. Only let us remember that it was while he was "praying" that "the heaven was opened."

Next Lesson—"The Temptation of Jesus." Luke 4: 1-13.

IN THE VINEYARD.

...e Gems of Thought Culled ...or Subbath Day Reflections.

...HOLESOME READING FOR ALL.

...e Mercy of God—A House-Going Minister—Beyond the Grave—The Religion We Want.

The Mercy of God.

The mercy of God is discriminative. It flows out most to those who need it—like the ministrations of a mother. Wherever, exclaims one, you find a man wrenched and broken down; wherever you find a woman crushed and despairing, wherever you find wrestling, struggling and downfall, there Christ is. He is mighty to help, comfort, save.

Beyond the Grave.

Dr. Lyman Abbott has been installed as pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, at a salary of $8,000 per year. In accepting the place he made a statement of his faith, from which it appears that he believes in the miracles, in the divinity of Christ, and in a possible chance of repentance and forgiveness on the other side of the grave. On the latter point he says:

I refuse to believe that the accident of death transmutes God's mercy and makes repentance impossible, and so closes the door of hope upon the soul forever. What may be the resources of God's mercy in the future I do not know, and shrink from the dogmatism which attempts to define them. I am sure that when the glad day comes the song of rejoicing will rise from every creature in Heaven and on earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea. If there are then any voices not joining in that choral of redeeming love, I believe it will be because they are silent in that second death from which there is no resurrection. Endless conscious sin I do not believe in. I could endure the thought of endless sufferings, but not of sin growing ever deeper, darker and more awful. It has grown to me unthinkable, I believe it is unscriptural.

The Religion We Want.

We want a religion not merely of creeds, but of conduct; a religion that softens the step and gives gentleness to the voice, that checks the impatient word and hasty rebuke; a religion that is respectful to superiors, courteous to inferiors and considerate to friends; a religion not merely for the church and the Sabbath, but that lives in the family and keeps the husband from being cross if his dinner is late, and the wife from fretting if the husband sometimes forgets the scraper and the door mat; that keeps the mother patient if the baby is fretful, and can amuse and interest the children as well as govern and instruct them; that cares for the comfort and the welfare of servants as well as pays them; that projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy home like the eastern fig tree, bearing at once the beauty of its tender blossoms and the glory of its ripened fruit. "I would not give much for that man's religion," said Rowland Hill, "whose very cat and dog are not better for it." Every Christian should so live as to be able, with the good Methodist brother, to say: "If you don't believe I am a Christian, ask my wife." We want a religion not merely for the prayer meeting and the public profession; but for the home, for the counting house, for the marts of business, for the entire life—one that shall smooth the rough places of the world, and make daily life brighter and better, cherishing the spirit of Heaven here, and so preparing for Heaven hereafter. —*Detroit Free Press.*

A House-Going Minister.

When the famous Dr. Chalmers said "A house-going minister makes a church-going people," he uttered a wide truth. For it is not only the fact that the pastor gains the affection of his congregation by visiting and knowing them, and making them his personal friends, thus putting love behind duty in persuading them to frequent the house of God; it is also the fact that in this way he obtains information, gets hints, picks up suggestions vastly and variously helpful to him in his ministrations. Preaching without exact knowledge of the persons preached to is like shooting at a target in the dark—a bullet in the bull's-eye would be a miracle.

Called as he is to preach on a single theme, wide and deep though it be, he is in danger of becoming monotonous. A lawyer is supplied with a new subject by every fresh case. A physician has a new study in each patient. An editor is provided with a new topic through the news from day to day. The preacher alone is thrown back upon his own invention, judgment, predilection, choice in the selection of themes. Unless he is a genius (and geniuses do not march in regiments) he will become repetitious and unedifying, if he makes his own unaided knowledge his source of supply. His pastorate will be short. His congregation will admire him the first year, tolerate him the second and git rid of him the third.

But if he be given to pastoral visitation he will find himself supplied, by just keeping his eyes and ears open, with endless subjects. As he goes from house to house he will get what the lawyer gets in each case, what the physician gets in every patient, what the editor gets in to-day's news—a constant succession of fresh topics. In one house, there is abundance; in another, poverty; in this one, sickness; in that one health; here, sorrow; there, rejoicing; in one place, trouble; in another, disgrace—all the varieties and contrasts of the human life.

What field of homiletics is equal to this? How else can the preacher so surely vary his style and method? Now he will preach to life, for his themes are fetched from life. Knowing by personal contact the thoughts, feelings, habits of his flock, he can apply the Gospel to their needs with unerring skill. For homiletical purposes, reading is tame compared with seeing and hearing. "The world," says the French proverb, "is a book." Many clergymen know too much about literature and too little about life. The pulpit should speak the language of the people. This is a good recipe for a long and useful pastorate. *St. Louis Republic.*

COMBINATION AMONG WOMEN.

Combination among skilled women workers is increasing every day, though slowly, for women are by natural conservative, and they do not readily accept the principle of unionism. They have many of them suffered sorely from the effect of strikes, and though they realize that prolonged combination, if carried out consistently, must improve their position and in the long run raise their wages, never lose sight of the long period during which their employment must cease, till their ultimate demands are conceded. Added to which they do not forget the bitter feelings aroused—the breach between employer and servant, and above all that in a struggle, such as a long strike always must be, it is only the strong who win, the weak ones go to the wall. All these things make women shy and slow to join a trade union, while the introduction of foreign labor in England, and the increasing demand, on account of their cheapness, for foreign goods, have made a much deeper impression on their minds than is generally admitted. The skilled woman worker has, however, the security of knowing that she can take up her stand with a greater chance of success, for with the best women workers, as with the men, the supply is rarely in excess of the demand. And were technical instruction given to women a good deal of the better class work they cannot do would be carried out in England, instead of being executed by Frenchwomen, who are trained for it in the many technical schools which exist for women in France.

In Scotland the question has been warmly espoused by the women who work in Glasgow and Dundee, and the prospect of combining for the unskilled as well as the skilled workers, is very much more promising there than in England. Scotchwomen are more independent and self-reliant, added to which, though the pay is bad, their surroundings are less deteriorating than those of the London women, and their dwellings are better and rents are lower. The rapid increase of the population and the influx of people from the country to the large towns make the problem of how to deal with our unskilled female labor every year more difficult. The education hitherto given to women in England is purely intellectual, and when a girl has passed the standard, she at once goes into the ranks of the unskilled. If she can give time she may be apprenticed and learn a trade, but the number of girls who can afford to do that is getting fewer every day. The few shillings a girl can earn at once is much too important an addition to the family income to be rejected, and as the majority of them marry while practically children, neither the necessity of being apprenticed nor of joining a union appeals to them.—*English Illustrated Magazine.*

NOT LUCK.

A barque was wrecked on the New Jersey coast one wild winter night, and the only persons saved were two boys who got to shore over the terrible billows on broken pieces of timber.

It was a sad sight when next day four hearses were driven to the village cemetery with bodies of seamen, washed ashore in the night. The boys were the only mourners who followed the funeral managed by town officials. Their homes were far away, and they were soon to be sent back to the port from which they had sailed.

The dozen men of the crew of the doomed barque could not be saved, although the life-saving crew of a neighboring station did everything in human power to get lines or boats out to the ship when she went to pieces scarcely a thousand yards from shore.

"It's boys' luck," said one of the life-saving crew, when the drenched boys came safely through the roaring surf on their piece of timber; "let a boy alone to get ashore, if there is a scrap of a shaving or a hen-coop to hang to."

"Specially if a fellow's got sense enough left in his head to stick to his piece of timber," said one of the rescued boys.

Then it came out that the Captain and his crew were all under the influence of liquor when the gale began, and that the greater the danger became, the more they drank to lessen their sense of the peril.

"It was pretty tough to see such sailing, and not dare to open our mouths," said the other boy. "We'd never have gone to pieces if they'd had their hands enough to hold her steady and keep off shore."

"That's just it," said his companion. "They didn't have their heads. A fellow's got to be 'all there,' if he wants to make a port in a storm."

Isn't it a good thing to be sure that one has one's head at all times? Many a young man has made shipwreck of his whole life, because in a time of danger and perplexity he has put into his mouth that which "steals the brains away." It is not luck but pluck which wins, and it is the truest sort of pluck to refuse any truce with such an enemy. —*Youth's Companion.*

DEATH advertises itself in many ways, and it generally performs what it advertises.

THE LADIES.

A Budget of Interesting Talk Relating to the Tender Sex.

SOME FEMININE CHARACTERISTICS.

Matters Sober and Satirical, with a Spice of Humor, Prepared Specially for Our Fair Readers.

Mrs. Langtry's Complexion.

Apropos of the Jersey Lily, a point or two which the vulgar herd does not know. Langtry owes that wonderful complexion to the intensely hot baths she takes. The tub is filled with hot water, and she dabbles first one foot and then the other in it until she can endure it; then in she goes, and comes out looking like a lobster instead of a lily. She does not believe in cold baths. She wears very little underclothing. They are dainty silk shirts of delicate hue, mauve being the favorite. The satin corsets all lace behind, and there is a broad steel down in front. Long silk stockings, which reach nearly to the bottom of the corset, are worn, and except for two or three of the coldest winter months certain bifurcated, lace-trimmed garments are not worn; neither any petticoat save a short affair that barely reaches the knee.—*Chicago Herald's New York letter.*

Saved by His Wife's Tongue.

Timothy Dwyer and Annie his wife, had a talking match before Magistrate Pole recently, and although Timothy was less glib with his tongue he quit the winner. The woman had sworn out a warrant charging the husband with non-support, and after she had been sworn she started to talk, and rattled off statements of Timothy's infidelity at a rate that would make Neil Burgess blush as he heard her. As the lightning-like statements fell from her lips only occasional fragments could be understood, the balance being lost in the rapid rollingand whizzing of her tongue.

Magistrate Pole finely choked her off, and remarked to Timothy that he readily understood that there were many women who drove their husbands from home.

"I discharge you," was his ultimatum, and the garrulous wife talked from the Magistrate's desk through the long corridors, and was only checked by the elevator man, who threatened to drop her to the bottom of the well unless she shut up.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

A Severe Rebuke.

A severe but well-merited rebuke was administered not long ago, says the New York *Evening Sun's* Woman-About-Town, to a society girl by a young man who has the courage of very creditable conviction upon a certain common lack of the nicest courtesy among young women who are really very well bred, and who would not offend for the world if they stopped to think. He told the story himself, as follows:

"During one of my busiest weeks I invited a young woman to go with me to the theater on a certain first night. When the evening came I reached her home shortly before 8 o'clock. I waited in the reception-room for some time. Then the mamma appeared. We chatted for a quarter of an hour longer. Still no signs of the young woman. I looked at my watch; it was just time for the curtain to rise at the theater. I particularly wanted to see the opening of the play.

"Then I rose and took one of my checks from my pocket. 'Madam,' I said to the mother, 'here is the check of Miss D.'s chair, and the carriage is at the door. Will you be kind enough to ask her to come when it suits her best. For myself, I want to see the opening of the play.' And I walked out.

"And what did the young woman do?" asked three breathless listeners all at once.

"She came in the course of half an hour. She had good sense enough to take the rebuke in the right way. She knew she deserved it."

"Oh, but I would never have forgiven you!" sighed the chorus.

Why Some Women Grow Old.

It is a fact, as is claimed by many, that the middle-aged men among the working classes look much younger than their wives. What is the reason for it? The same authorities affirm that men in business look older than their wives, and in both cases they lay the cause of the early appearance of old age to overwork. By overwork they must mean work too long continued, for it is admitted that a person will live longer and enjoy better health to do very hard work for a few hours, following it with rest, than to do light work with but little intermission.

Working men do heavy work for ten hours out of the twenty-four; their wives work from fourteen to sixteen hours. Men have idle days when they are looking for work; their wives are never out of a job.

To long hours and no vacation, then, may be laid a large share of the blame for the premature appearance of old age among the wives of laboring men; but does it not seem as if over-worry might also be made to bear a share of it? If there were no such thing as worry, there would be little danger of a woman doing more work than she could do without harm to herself. The woman who does not worry about the proverbial rainy day will not work herself into the grave in trying to make provision for it.

Working men may have as much cause for worry as their wives, but they do less of it. They have a firmer belief in the old saying that there is no use in crossing the bridge until it is reached.

Women do a great deal of worrying over imaginary troubles, and are never at a loss for a subject. One can talk with few women for any length of time without discovering their present cause of worry, while the average man would give no indication that he ever had a care in his life nearer than those caused by some political situation, or something of that sort. Talking over one's troubles tends to increase them; that is a fact that can be proven, no matter what gossip-loving people may say to the contrary; so, in his silence over private annoyances, the average man has an advantage over the average woman.

There is no use in worrying over what cannot be helped. There are women who worry simply for the reason that the husband refuses to do so, and who think that his unwillingness to worry over what may happen some time, is a sure indication that calamity is bound to overtake them. They act as if they thought themselves under contract to carry the whole world on their shoulders, and were doomed to starve to death besides!

The mania for worrying is sometimes an inheritance, and incurable; but it is more often a habit formed from examples by the parents, and can always be modified, and in most instances entirely overcome, by an application of common sense and will power.—*Yankee Blade.*

WHY HE WAS CALLED "MAJOR."

Among all those lawyers who made that heroic advance upon Nashville last spring, to try the famous natural gas bond injunction, before Judge Jackson, none were more distinguished in their appearances than Mayor Hamilton and Emory Potter. They rather eclipsed the other legal luminaries, in fact, and threw them into the dense, disheartening umbra of totality in point of style. Down at the Tennessee capital they stopped at the best hotel, were mentioned in the local papers as prominent arrivals, had ice-water sent to their rooms, and revelled in all those rare and costly luxuries which are alone to be obtained at our best and most fashionable hostelries. In fact, the Mayor and Mr. Potter were in good form in every respect.

But they never spoke in court, and were silent as a London barrister. To all intents and purposes they were merely lending a high tone to the Toledo party, and investing it with an air of eclat.

The colored porter at their hotel, after frequent tips, evinced a great fondness for Mr. Potter.

Every morning he awoke the distinguished Toledo attorney, and said:

"Good mornin', Majah, did you enjoy your sleep las' night?"

Mr. Potter replied that he had.

"Yo'll fin' yo' shoes, Majah, all shined up right by yo' do'. Anything mo' I can do for you, Majah, dis mornin'?"

Mr. Potter could not understand the "Majah," but said nothing for several days, but it kept getting worse, the negro insisted on applying the military title to him, and finally Mr. Potter said:

"Say, why do you call me Major? I've been called Colonel, and General, and Captain, and Judge, and everything else, but I was never called Major before. Now I'd like to know what makes you call me Major."

"Well, you see, Majah, I 's like dis. Dn'in' de wah we allus called dose gemmen Majah wha' put on a pow'ful lot o' style, an' never had nuthin' to do."—*Toledo Blade.*

CLEANING THE TEETH.

Dentists are daily committing the error of not instructing their patients in regard to the proper methods of cleansing their mouths—brushing, picking, rinsing with warm water after meals and at night before going to bed. Our observations must show that people who do those things faithfully have little or no dentistry to do, says a writer in *Medical Classics.* It is astonishing what ignorance exists among people of all classes and conditions as to what cleanliness of the mouth means. They will tell you frankly that they do not brush their mouths as well as they ought to, for they did not know they were going to be examined, and, when you looked, you really thought so. and the second thought was probably not for a month. Cleanly habits are part of an individual's education, and can be formed only in childhood. Too much care cannot be bestowed on the subject for the little one. Each individual must see it thoroughly done—have it done for him, and experience having it well rubbed in with a brush. Not much dentifrice of any kind is needed. small quill toothpicks are best, narrow strips of rubber dam for spaces the quill will not clean. Water used frequently for rinsing, with a motion of the tongue on all the surfaces of the teeth and gums, lingual, palatal, labial and buccal. So much for preventive dentistry, which should be our highest aim.

TWO EDGED.

Nathan Levy—I say, Jacub; dot Ikey Einstein vas a mean man. He vos too grasping for his own good.

Jacob Solomons—How vas dot?

Nathan Levy—Vy, yesterday I gave him my note for $100 at dirty days, und py a mistake I dated it 1889. Ven I remembered vot I did I vent to him to get dot note back, and he says: "I don't regtify no mistakes after you leaves my office. I've got your note dated January 2, 1889, and it is eleven months overdue, und I'll charge you a year's interest.

Jacob Solomons—Dot vas not right. Vot haf you done?

Nathan Levy—I told him dot I would abide by his decision, but dot as I failed last March and only paid my creditors 2 per cend., dot not would have to go mit der old debts, and as dose affairs of dot old firm was round up he would hef to sue der creditors for der money. He vos a mean man, dat Ikey Einstein.—*New York Sun.*

CUBA AND YELLOW FEVER.

Should We Buy the Island in Order to Knock Out the Disease?

There has probably not been a month in twenty years when there was not a case of yellow fever in Havana, says a Chicago paper. In the majority of cases in which yellow fever has scourged portions of the United States the disease has been imported from Cuba. There is no estimating what this disease has cost this country. From 1817 to 1878, inclusive, the number of deaths from yellow fever in New Orleans was 21,797, exclusive of what was lost by cases that did not result in death and by paralysis of business. In 1878 the fever in Memphis carried off 5,160 people, and 585 in 1879. The total number of deaths in the United States from yellow fever in 1878 was 14,809, representing a direct loss, besides the amount given, of $17,770,800. In short, in the last quarter of a century yellow fever has cost this country not less than $2,500,000,000; and it is not a disease that is indigenous to this country, but is always imported. The yellow fever scare of 1888 cost Florida and the Southern part of the United States about $50,000,000, notwithstanding the fact there were very few deaths and the disease did not spread.

Since 1880 the commerce of the United States with Cuba and Porto Rico (Cuba is not given separately) has amounted to $678,791,325; in the same time the commerce of those two islands with other countries has been: With Great Britain, $150,238,619; with France, not quite $40,000,000; with Germany, not $10,000,000, and with Spain less than $170,000,000. The commerce of the United States with these islands has therefore been in the past nine years almost double that of the other powers named. In the time mentioned 29,088 American vessels entered for and cleared from Cuban ports, as against 28,429 total entrances and clearances, giving the United States almost three times as many entrances and clearances as those of all other nations. The total tonnage of the entrances and clearances in this time was 15,998,718; American tonnage, 10,131,221, or about two-thirds of all.

Nevertheless, great as is our trade with Cuba, it has been more than balanced in a quarter of a century by the losses due to diseases imported from that pest-hole. This is a most anomalous condition of affairs, and probably stands alone in the history of the world. It is not the policy of the United States to run off after islands and territory belonging to other powers. But here is a case that stands all alone; there is no precedent by which to judge the matter; and unless we wish to have an eternal pest and nuisance right under our noses, we must buy Cuba and clean it, or insist on Spain getting out her scrubbing brush and cleaning it. We paid $7,200,000 for Alaska, it would be money in our pockets to pay ten times as much for Cuba and then clean Havana. Unless we wish to have regular visits from yellow fever something must be done.

MYSTERY OF A PHOTOGRAPH.

A well-known photographer will vouch for the following facts, as told in the London *Tablet.* He was called in one day to take the photograph of a young girl of about twenty, who had died a few days before. The corpse was laid out upon a bed with the hands clasped over the breast. Death had come very gently to her, and, except for the stillness, she lay there as if in sleep. Some flowers had been strewn over the body, and on the floor by the side of the bed, and standing out in black relief against it was the coffin.

The photographer silently adjusted his lens and took the photograph. During the ten minutes needed for the exposure the photographer paced up and down the corridor outside the room where the dead girl lay. When he returned he saw on the lid of the coffin a flower, which was not there before. How did that flower come there? No one had entered the room, the windows were closed, and there was not a breath of air stirring. Why was the flower now lying on the coffin when a few minutes before it was on the bed between the hands of the corpse? The photographer listened, but he could hear no sound except the beating of his own heart. In a few minutes, however, he determined to dismiss the question from his mind, and busied himself with packing up his instrument.

Then he paused—possibly the falling flower had left a trace on the negative, or, as the day was gloomy, the photograph might not be quite successful. He would try again. A second photograph was taken and the artist returned home. That night, sitting up late in his studio, he developed the two negatives. The position of the corpse was not the same in the two negatives. The photographer strained his eyes, half disbelieving the evidence of his own senses, but there were the two negatives before him, telling him in their silent, unmistakable truthfulness that between the taking of the two photographs the arm of the dead girl had distinctly moved. The mystery of the flower on the coffin was solved, but it was succeeded by a mystery more terrible still.

THE CLOTHING OF BABIES.

Although I own that children are now more sensibly clothed than was the case thirty years ago, it is still common to see an infant, who can take no exercise to warm himself, wearing a low-necked, short-sleeved, short-coated dress in the coldest weather. The two parts of the body—viz., the upper portion of the chest and the lower portion of the abdomen—which is the most important to keep from variations of temperature, are exposed, and the child is rendered liable to colds, coughs, and lung diseases on the one hand, and bowel complaint on the other. What little there is of the dress is chiefly composed of open work and embroidery, so that there is about as much warmth in it as in a wire sieve, and the socks accompanying such a dress are of cold white cotton, exposing a cruel length of blue and red leg. I can not see the beauty of a pair of livid blue legs, and would much rather behold them comfortably clad in a pair of stockings. If the beauty be in the shape of the leg that shape will be displayed to much advantage in a pair of stockings; if it lie in the coloring of the flesh beautiful coloring will not be obtained by leaving the leg bare, and from the artistic point of view a blue or red stocking is infinitely preferable to a blue and red leg. *Popular Science Monthly.*

OLD WAR CRIES.

Between the war cries common throughout Europe in the Middle Ages and the war songs of the latter centuries there is a wide difference, although the object, which was to animate the troops by some common and endeared subject of reference at that moment of attack, remains the same. War cries were generally one of three things—the name of the leader, the place of the rendezvous, or the figure on the standard. For example of the first class, the cry of the family of Burbon was simply the name "Bourbon." Sometimes an encomium was added, as in the case of the *cri de guerre* of the Counts of Hainault—"Hainault the Noble." Those of the kind which consisted of a reference to the place of rendezvous were abundant in Scotland, in consequence of the localization of clans in particular districts, and the practice which prevailed of collecting them at a particular place by means of a messenger or the "fiery cross." They were also taken from the names of patron saints—that of the King of England was "St. George."

Advance our standards, set upon the foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Richard III.

The King of France cried "Montjoye St. Denis;" the former word being in allusion, it is supposed, to certain little mounts on which crosses were erected on the way from Paris to St. Denis for the direction of travelers. The Duke of Milan had for his *clamor militaris*—as an old Italian writer, Sylvester Petra Sancta, quaintly terms it—"Milan the Valiant." An old French herald speaks of some other war cries, somewhat different from the above: the Crusaders' *Dieu le veut;* the cries of invocation, a notable instance of which was that of the lords of Montmorency, *Dieu aide au Premier Chrétien* and the cries of exhortation, as that of the Emperor. "A dexter al a sinister," a sufficiently emphatic direction to the soldiers of the chivalrous times. When modes of fighting changed, war cries were laid aside or transferred as mottoes to the crests of the families by which they had been used. The latter is the case with a large proportion of the Scotch family "slogans" (war cries). The favorite battle cry of the Irish was "Aboo." War cries were evidently indulged in by the soldiers in Homer's day, for he speaks of the solemn silence in which the Greeks marched to battle and the wild chants and yells characteristic of the Trojans' advance. The Greeks stood in great awe of their Generals; the cosmopolitan nature of the Trojan army did not leave room for any special patriotic sentiment. —*Nineteenth Century.*

MURDERED HIS FRIEND IN A DREAM.

A curious theory of murder has prevailed with the Governor of Kentucky in obtaining the pardon of W. B. Tompkins, sentenced to prison for life in 1887 for the murder of Samuel Purdy. The two men were warm friends and had roomed together for several years. Cries were heard from their bed-room one night, and Tompkins was found standing in the middle of the room gasping for breath, while Purdy lay murdered on the bed. Tompkins gasped: "He's gone out the door," but the door was closed and no trace of any one was discovered. In a corner of the room was a poker covered with blood and hair. According to Tompkins he said he had been aroused by some one striking across him at Purdy, who lay at the back side of the bed, and had seized the assailant, who had broken away. Purdy's money, $300, was untouched, and Tompkins vehemently protested his innocence to the last. The prosecuting attorney and the judge who tried the case now believe that he killed his friend in a dream, and upon this novel theory he has been released.—*Chicago Herald.*

HOW THEY TALK ON THE STAGE.

The stage hero never talks in a simple, straightforward way, like a mere ordinary mortal.

"You will write to me when you are away, dear, won't you?" says the heroine.

A mere human being would reply:

"Why, of course I shall, ducky, every day."

But the stage hero is a superior creature. He says:

"Dost see yonder star, sweet?"

She looks up, and owns that she does see yonder star; and then off he starts and drivels on about that star for full five minutes, and says that he will cease to write to her when that pale star has fallen from its place amid the firmament of Heaven.

THE YOUNG KNOW EVERYTHING.

Husband—Well, I believe I'll have to go to the public library. I can't find in my encyclopedia what I want.

Wife—Is it very important?

"Yes, my dear, it is very important. I can't finish my article without it. But in the public library I think I will be able to find the authorities that I want."

"Hadn't you better wait, dear, till John comes home from the grammar school? He might be able to give you the information you want."—*Boston Courier.*

WRITING poetry is recommended as a mental exercise. You can get physical exercise by attempting to read it to the editor.—*Terre Haute Express.*

IN NARROW QUARTERS.

A North Carolina Family of Twenty-eight Live in One Room.

In the western part of North Carolina, and about seven miles west of Hot Springs, there lives a family by the name of Brooks. It is a very interesting one, and many a visitor to the quiet little town of Hot Springs has had his curiosity so aroused by stories of this family, that they have hired teams and driven seven miles to the Brooks residence. This consists of a little, low log cabin in an unsettled district, and is occupied by father, mother and twenty exceptionally handsome children.

Every one is a blonde, with golden-yellow hair and peachy complexion, and all as ignorant, wild and untutored as they are beautiful. In addition to the above family proper the two older girls are married. One is a widow with two children, and the other has three children and a husband. Both these little families are living with the old folks at home, making in all a family of twenty-eight when none is missing. The house, or log cabin, consists of but one room, and that a very small one. On two sides of this are built seven berths, one above another against the wall, and they were evidently built with the cabin.

In these "boxes" the parents, children and grandchildren lay themselves away when night comes on. Three times a day this interesting family may be seen at meals. The older members seat themselves about on the ground in front of the house "Indian fashion," and are favored with tin plates and iron spoons, while the younger ones stand around a rough homemade table inside the cabin, eating beans with a relish that is good to look upon. This is the principal diet; now and then they have a change, but it is of the same plain, cheap order. They are all healthy and robust, knowing nothing of sickness.

The father of this family, who has to "hustle" for the beans to fill the twenty-eight hungry mouths, makes as high as $18 some months, but oftener his income will not exceed $15 per month, which sum he earns by walking seven miles daily to Hot Springs to work in the mill of a Mr. Frank Gahagan. The mother, who has a baby in arms, seems contented and happy as she sits with one foot on the side of the homemade cradle, made of an ordinary pine box, with rockers sawed out of a rough board, which she over now and then gives a "kick" to keep the cradle moving, while she sings over and over again a few lines of some old hymn she has learned. Every one is struck with the remarkable beauty of the children, from the youngest to the oldest. It is something wonderful. The parents have found names for all but one, which is without a name as yet.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

"SHON."

A gentleman who made a horseback tour of the backwoods of the West, some years ago, met with many amusing experiences. He stayed one night with an old German farmer, whose house consisted of but two rooms, one above the other.

The upper room, which was a mere loft, had in it two beds, one of which was given to the guest, while the farmer's boy, a heavy-eyed stupid-looking boy of about fifteen years, named John, slept in the other.

Long before daylight the next morning, the farmer began calling, "Shon! Shon! Git oud!"

"I vill soon," "Shon" replied drowsily, and immediately fell asleep again.

This occurred several times; then the father called out in the most emphatic tones:

"Shon! O Shon! Eef you dond git oud yoost so quick as you can, I vill goom up mit a pail of vater, und I bet I makes you shump!"

John seemed to care less for the possible pail of water than for the frostiness of the morning. "I vill be up soon," he answered, and settled himself for another nap.

In two or three minutes, says the traveler, I heard heavy footsteps ascending the rude steps leading to the attic, and while I lay sympathizing with "Shon," a wave of icy water drenched me almost from head to foot.

"Now, sir," stormed my host, "I told you I would douse you if——"

"But you have doused me!" I managed to gasp, with my teeth chattering.

Thus made aware of his mistake, the panzied father became profuse in his apologies, and more excited than ever.

"Vat!" he shrieked in the darkness. "It vas you! O-o-o-o-h, dot Shon! I thought he vas in dis bed! It vas dark; I could not see! Und you vas all vet! O-o-o-o-h. Int I gives it to dot Shon now! I vill troun him mit a whole pail of vater! Shon! you Shon! See vat mestake you make me do! I vill—Shon, vere you vas?"

But "Shon" had taken advantage of the hubbub and darkness, and had escaped the wrath of his father for the present, though I fear there was a terrible reckoning for him later in the day.

HOW TO SEE THE WIND.

Take a polished metal surface of two feet or more, with a straight edge; a large hand-saw will answer the purpose. Take a windy day for the experiment, whether hot or cold, clear or cloudy; only let it not be in murky, rainy weather, says the St. Louis *Republic.* Hold your metallic surface at right angles to the direction of the wind—i. e., if the wind is north, hold your surface east and west, but instead of holding it vertical incline it about forty-two degrees to the horizon, so that the wind, striking, glances and flows over the edge, as the water flows over a dam. Now sight carefully along the edge some minutes at a sharply defined object, and you will see the wind pouring over the edge in graceful curves. Make your observations carefully and you will hardly ever fail in the experiment; the results are even better if the sun is obscured.

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WANTED—A good reliable firm to take agency for our oils in Fort Wayne and other good cities. Also, agents wanted to carry oil as a side line. Address, THE MONITOR OIL CO., 4-tf Cleveland, Ohio.

STANLEY IN AFRICA—AGENTS WANTED to sell this history of the WONDERFUL EXPLORATIONS, DARING DEEDS and GRAND ACHIEVEMENTS on the dark CONTINENT. Illustrated, Colored Plates. The greatest edition of STANLEY. Be doing all other AFRICAN EXPLORERS published. Illustrated circulars free. Address, O. A. BROWNING & CO., Jan14-30dwtm Toledo, O.

PERSONS wishing to buy, sell or exchange property of any kind, or desiring to loan or borrow money, will find it to their interest to call on or address me.
J. F. STORTER, Real Estate and Loan Broker, Rooms 1 and 2, Tilley & Long building, Fort Wayne, Indiana.
References—Hamilton National bank. 29-3m

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—80 pounds of Pig Eliza. Weighs 925 pounds. To be fed to 1,000 pounds before she laughs at World's Museum next week. 12-3t

FOR SALE—About seven acres of land with good frame house, fifty fruit trees, cistern complete, just the place for a gardener, within a mile of the city limits. This property must be sold. A snap for someone. Take it quick. For particulars call at the Erie house, 1 Harrison street. 2-tf

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Two nicely furnished rooms, with or without board, at 79 Clay St. 13-3t

FOR RENT House No. 362 East Wayne street. Natural gas, water in house nice neighborhood, rents reasonable. Apply at Barnes bakery, 124 Calhoun street. 11-5t

FOR RENT Two nicely furnished rooms with or without boarding; day boarders wanted also. Inquire at 54 East Washington street. 22-tf

FOR RENT—Two nicely furnished front rooms with or without board. No. 39 West Washington street. 21-10d

FOR RENT—A house at No. 161 Harrison st reet. Both water works and gas. Enquire of Ryan Bros., No. 19 W. Washington street. 2-3m

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We have more calls for dwellings than we can supply, if you have any, place them with us. We give the renting of dwellings our personal attention.

SCHRADER & WILSON,
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LOST.

LOST—On Calhoun street, a hand bag with a bead and bugle trimming. Finder will confer a favor by leaving same at People's store.

LOST—Newfoundland mastiff pup, black with a little white on breast, weight 100 pounds. A liberal reward will be paid for his return to Melching's feed barn, North Harrison street.

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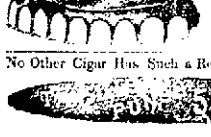


No Other Cigar Has Such a Record as

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. G. HAMILL, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1890

NEXT week congress will determine where the world's fair will be held.

THE mayor of Lima, Ohio, has ordered every gambling room in that city closed.

IT is the universal complaint of our merchants that business has been very poor this winter.

FORT WAYNE would extend a royal welcome to the old soldiers if the G. A. R. encampment should be held here.

DR. EDWARD MCGLYNN is recovering rapidly in Brooklyn from the bronchial affection that recently overcame him in Chicago.

THE republicans adopted their new code of rules in the lower house of congress yesterday by a strict party vote—yeas 161, nays 145.

THE Trades and Labor council of this city pronounce in favor of the execution of the laws to prohibit gambling. This has the right "ring."

THE McCrea Green escapade is the sensation in the New York newspapers. Our telegrams have had considerable to say about the scandal.

SEYOLD ALI, the brother of the late sultan of Zanzibar, whose death was announced in our telegraph columns yesterday, succeeds him.

AN effort is now on foot, it is said, to organize a syndicate to buy up the principal manufactories in this country of soda-water fountains and apparatus. What next?

A LIBEL suit against the Sandusky, Ohio, Register has just ended. The plaintiff sued for $25,000 and recovered fifty cents and was compelled to pay his share of the costs

A RESIDENT of the state of Pennsylvania came near going through life with a name that would have made him miserable. The name was Lynn C. Doyle, and strange to say no one present at his baptism noticed the strange sound it made when pronounced.

WEATHER prophets have been "no good" this winter. They have lost their reckoning and have been unable to make any kind of reliable prediction. Well, the spring time will soon be here and then we may have some kind of weather that we can bet on.

THE committee on elections of the house of representatives will recommend the unseating of Cate of the First Arkansas district, and of Compton, of the Fifth Maryland district, and the seating of Featherstone and Mudd, the republican contestants. They will also recommend that Clarke, of Alabama, retain his seat.

IT has just been a century since the birth of John Howard the prison philanthropist. He had a genius for his work and began a great reform, which is not ended yet. Civilization has been so busy building palaces that it has forgot to look after hovels or to humanize jails and penitentiaries. But even on these dark places the light of kindness begins to break.

IF the name of the new park, which the Land and Improvement company are to establish, be "The George W. Wood Park." Mr. Wood was the first mayor of Fort Wayne. Or, if this name doesn't suit, let it be "Randall Park." Hon. T. P. Randall wrote the original city charter more than fifty years ago. He was the first city attorney and treasurer, was Fort Wayne's "war mayor" and no man now living has borne a more conspicuous part in the city's history.

ACCORDING to the Washington Critic President Harison likes a good cigar and he smokes one after luncheon and another after dinner. The ladies of the family do not have to withdraw when he enjoys his treat. Mrs. Harrison does not dislike the aroma of a good cigar, although she is like Mrs. Cleveland in detesting the odor of a cigarette. The presidential cigar is not of peculiarly fine or expensive quality. His favorite brand can be bought at about the rate of three for a quarter.

TARIFF REVISION.

The majority of the ways and means committee hope to get their tariff bill into the house by the 1st of March, but it is probable that they will not have it ready so soon. They are finding difficulty in fixing upon any place where the cut can be made.

From present indications it seems not likely that there will be any reduction except on sugar, and that, on the contrary, in many cases there may be increases. Where irregularities and inconsistencies exist it is likely that correction will be made by increasing duties on articles at present discriminated against. The only material reduction of revenue that there seems to be any agreement upon is on tobacco and on whisky used in the arts.

The sugar question is giving them trouble. The proposition to take off a considerable per cent. of the duty and make up the difference to the producers by a bounty does not meet with the approval of the sugar men, and it is possible that the clause will be stricken out of the bill in the house or it may finally defeat the whole measure.

There are understood to be ten republicans in the house who will vote against any considerable reduction of the sugar tax and six of them declare that they will vote against the entire bill if that clause is retained when the question comes to be finally voted on in the house. This opposition in their own party perplexes the majority of the committee in making up their bill.

LOCAL GOSSIP.

S. B. BOND, PRESIDENT OF THE OLD NATIONAL BANK.—Fort Wayne is now enjoying a big boom, the biggest in her history, and the question is, how long this prosperity will continue. I believe it will be lasting unless there should be some financial crisis in the business of the country that we can not now foresee.

T. E. ELLISON—I have been corresponding with celery raisers at Kalamazoo with a view of interesting them in the newly drained Little Rock prairie as a place particularly well adapted to the profitable cultivation of celery. There are several thousand acres of land, conveniently near to the Wabash railroad, which differs but little in character or soil from the land near Kalamazoo, on which ample fortunes have been made. It has a sub stratum of clay, thickly covered with vegetable mould, which has been decaying there for centuries. It is fabulously rich, and if not planted in celery will raise better corn than any other land in Northern Indiana. But the growers of celery should seize this opportunity. The Wabash affords prime shipping facilities to all points between New York and St. Louis, and Chicago is easily reached by way of Huntington or Fort Wayne.

DR. C. B. STEVENS, SURGEON WABASH RAILROAD COMPANY.—Some things that are printed in the newspapers might better have been unwritten. Some time ago I went to see General Manager Hays, of the Wabash, to endeavor to interest him in the removal of the company's hospital from Peru to Fort Wayne. When I broached the subject, Mr. Hays became very warm and said that he was not disposed to favor this city. There was a time when he had seriously considered the removal to Fort Wayne of not only the company's hospital from Peru, but the company's shops from Andrews and Butler, and had even been thinking of running a branch of the Butler division to this city, but he had given up these ideas because he had come to believe that Fort Wayne people had grown hostile to the Wabash company. I assumed him that such was not the case, when he produced a copy of a Fort Wayne newspaper, in which the editor urged that the land on Fairfield avenue, which had been given for shop purposes, should be taken away from the company and given to the Fort Wayne Electric company. This was what had made the general manager wrathy, and I am sure that if the editor thought that his article seriously prevented the removal of the shops to this city, he would have regretted it as much as I did.

EX-MAYOR MUHLER.—I don't see that the so called rigid enforcement of the laws and the ordinances is making much difference in the morals of the town. I see the same crowds going over to jail that used to leave the mayor's court for the same destination. The front doors of the saloons may be locked on Sunday yet nobody is permitted to suffer for the want of a drink. The fact is that laws and ordinances are passed by men who do not expect them to be observed and often transgress them, themselves. There are city ordinances, which, if strictly enforced, would cause no end of discomfort, and everybody knows it. For instance, there is an ordinance providing for the fining of every citizen, who does not remove the snow from his sidewalk before 9 o'clock in the morning. The ordinance is not observed and nobody is fined. Another ordinance forbids merchants to expose their goods in front of their stores; yet the merchants do so almost universally and will continue to do so without molestation. These ordinances are understood to have been passed in order to provide a legal remedy in extreme cases only. When the Harding administration came in it was claimed that the chief of police would no longer be permitted to take bail, but must lock up every citizen against whom a charge might be made. Yet the police captain takes bail now, just as Chief Diehl used to. Laws that are sweeping in their effect must be administered with judgment and common sense, or else ignored entirely as wholly bad.

R. S. ROBERTSON, UTAH COMMISSIONER.—President Lincoln appointed to a responsible position in Utah territory a distinguished citizen of Fort Wayne, who did not finish out his term of office, but hastily left the territory and sent his resignation to Washington. This man had been fondly dealt with by the Mormons, but, because there was "a woman in the case," no resentment was expressed by his host of friends, who were inclined to see much to excuse the outrage. The man's life and reputation were blasted forever and no defense for him has ever been made. I had not lived long at Salt Lake City and had not made much of a study of Mormon methods before I came to the conclusion that this gentleman had been the victim of a monstrous and cruel conspiracy to disgrace him and drive him from the territory. I have read his first official proclamation, made shortly after he reached Salt Lake, and the determined stand he took on the subject of polygamy, then openly practiced, was far from comforting to the Mormons. One evening a woman came to his office and said she had business with the official she was admitted. The claim was then made that he had insulted a "mother of Israel" and he left the territory only to be waylaid on his stage journey east, brutally assaulted and left to die. That woman still lives in Utah, at some distance from Salt Lake, and I mean to see whether she will not, before she dies, right this terrible wrong and rescue this gentleman's fair name. The Mormon church which inspired the Mountain Meadow massacre and has committed other outrages quite as villainous would not stop at the lawful crime, that effectually rid the territory of a high spirited public servant that they feared they could not control.

DR. W. H. BROOKS—The order known as the Sons of Malta had been in existence for a number of years and its branches had been pretty widely scattered among the large cities in America before a lodge was established in Fort Wayne. That was about thirty five years ago and it might have flourished to this day had not Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper exposed the affair and by pen and pencil robbed the noble order of its dignity and made its precious secrets public property. The Sons of Malta is supposed to have been the invention of Mr. Prentice, the famous Louisville editor, and a few jolly kindred spirits. To the uninitiated public it was believed to be an order of men secretly banded together for the purpose of capturing the Island of Cuba, and the respect for the Monroe doctrine, which the members always professed, had the effect of confirming that belief. Beyond this the Sons of Malta recommended themselves to the good opinion of all men by their charity to the poor. No secret order ever gave away half so many sacks of flour, bushels of potatoes or loaves of bread. I had the high honor to be the grand chancellor of the local branch of the order and often do I think over the great fun we had. The thing was a broad farce, as all the world now knows, and its chief attraction was the initiation ceremony. We met in a frame building on Harrison street, which stood, until a short time ago, between Mr. Perry Randall's new hotel and the Nickel Plate freight warehouse. The lodge rooms occupied the second and third floors. However, there wasn't any third floor, for we had taken that out in order that we might initiate the trembling candidate with the more earnestness. As he was led in he was seated before the grand commander and listened to an exceedingly well prepared lecture, which assumed to state the patriotic objects of the order. The candidate was then asked either to enlist in the proposed expedition to capture Cuba, or, in the event of his refusal, he was requested to make a small cash donation to the good cause. It was the cash that we wanted and that was always forthcoming. The candidate was then blindfolded and was put through the initiation, being first led into another part of the building where the grand chancellor held his court. He was asked all sorts of questions, which were prompted by some member, who had an intimate acquaintance with his private life. As the answers were wrung from him the grand chancellor would call out to the grand recorder to record them and that official, stationed at the further end of the hall, would give a tremendous whack to a big gong and call out in a sonorous voice, "It is so recorded." If a candidate objected to answer or showed temper, which was not uncommon, he was ordered to be conducted before the Sublime Council of Ten, which generally succeeded in coercing him into obedience. If he was known to have a taste for music he was asked which was his favorite instrument and upon his indicating it, a violin, guitar, or other instrument was handed to him and he was made to play. That part of the initiation which was always best remembered was the ride on the foaming steed, Pegasus. I have said that the middle floor in the lodge room had been removed. This was for the purpose of erecting a great inclined staging, which extended from the lower floor nearly up to the roof. To the top of this staging the candidate was conducted. He was then placed in a small car which ran on an iron track at a tremendous pace down the incline. When the end was reached the car struck an elliptical spring and stopped. Not so the candidate. He went on and landed on a big piece of sail cloth, which was held up by a lot of strong men and there he was tossed up a score of times until he had quite lost the thread of the ceremony. He was then conducted, still blindfolded, before the Grand Chancellor for instructions and was forced into an arm chair on the seat of which was a big sponge soaked full of cold water. The water would spurt up to the top of his head, saturating his garments. The ceremony ended straightway for we were anxious that the candidate might soon avail himself of a change of clothing, which he did at home, explaining his sorry appearance to his family as best he might. After the initiation the new member never failed to bring in an acquaintance, that he might laugh at his expense. Among the leading spirits of the order were John W. Dawson, editor of the Times and Wm. Smith, the lawyer. Each served as grand commander. Nearly every good fellow of the town became a member. I recall now A. G. Barnett, Louis Peltier, P. J. Wire, Munson VanGeison, Dr. Wentworth and Judge Brackbridge. The Sons of Malta occasionally indulged in midnight parades. The members were all disguised in a very striking manner, and I suppose that two thirds of the adult population of the city were out on these occasions to see it. After the expose the order collapsed at once.

AMATEUR BASE BALL.

Some Interesting Games Assured for the Coming Season.

Although neither one of the contemplated base ball leagues may include this city in its list, it is now assured that some interesting amateur contests will engage the attention of lovers of the national game here the coming season.

The Anatem Athletic club has some very good players from which will be organized a nine, while about twenty young men who were conspicuous in last year's games, will prepare themselves for the sport. Among the latter are such players as Will Turner, Oscar Kiefer, Will Downing, Jack Brown, Fred Zollars, Ed. Evans, Charlie Jones and others.

Mr. John B. Blake, foreman in John's harness manufactory, is enthusiastic on base ball and proposes to use all his endeavors to put the latter club in the field.

"A stitch in time saves nine," and if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla now it may save months of future possible sickness.

Milwaukee issues 1,317 saloon licenses and receives therefor the sum of $252,050.30.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

In Texas it is unnecessary to teach the young idea how to shoot.—Hutchinson News.

"STOP"—Nature Has a Cure.

EATON RAPIDS, Mich.

J. M. LOOSE RED CLOVER CO., Detroit:—Two years I was afflicted with a very severe attack of Erysipelas. After two physicians had used their treatment for several weeks and I continued growing blind, and in their diagnosis concluded that there was no earthly help or hope for me. I gave up, having tried all the remedies I knew or heard of. My neighbor, Mr. Miller, came in to see me one day, and said try Loose's Extract of Red Clover, as he had known of its working remarkable cures. I told him I had lost hope, that nothing would do me any good in the world. He insisted, and taking his hat went to the drug store and bought me one bottle and urged me to try it, which I did. Ten days afterward I sent for two more bottles, and it is wonderful how I improved. I continued using it and to-day I am better than I have been in years. No sign of erysipelas has shown itself and I heartily recommend it to suffering humanity as the greatest and best blood purifier in existence. Yours truly,
HENRY MARTIN.

For sale by Drier & Bros.

The latest sleeves for ladies' dresses in Paris are made in one piece, with a seam out of sight.

To-night and To-morrow Night,

And each day and night during this week you can get at all druggists Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma and Consumption. Get a bottle to-day and keep it always in the house, so you can check your cold at once. Price, 50c and $1. Sample bottles free.

If you do not receive your SENTINEL regularly, please notify us immediately, either in person or by postal card, that we may remedy the fault.

FANCY SKATER RUBENSTEIN.

The World's Champion Has Several Relatives in This City.

A cablegram in THE SENTINEL yesterday contained information that Louis Rubenstein, the champion fancy skater of America, won the championship of the world in St. Petersburg Thursday, among competitors from Austria, Finland, Norway, Sweden and Russia.

Mr. Rubenstein has visited this city and is closely related to Ben Cohen, of Redlick's shoe store, and Henry Cohen, of the "39" cigar factory, and the other members of the Cohen family.

From St. Petersburg Rubenstein goes to Hamburg and Amsterdam, where he will enter fancy skating tournaments.

THE SENTINEL will publish extracts from a letter written by Rubenstein in its Monday's issue.

Samuel S. Murphy, M. D., Company's Shops, N. C., writes:—"I sell a great deal of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, for every one who tries it likes it."

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." Of course! Why, those old duffers suffered horribly with aches and pains, and didn't and couldn't know that Salvation Oil would cure them.

Newspapers have done much to abbreviate expression and so to improve style.—Emerson.

Ladies Have Tried It.

A number of my lady customers have tried "Mother's Friend," and would not be without it for many times its cost. They recommend it to all who are to become mothers. R. A. Payne, Druggist, Greenville, Ala. Write Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. By all druggists.

You can save $1 on every ticket you buy to Chicago via the Nickel Plate. Call at city ticket office, No. 5 Aveline house block or depot. 15-2t

Wait for the Sengerbund Masquerade ball at the Princess rink, feb. 8, 10, 12, 14, 15.

Here's One For You.

Big Eliza has a horse which she sells to Manager Geary for $80. Mr. Geary, after two days use, sells the horse back to Eliza for $70. Eliza thinking she made $10 sells the horse for $65. Now does she make or lose by the transaction? Send her ticket for first correct answer on postal card. Manager GEARY, World's Museum. Big Eliza will be here next week—she weighs 927 pounds. 12 3t

The Nickel Plate city ticket office is the only place down town where you can buy tickets at a reduced rate to all points. Call on them. 15-2t

The Madam Fry Boston Concert company, which will appear at the City Y. M. C. A. on Monday, February 17, will be a great musical and literary treat to the people of our city. The Pittsburg Times says of them: "The attendance at the entertainment in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association was so large that many were unable to find seats; the performance was a very refined one, and the audience expressing its delight in unmeasured terms."

Reduced rates to the west, northwest and southwest via the Nickel Plate. Inquire at city ticket office, 5 Aveline house block or at depot. 15-2t

Grand Masquerade Ball of the Fort Wayne Saengerbund at the Princess rink, Shrove Tuesday, February 18. Tickets, with lady coupon, $1.00; extra lady's ticket 50c. Music by Reineke's full orchestra. feb. 8, 10, 12, 14, 15.

Laura Daintray, the writer, is a pretty blonde of twenty-five years.

NOT A PIMPLE ON BABY.

Baby one year old. Had with Eczema. Made all gone. Scalp covered with eruptions. Cured by Cuticura. Hair splendid and not a pimple on him.

Cured by Cuticura.

I cannot say enough in praise of the Cuticura Remedies. My baby when one year old was so bad with eczema that he lost all of his hair. His scalp was covered with eruptions, which the doctor said was caused by scrofula. His hair would fall out, grow again, be taken off in a cake from pimples. I began the use of the Cuticura Remedies, and I am happy to say, with the result as perfect as ever. His hair is now splendid, and there is not a pimple on him. I recommend the Cuticura Remedies to mothers as the most special in the world, and sure cure for all skin diseases of infants and children, and I feel that every mother who has an afflicted child will thank me for my advice.
MRS. M. E. WOODSUM, Norway, Me.

Fever Sore Eight Years.

I must extend to you the thanks of one of my customers who has been cured by using the Cuticura Remedies of an old sore run ed by a long spell of fever. Body of sore eight years ago. He was so bad he was fearful he would have to have his leg amputated, but he is happy to say he is now entirely well—sound as a dollar. He requests me to use his name, which is H. H. CASSO, merchant
JOHN V. MINOR, Druggist.
Bainbridge, Ga.

We have been selling your Cuticura Remedies for years, and have the first complaint yet to receive from a purchaser. One of the worst cases of scrofula I ever saw was cured by them.
TAYLOR & HILL, Frankfort, Kan.

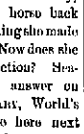
Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood and Skin Purifier and purest and best of Humor Remedies, internally, and Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, speedily, permanently and economically cure every disease and humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, whether of infancy, childhood, youth, middle age or old age, from pimples to scrofula. Cuticura Resolvent is the new Blood and Skin Purifier and purest and best of Humor Remedies, internally, and Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, speedily, permanently and economically cure every disease and humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, whether of infancy, childhood, youth, middle age or old age, from pimples to scrofula. Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood and Skin Purifier, internally, and Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, speedily, permanently and economically cure every disease and humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, whether of infancy, childhood, youth, middle age or old age, from pimples to scrofula. Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and purest and best of Humor Remedies, internally, and Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, speedily, permanently and economically cure every disease and humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, whether of infancy, childhood, youth, middle age or old age, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by Cuticura Soap. Absolutely pure.



EVERY MUSCLE ACHES.

Sharp Aches, Dull Pains, Strains and Weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents.

T. E. COVINGTON,

Cor. Washington and Harrison Sts.

Spring Garden and Flower Seeds.

All Seed Warranted Fresh.

No Old Stock.

I will also keep

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Call before buying and save money.
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60 East Main Street.

He has just placed new machinery in his establishment and is now prepared to make the finest Sausages in the market. Dressed Poultry and Home-made Lard for sale. 24-1yr.

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DRIVE WELLS.

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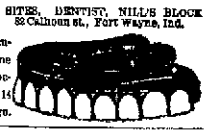

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NO. 40 WEST BERRY STREET,

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m

The Oldest Firm and Most Reliable in the City,

Wing & Mahurin,

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An Infallible Remedy for the Cure of all Gonorrhœa or Diseases of the Urinary Organs; guaranteed not to produce Stricture; no nauseating drugs; and no inconvenience from change of diet. Recommended by physicians and sold by druggists everywhere. J. Kerslake, successor to Brou, Pharmacien, Paris.

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OFFICE—Room 15, over First National Bank. [nov4dawtf&m

DR. LE DUC'S PERIODICAL PILLS,

The Great French Remedy, Paris, France, act directly upon the Generative Organs and positively Cure Suppression of the Menses from whatever cause, and all Periodical Troubles peculiar to women. A Safe, Reliable Remedy. Warranted to excite Menstruation. Full directions accompany each box. By druggists. E. American Pill Royalty Co., proprietors, Spencer, Ia. Supply agents, Drier & Bro. 25-d-eod

The Mormon Elders' Book

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, without injurious medication.

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MERITORIOUS GOODS—well-fitting and stylish designs—at MODERATE PRICES. The wonderful growth of our business is due to the above, and other reliable methods that insure our patrons just treatment and us a continuance of their patronage. We are prepared to show you a matchless line of Boots, Shoes and Slippers that are reliable in style and quality. We respectfully invite your inspection. We will not deal in shoddy goods.

E. VORDERMARK & SONS,

32 Calhoun Street.

SIGN OF BIG RED BOOT.

ROGERS' ROYAL

NERVINE

Tones and invigorates the stomach when weakened by indigestion, corrects the appetite and aids assimilation of the food, while as a nerve tonic it has no equal.

It may be taken immediately after eating for DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCY or any IRRITATIONS of the STOMACH or NERVES.

All druggists sell it. $1 per bottle.

ROGERS' ROYAL REMEDIES CO., BOSTON.

TALMAGE HOME AGAIN.

HIS APPLICATION OF THE DELIVERANCE OF RAHAB.

His Late Visit to the Site of Jericho. Supposed Youth and Errors of Rahab—Her Deliverance by the Israelites and the Lessons It Teaches.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage resumed preaching in Brooklyn on Sunday, Feb. 9, after his visit to the Holy Land, and the Academy of Music was crowded. Thousands of people were not able to get into the building. The subject of his discourse was "The House on the Wall." Dr. Talmage took for his text Joshua ii. 23: "And the young men that were spies went in, and brought out Rahab, and her father, and her mother, and her brethren, and all that she had." He said:

When, only a few weeks ago, I visited Jericho, I said, Can it be possible that this dilapidated place is the Jericho that Mark Antony gave as a wedding present to Cleopatra? Where are the groves of palm trees? Where are Herod's palaces that once stood here? Where is the great theater from the stage of which Salome told the people that Herod was dead? Where is the sycamore tree on the limb of which Zaccheus sat when Jesus passed this place? Where is the wreck of the walls that fell at the blowing of the ram's horns? But the fact that all these have disappeared did not hinder me from seeing in imagination the smash of everything on the fated day, save one house on the wall. That scene centuries ago comes back to me as though it were yesterday.

There is a very sick and sad house in the city of Jericho. What is the matter? Is it poverty? No. Worse than that. Is it leprosy? No. Worse than that. Is it death? No. Worse than that. A daughter has forsaken her home. By what infernal plot she was induced to leave I know not; but they look in vain for her return. Sometimes they hear a footstep very much like hers, and they start up and say: "She comes!" but only to sink back again into disappointment. Alas! Alas! The father sits by the door, with his face in his hands, saying not one word. The mother's hair is becoming gray too fast, and she begins to stoop so that those who saw her only a little while ago in the street know her not now as she passes. The brothers clinch their fists, swearing vengeance against the despoiler of their home. Alas! will the poor soul never come back? There is a long, deep shadow over all the household. Added to this there is an invading army six miles away, just over the river, coming on to destroy the city; and what with the loss of their child and the coming on of that destructive army, I think the old people wished that they could die. That is the first scene in this drama of the Bible. In a house on the wall of the city is that daughter. That is her home now. Two spies have come from the invading army to look around through Jericho and see how best it may be taken. Yonder is the lost child, in that dwelling on the wall of the city. The police hear of it, and soon there is the shuffling of feet all around about the door, and the city government demands the surrender of those two spies. First, Rahab—for that was the name of the lost child—first, Rahab secretes the two spies and gets their pursuers off the track; but after awhile she says to them: "I will make a bargain with you. I will save your life if you will save my life, and the life of my father and my mother, and my brothers, and my sisters, when the victorious army comes upon the city." O, she had not forgotten her home yet, you see. The wanderer never forgets home. Her heart breaks now as she thinks of how she has maltreated her parents, and she wishes she were back with them again, and she wishes she could get away from her sinful enthrallment; and sometimes she looks up in the face of the midnight, bursting into agonizing tears. No sooner have these two spies promised to save her life, and the life of her father, and mother, and brothers, and sisters, than Rahab takes a scarlet cord and ties it around the body of one of the spies, brings him to the window, and as he clambers out—nervous lest she have not strength to hold him—with muscular arms such as woman seldom has, she lets him down, hand over hand, in safety to the ground. Not being exhausted, she ties the cord around the other spy, brings him to the window, and just as successfully lets him down to the ground. No sooner have these men untied the scarlet cord from their bodies than they look up, and they say: "You had better get all your friends in this house—your father, your mother, your brothers, and your sisters; you had better get them in this house. And then after you have them here, take this red cord which you have put around our bodies and tie it across the window; and when our victorious army comes up, and sees that scarlet thread in the window, they will spare this house and all who are in it. Shall it be so?" cried the spies. "Aye, aye," said Rahab, from the window, "it shall be so." That is the second scene in this Bible drama.

There is a knock at the door of the old man. He looks up, and says: "Come in," and lo! there is Rahab, the lost child; but she has no time to talk. They gather in excitement around her, and she says to them: "Get ready quickly, and go with me to my house. The army is coming! The trumpet! Make haste! Fly! The enemy!" That is the third scene in this Bible drama. The hosts of Israel are all around about the doomed city of Jericho. Crash! goes the great metropolis, heaps on heaps. The air suffocating with the dust, and horrible with the screams of a dying city. All the houses flat down. All the people dead. Ah no, no. On a crag of the wall, the only piece of the wall left standing—there is a house which we must enter. There is a family there that have been spared. Who are they? Let us go in and see. Rahab, her father, her mother, her brothers, her sisters, all safe, and the only house left standing in all the city. Who saved them? Was the house more firmly built? O, no, it was built in the most perilous place—on the wall; and the wall was the first thing that fell. Was it because her character was any better than any of the other population of the city? O, no! Why then was she spared and all her household? Can you tell me why? O, it was the scarlet line in the window. That is the fourth scene in this Bible drama. When the destroying angel went through Egypt, it was the blood of the lamb on the door posts that saved the Israelites; and now that vengeance has come upon Jericho it is the same color that secures the safety of Rahab and all her household. My friends, there are foes coming upon us, more deadly and more tremendous, to overthrow our immortal interests. They may trample us down and crush us out forever, unless there be some skillful mode of rescue open. The police of death already begin to clamor for our surrender; but blessed be God, there is a way out. It is through the window, and by a rope so saturated by the blood of the cross, that it is as red as that with which the spies were lowered; and if once our souls shall be delivered, then the scarlet chord stretched across the window of our escape, we may defy all bombardment, earthly and Satanic.

In the first place, carrying out the idea of my text, we must stretch this scarlet cord across the window of our rescue. There comes a time when a man is surrounded. What is that in the front door of his soul. It is the threatenings of the future. What is that in the back door of his soul? It is the sin of the past. He cannot get out of either of those doorways. If he attempts it he will be cut to pieces. What shall he do? Escape through the window of God's mercy. That sunshine has been pouring in for many a day. God's inviting mercy. God's pardoning mercy. God's all conquering mercy. God's everlasting mercy. But, you say, the window is so high. Ah, there is a rope, the very one with which the cross and its victim were lifted. That was strong enough to hold Christ, and it is strong enough to hold you. Bear all your weight upon it, all your hopes for this life, all your hopes for the life that is to come. Escape now through the window. "But," you say, "that cord is too small to save me; that salvation will never do at all for such a sinner as I have been." I suppose that the rope with which Rahab let the two spies to the ground was not thick enough; but they took that or nothing. And, my dear brother, that is your alternative. There is only one scarlet line that can save you. There have been hundreds and thousands who have been borne away in safety by that scarlet line, and it will bear you away in safety. Do you notice what a very narrow escape those spies had? It appears they came with flustered cheek and wild excited hearts. They had a very narrow escape. They went in the broad door of sin, but how did they come out? They came out of the window. They went up by the stairs of stone; they came down on a slender thread. And so, my friends, we go easily and unabashedly into sin, and all the doors are open; but if we get out at all it will be by being let down over precipices, wriggling and helpless, the strong grip above keeping us from being dashed on the rocks beneath. It is easy to get into sin, young man. It is not so easy to get out of it.

A young man goes to the marble counter of a hotel. He asks for a brandy smash—called so, I suppose because it smashes the man that takes it. There is no intoxication in it. As the young man receives it he does not seem to be at all excited. It does not give any glassiness to the eye. He walks home in beautiful apparel, and all his prospects are brilliant. That drink is not going to destroy him, but it is the first step on a bad road. Years have passed on, and I see that young man after he has gone the whole length of dissipation. It is midnight, and he is in a hotel—perhaps the very one where he took the first drink. He rises from the bed and comes to the window, and it is easily lifted; so he lifts it. Then he pushes back the blinds and puts his foot on the window sill. Then he gives one spring, and the watchman finds his disfigured body, unrecognizable, on the pavement. O, if he had only waited a little—if he had come down on the scarlet ladder that Jesus holds from the wall for him, and for you, and for me; but no, he made one jump, and was gone.

A minister of Christ was not long ago dismissed from his diocese for intoxication, and in a public meeting he gave this account of his sorrow. He said: "I had a beautiful home once, but strong drink shattered it. I had beautiful children; but this fiend of rum took their dimpled hands in his and led them to the grave. I had a wife—to wretchedness to-night while I wander over the earth. I had a mother, and the pride of her life was I; but the thunderbolt struck her. I now have scarcely a friend in the world. Taste of the bitter cup I have tasted, and then answer me as to whether I have any hatred for the agency of my ruin. Hate it! I hate the whole damning traffic. I would to God to-night that every distillery was in flames, for then in the glowing sky I would write in the smoke of the ruin: 'Woe to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips.'" That minister of the Gospel went in through the broad door of temptation; he came out of the window. And when I see the temptations that are about us in all countries, and when I know the proclivities to sin in every man's heart, I see that if any of us escape it will be a very narrow escape. O, if we have, my friends, got off from our sin, let us tie the scarlet thread by which we have been saved across the window. Let us do it in praise of him whose blood dyed it that color. Let it be in announcement of the fact that we shall no more be fatally assaulted. "There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Then let all the forces of this world come up in cavalry charge, and let spirits of darkness come on on infernal storming party attempting to take our souls, this rope twisted from these words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," will hurl them back defeated forever.

Still further: We must take this red cord of the text and stretch it across the window of our households. When the Israelites came up against Jericho, they said: "What is that in the window?" Some one said: "That is a scarlet ties." "O," said some one else, "that must be the house that was to be spared. Don't touch it." That line was thick enough, and long enough, and conspicuous enough to save Rahab, her father, her mother, her brothers and her sisters—the entire family. Have our households as good protection? You have bolts on the front door and on the back, and fastenings to the window, and perhaps burglar alarms, and perhaps an especial watchman blowing his whistle at midnight before your house; but all these cannot protect your household. Is there on our houses the sign of a Saviour's sacrifice and mercy? Is there a scarlet line in the window? Have your children been consecrated to Christ? Have you been washed in the blood of the atonement? In what room do you have family prayers? Show me where it is you are accustomed to kneel. The sky is black with the coming deluge. Is your family inside or outside of the ark? It is a sad thing for a man to reject Christ; but to die down in the night of sin, across the path to Heaven, so that his family come up and trip over him—that is terrible.

It is a sad thing for a mother to reject Christ; but to gather her family around her, and then take them by the hand and lead them out into paths of worldliness, away from God and Heaven, alas! alas! There may be geranium and cactus in that family window, and upholstery hovering over it, and childish faces looking out of it, but there is no scarlet thread stretched across it. Although that house may seem to be on the best street in all the town or city, it is really on the edge of a marsh across which sweep most poisonous malarias, and it has a sandy foundation, and its splendor will come down, and great will be the fall of it. A home without God! A prayerless father! An undevoted mother! Awful! awful! Is that you? Will you look on, my brother, on the wrong road, and take your loved ones with you? Time is so short that we cannot waste any of it on apologies, or indirections, or circumlocutions. You owe to your children, O father, O mother, more than food, more than clothing, more than shelter—you owe them the example of a prayerful, consecrated, pronounced, out-and-out Christian life. You cannot afford to keep it away from them.

Now, as I stand here, you do not see any hands outstretched towards me, and yet there are hands on my brow and hands on both my shoulders. They are hands of parental benediction. It is quite a great many years ago now since we folded those hands as they began the last sleep on the banks of the Raritan in the village cemetery; but those hands are stretched out toward me to-day, and they are just as warm and they are just as gentle as when I sat on her knee at five years of age. And I shall never shake off those hands. I do not want to. They have helped me so much a thousand times already, and I do not expect to have a trouble or a trial between this and my grave where those hands will not help me. It was not a very splendid home as the world counts it; but we had a family Bible there, well worn by tender perusal; and there was a family altar there, where we knelt morning and night; and there was a holy Sabbath there; and stretched in a straight line or hung in loops or festoons, there was a scarlet line in the window. O the tender, precious, blessed memory of a Christian home! Is that the impression you are making upon your children? When you are dead—and it will not be long before you are—when you are dead, will your child say: "If there ever was a good Christian father, mine was one. If there ever was a good Christian mother, mine was one?"

Still further: we want this scarlet line of the text drawn across the window of our prospects. I see Rahab and her father, and her mother, and her brothers and sisters looking out over Jericho, the city of palm trees, and across the river, and over all the army invading, and then up to the mountains and the sky. Mind you, this house was on the wall, and I suppose the prospect from the window must have been very wide. Besides that, I do not think that the scarlet line at all interfered with the view of the landscape. The assurance it gave of safety must have added to the beauty of the country. To-day, my friends, we sit in the window of earthly prospects, and we look off towards the hills of heaven and the landscape of eternal beauty. God has opened the window for us, and we look out. We now only get a dim outline of the inhabitants. We now only here and there catch a note of the exquisite harmony.

But blessed be God for this scarlet line in the window. That tells me that the blood of Christ bought that home for my soul, and I shall go there when my work is done. And as I put my hand on that scarlet line, everything in the future brightens. My eyesight gets better, and the robes of the victors are more lustrous, and our loved ones who went away some time ago—they do not stand any more with their backs to us, but their faces are this way and their voices drop through this Sabbath air, saying with all tenderness and sweetness: "Come! Come! Come!" And the child that you think of only as buried—why, there she is, and it is May day in Heaven; and they gather the amaranth and they pluck the lilies, and they twist them into a garland for her brow, and she is one of the May queens of Heaven. O do you think they could see our waving to-day? It is quite a pleasant day, pretty clear, and not many clouds in the sky. I wonder if they can see us from that good land? I think they can. If from this window of earthly prospects we can almost see them, then from their towers of light I think they can fully see us. And so I wave them the glory, and I wave them the joy, and I say: "Have you got through with all your troubles?" and their voices answer: "God hath wiped away all tears from our eyes." I say: "Is it as grand up there as you thought it would be?" and the voices answer: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for those that love him." I say; "Do you have any more struggle for bread?" and they answer: "We hunger no more, we thirst no more." And I say: "Have you been out to the cemetery of the golden city?" and they answer: "There is no death here." And I look out through the heavens, and I say: "Where do you get your light from nights, and what do you burn in the temple?" and they answer: "There is no night here, and we have no need of candle or of star." And I say: "What book do you sing out of?" and they answer: "The Hallelujah Chorus." And I say: "In the splendor and magnificence of the city, don't you ever get lost?" and they answer: "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne leadeth us to living fountains of water." O how near they seem. Their wings—do you not feel them? Their harps—do you not hear them? And all that through the window of our earthly prospects, across which stretcheth the scarlet line. Be that my choice color forever. Is it too glaring for you? Do you like the blue because it reminds you of the sky, or the green because it makes you think of the foliage, or the black because it has in it the shadow of the night? I take the scarlet because it shall make me think of the price that was paid for my soul. O the blood! the blood! the blood of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. I see where you are. You are at the cross roads. The next step decides everything. Pause before you take it; but do not pause too long. I hear the blast of the trumpet that wakes the dead. Look out! Look out! For in that day, and in our closing moment on earth, better than any other barricade or defense, however high or broad or stupendous, will be one little, thin, scarlet thread in the window.

A Token of Esteem.

As the train stopped at a station about thirty miles west of Indianapolis we noticed an unusually large crowd on the depot platform, and it was evident that speechmaking had been indulged in and that somebody of note was taking his departure. We soon discovered that this person was a certain Colonel Blank, who came into the car with a package under his arm, and whose cheeks were wet with farewell tears. He called "Good-by!" a score of times from the window, and as the train finally rolled on he blew his nose, wiped his eyes, and turned to us with:

"Gentlemen, it touches the heartstrings to part with old friends and neighbors."

"You are saying farewell, then?"

"Yes. I am going up to Indianapolis to reside. The field here is too limited, as I have discovered after ten years' residence."

"Well, it is certainly pleasant to part from friends the way you have."

"Indeed it is! Over two hundred of the best people in town came down to see me off, and the president of the bank made a beautiful speech, wished me every success, and all that, and then handed me this as a token of respect and esteem."

"Ah! Made you a present, eh: Evidently something nice?"

"Bound to be," replied the Colonel, as he took a package from the seat.

"Perhaps you don't want to reveal the contents here?"

"Oh, I have no objections. We'll undo it and see what they have given me."

He carefully untied the string and removed the several papers which wrapped the precious memento, and lo! there was exposed to our gaze a—sponge!

Yes, sir: a great big bath sponge, which never cost less than a dollar! We pressed forward to see it, and the Colonel turned red and white by turns, bit his lips, and bobbed about on the seat, and as we held our breaths he burst out with:

"Gentlemen, heartstrings be blowed! The onery, thieving, loafing, lying crowd have gone and heaped a deadly insult upon me, and the next two hundred and fifty years of my life shall be devoted to wading in human blood clear up to the top vest button!"

In the spring the young sprig's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. The trees also become sappy about the same time.

Internal Ingenuity

Could scarcely devise more effectual [illegible] than those of which you are the victim in the form of a rheumatic affection. The agonies are the consequence of not securing a rheumatic or neuralgic attack at the outset. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been found by skilful medical practitioners to possess not only remedial but defensive efficacy, where those diseases exist, or a tendency to them is exhibited. Surely this pre-sanitary safe botanic medicine, leading to each high specific character, is better than the powerful remedied, but more dangerous, only occasionally, but no [illegible] when the blood is depurated thoroughly from the rheumatic virus, and the nerves, slightly fortified upon, saved from ultimate prostration. The [illegible] aching, evening twitching, which the sufferer's marked evidence for malaria, kidney complaints, dyspepsia, constipation and liver complaint.

How to Care for Canaries.

A good many people don't know how to take care of canary birds, and I therefore give them the following advice, which I got from a bird fancier: Never give your bird sugar or figs or raisins, or anything sweet. Occasionally a small piece of sweet apple is good—twice a week. Put the apple in the cage in the morning and take it out at night. It should have all the rape and canary seed it wants and gravel should be kept at the bottom of the cage. Avoid feeding the bird on celery. Twice a week feed it on one-third of a boiled egg—using both the white and yellow of the egg. Grate up the egg, that is better than putting it in whole. Give it the egg the day before it gets the apple, and as large a piece of the former as of the latter. Let it have a bath every day, using water with the chill taken off.—*Epoch.*

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

As Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

Why He Wasn't Killed.

Capt. Spear—And were you never wounded, Pat?

Pat—Faith, sor, and I was. In the fight at Spottsylvania, a dirty reb hitted his gun and fired. I was scared, I tell yez. He struck me right under me left breast.

"But if it struck where you say, the ball must have gone through your heart and killed you."

"Oh, bedad, sor! me heart was in me mouth at the time."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A Remedy for the Influenza Cough.

A remedy recommended for patients afflicted with the influenza is Kemp's Balsam, the specific for coughs and colds, which is especially adapted to diseases of the throat and lungs. Do not wait for the first symptoms of the disease before securing the remedy, but get a bottle and keep it on hand for use the moment it is needed. If neglected the influenza has a tendency to bring on pneumonia. All druggists sell the Balsam.

Fatherly Aid.

Mr. Trenbrock—Eileen, do you think—that is—whom—er—do you suppose you could be happy for life with—(a swallowing gulp)—with—Mr.—ahem!—Mr. Archer?

Miss Trenbrock—Papa—this is so sudden!

Mr. Trenbrock—Well, he was afraid to ask you himself, and I've been trying to think what I said to your mother on a similar occasion, so as to help him out.—*Judge.*

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of *Sick Headache*, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

Electric Plants.

"Where have you been, Charley?"

"Down to the flower show."

"You look disappointed."

"I am."

"What's the matter?"

"I saw the chief botanist, and do you know the old noodle couldn't even point me out the electric plant."—*Chicago Ledger.*

Florence, Ala.

The personally conducted excursions to this rapidly growing city have been so successful that the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad (Evansville Route) will run one on each of the following dates: Feb. 4, 11, 18 and 25. For copy of "Alabama as it is," and further information, send to William Hill, Gen. Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ill.

WHEELING, W. Va., must be a great place for carriage smiths. This is the remark of a wag on the subject.—*Boston Star.*

The "Mother's Friend."

Not only shortens labor and lessens pain attending it but greatly diminishes the danger to life of both mother and child if used a few months before confinement. Write to The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

WHEN a tailor goes to law it is generally not so much to gain a suit as to get the rest of one.

EVER since 1861 there have been women (more each year) who claim that there is no soap that will as good, or as economical as Dobbins' Electric. There must be some truth in their claim. Try it, see how much.

A DESCRIPTIVE writer said of a pompous man that he looked as if he knew so much that it made him unhappy.

The smoker's delight—"Tansill's Punch."

BETTING is no argument, yet it will do in the place of a better.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Pure Blood

Is absolutely necessary in order to have perfect health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier, quickly conquering scrofula, salt rheum, and all other insidious enemies which attack the blood and undermine the health. It also builds up the whole system, cures dyspepsia and sick headache, and overcomes that tired feeling.

"I was been troubled by a scrofulous affection all my life. It is one of the marked recollections of my boyhood days, and for several years has rendered me unable to labor much. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I have been using at intervals for ten years, is the best thing I have ever taken. I am now 65, and my general health seems better than ever." H. B. HANCOCK, Warren, N. H.

"I have taken two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla for salt rheum and dyspepsia, with which I was troubled very much. After taking this medicine I am feeling as well as ever in my life." G. W. ROSS, Pottsville, Pa.

N. B. If you want a good medicine, get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Ely's Cream Balm

WILL CURE

CATARRH

Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm into each nostril.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

THE GERM OF CATARRH SOLD IN HEAD

PENSIONS

OF JOSEPH H. HENTZ, Attorney, Washington, D. C.

If you want your [illegible] without delay, put your claim in the hands of [illegible]

YOUNG MEN Wanted to learn Telegraphy. Situations furnished. Circulars free. Address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

Never Say Die!

[illegible] Quicklyrich, a Quaker, Was [illegible] in debt, Hopeless [illegible] Sadder [illegible]

Not at all, friend [illegible] suffer from disordered liver and [illegible] trouble. Take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great blood-purifier and life-giver, and you will be all right. All those unwholesome sores and blood disorders may be cured, and the system built up and [illegible] like a new man. It is guaranteed to benefit or cure, or money paid for it promptly returned.

PERFECTION is attained in Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It cures the worst cases.

A Liberal Education.

Mr. Stonandlonads—I understand, Mr. Quicklyrich, that you have sent your son to college. Do you intend to give him a liberal education?

Mr. Quicklyrich—Yes sir, I do! He has been a month and if you know of any one who is giving his son a more liberal education than that, I am prepared to make it a thousand.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Copy of Original.

VAN WERT, Ohio, July 12, 1889.

Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich:

GENTS—This is to certify that I had what is called sciatic rheumatism so badly that I was all drawn over to one side. My hip sank in so that you could lay your hand in the cavity, and I could do no work for over one year. I tried some of the best physicians and did almost everything I could hear or think of, and nothing did me any good until I purchased a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup of Hines & Son, druggists, Van Wert, O. Four bottles cured me and have never had it since.

ALBERT KING.

We certify to the above testimonial.

HINES & SON, Druggists.

In Striking Attire.

Dumpsey—I saw Blobson's wife in a striking costume to-day.

Popsey—Indeed! What was it?

Dumpsey—Why, she had a broomstick in one hand and a flat-iron in the other, and Blobson was helping to wear the broomstick.—*Burlington Free Press.*

The Excitement Not Over.

The rush on the druggists still continues, and daily a score of people call for a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption. Kemp's Balsam, the standard family remedy, is sold on a guarantee and never fails to give entire satisfaction. Price 50c and $1. Trial size free.

A CHICAGO clergyman recently cupped two Circes on marriages in that city, and escaped without being squeezed.—*Milwaukee Globe.*

"I have been occasionally troubled with Coughs, and in such case have used BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, which have never failed, and I must say they are second to none in the world."—*Prof. A. May, Cashier, St. Paul, Minn.*

"CHANGEABLE hosiery" is now fashionable, but a fellow can't well keep in style if he has but one pair of socks.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest, Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists, 50c.

IF a fellow really wants a niche in the Temple of Fame he has got to come up to the scratch.

"Good and Honest."

St Jacobs Oil

is thus praised:

State of Ohio Treasury Dept., Columbus, Ohio, Feb. 6, 1889.

"I have used St. Jacobs Oil in my family for years, and find it to be the medicine of medicines.

FOR GENERAL USE.

It's a good, honest medicine and honest men will not hesitate to recommend it to suffering humanity." JOHN P. SLEMMONS, Bookkeeper.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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Music as a Handmaid, stands ready to assist in all social pleasures and pastimes.

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ANTHEM BOOKS. "Easy Anthems," (30 cts., or $3.60 doz.) Emerson "Anthems of Praise," $1 or $9 doz.) Emerson "American Anthem Book," ($1.25 or $12 doz.) Dow's "Responses and Sentences," 50 cts. or $5.00 doz.)

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KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Cure DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, PILES, and all Diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Prepared only by Dr. JEROME KIDDER, 83 Fulton St., New York. Sold by all Druggists. Sent by mail, Kidder's Pastilles, Kidder's Ointment, Kidder's Pills, $1.00. Beware of Imitations.

"ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE."

How often do we hear the above said of some poor pilgrim o'er life's thorny path, whose tottering step, pallid face, unnatural glitter of the eye and hacking cough, and its accompanying involuntary pressure of the hand over the lungs, the seat of the dread disease—consumption—that causes the remark? Too frequently, alas! and in the interests of such unfortunates this is penned, to tell them that their steps need tend no longer towards that narrow receptacle that awaits all—that if life's allotted span is covered—from any such cause, for the scientific researches of Dr. R. V. Pierce, of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., resulting in his "Golden Medical Discovery," have wrested from Nature a remedy which never fails to cure this scourge of our race (which is really nothing more nor less than Scrofula of the Lungs), if taken in time and given a fair trial.

For Scrofula in all its myriad forms, whether affecting the lung-tissues or other organs or parts, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a sovereign remedy, and the *only one* that is sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from its manufacturers, that it will benefit or cure, if taken in time and given a fair trial, or money paid for it will be refunded. Enlarged glands, tumors or "bunches," are dispersed by its use; old sores or ulcers healed; "white swellings," hip-joint disease, and kindred ailments, permanently cured. It's a *medicine*, not a beverage; a concentrated vegetable extract, without sugar or syrup in its make-up. Don't beget drunkards. As *peculiar* and marvelous in curative powers as in its composition. It's mission is to *cure*, not palliate.

"Golden Medical Discovery" invigorates and strengthens the liver and lungs, sharpens the appetite, improves digestion, purifies the blood, cleanses the system, and builds up both flesh and strength when reduced by "wasting diseases." It leads all other medicines in amount of sales. There's nothing like it for the diseases for which it is recommended, so don't be fooled into accepting any substitute, said to be "just as good." It's an insult to your intelligence when unprincipled dealers try to palm off something else upon you, just to make a little better *profit!* An honest dealer supplies what his customers want, without questioning their intelligence. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD is offered by the manufacturers of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY, for a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases, no matter of how long standing. 50c., by druggists.

PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS

Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists. 25 CTS

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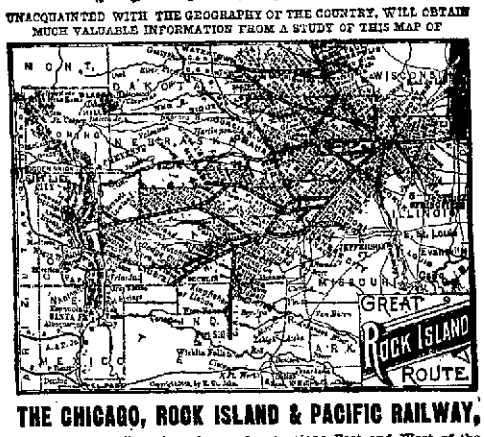
A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



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ASTHMA. Dr. Taft's Asthma Specific gives relief in five minutes. Prove it yourself. Write to Prof. W. B. Frisbee, Rochester, N. Y., who has had Asthma for 30 years, tested the Specific, and found it a perfect cure. Dr. Taft's Specific relieved me immediately. Sold by all Druggists. $1 per bottle. Sent by mail on receipt of price. TRIAL PACKAGE FREE. Address T. TAFT & CO., Philadelphia, Penn.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

RESTORED HER HEALTH.

For 25 years I suffered from boils, erysipelas and other blood affections, taking doctor's medicine great quantities, all of which succeeded in making me very perceptible worse. Friends induced me to try S. S. S. It began to do them from the start, and after taking several bottles restored my health as far as I could be for at my age, which is now seventy-five years.

Miss. S. M. Lucas, Bowling Green, Ky.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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Dr. K. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death. Premature old age, Barrenness, Loss of power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES To cure any case. With each order received for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued and genuineness of Dr. K. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment guaranteed only by Geo. Gross, Druggist, sole agent, 96 and 98 Wayne street, corner of Wayne and Webster, Ind.

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Clogged the Nasal Passages

Allays Pain and Inflammation.

Heals the Sores

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A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered 60 cents.

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The Chastly Record

of deaths that result from malaria is frightful. There is no disease that is so insidious in its attack. Its approach is stealthy and it permeates every fibre of the body, and remedies, which if applied at the outset, by delay lose their power. Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills have proven the most valuable malarial antidote ever discovered. A noted clergyman of New York pronounces them "the greatest blessing of the nineteenth century," and says "in these days of defective plumbing and sewer gas, no family should be without them." They are pleasant to take, being covered with a vanilla sugar coating.

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SURE ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

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FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR OF STRENGTH

Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt with Suspensory for $10 for PAINLESS MANHOOD, General and Nervous Debility, Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older Young Men, Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Failing Manhood, Impaired Memory, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, and all Diseases of Sexual Organs. Use Sanden's Electric Belt and Suspensory Appliances and you can be restored to perfect manhood. Use them a reasonable length of time and if they fail to develop the electric current in your body, which we guarantee, we will refund you the money. Don't buy worthless electric belts that burn the skin and do not generate a current of electricity. Don't pay $5 to $10 for a single belt when you can get our Belt and Suspensory for $10. Don't buy any electric belt that does not have a current regulator. Don't buy any belt that you cannot wear while you sleep. Our Belt has all these improvements and is sold for $10 when others get $20 to $40 for them. Don't buy any belt that has not a Suspensory attachment for development. Don't buy any belt that has not a Current Strength Gauge. Don't buy any belt that has not a Centre Battery. Don't buy any belt that has not a Perineal Band. Don't buy any belt that has not a Dorsal Attachment. Don't buy any belt that has not a Lumbar Attachment. Don't buy any belt that has not a Sciatic Attachment. Don't buy any belt that has not a Leg Attachment. Don't buy any belt that has not a Foot Attachment. Don't buy any belt that has not a Chest Attachment. Don't buy any belt that has not a Shoulder Attachment. Don't buy any belt that has not a Head Attachment. Don't buy any belt that has not a Complete Suspensory Appliance. Don't buy any belt that has not a Complete Set of Electrodes. Don't buy any belt that has not a Complete Instruction Book. Don't buy any belt that has not a Complete Set of Directions. Don't buy any belt that has not a Complete Set of Testimonials. Don't buy any belt that has not a Complete Set of Guarantees. Don't buy any belt that has not a Complete Set of Everything. Don't buy any belt that has not a Complete Set of Nothing. Don't buy any belt that has not a Complete Set of Anything. Don't buy any belt that has not a Complete Set of Something

STYLES FOR THE FAIR.

DRESSES MUST BE MADE PLAINER THAN EVER.

Three Are the Palmy Days of Feminine Peoples in Grand Figures. A Word Concerning Wraps. The Latest Fad in Stockings. A Shopping Incident.

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE]

COLD weather has well nigh forgotten itself in the Eastern and Southern cities, but even there a few touches of low temperature have lately reminded people that winter is more than two months old, while throughout the Northwest the first two months of the year have been more seasonable. Many of the women who meant to do without winter wraps see the error of their ways, and the heart of the cloak-dealer rejoices as he says, blandly: "Not this week, madam; we really cannot do it for the next fortnight—we are so crowded with work." Under the circumstances the average woman has to set her wits to work to devise an outer garment which shall have all the air of a made-to-order, unduplicated, stylish, and altogether soul-satisfying wrap. Now, if the woman has an efficient ally in her dress-maker, she can get a valuable hint from the accompanying picture: It will furnish just the golden mean between the heavy sealskin and the light rape; in fact, it is just what is wanted in our present climate. It should be made of some plain, fine cloth, preferably in one of the lighter shades of brown. The model shown in Fig. I is in one of the soft, indescribable tints known as ashes-of-roses, and is heavily braided across the front, to the very top of the collar, in silk braid just enough darker in color to make a pleasant contrast. Every row of braid on the front as well as on the long cuffs, has its small button covered to match. The sleeves

FIGURE I.

are full from shoulder to elbow, where they end with a rather narrow band of ostrich trimming like that which outlines the wide braided front.

One of the most disappointed girls must have been the stylish maiden who saw a few snow-flakes in New York gradually melt away under an August sun. And why? Just look at the skating-dress which she has been preparing for herself (see figure 2). If you can imagine a pretty girl clothed in a gown of dark but glowing scarlet, with skirt and sailor blouse and sleeves so full as to furnish sufficient warmth without any jacket, and with just a suspicion of black velvet at the wrists and around the edge of her red cap, you can imagine why the owner of that costume feels that her health demands a colder climate. Her long bon and muff come in very handily for finishing touches, and no one will deny that she has reason to look pensive. I have sketched her as an interesting exhibit of a wintry toilet.

Some of the women who have money left over in plenty after buying the costliest finery are making costume albums. A book of this kind was picked up by a visitor to New York in the drawing-room of a young matron well known in society. On the first page was a full-length photograph of Mrs. Blank, in her bridal robes, apparently fresh from the ether; while on the opposite page was an artistic arrangement of the materials that had composed the bridal toilet, satin and lace, with even straw orange blossoms deftly painted here and there. The next page represented her in a well-fitting tailor-made suit, apparently just on the point of starting on her honeymoon, while the opposite page again supplied evidence as to the colors and materials which the photograph could not give. The rest of the book was arranged on a similar plan, the left-handed page being reserved for a photograph of gown and wearer, while the right contained specimens of the materials and trimmings. Considerable ingenuity and taste were displayed in the exhibits of the latter, each page being adorned with some appropriate emblem, either embroidered or painted, and carrying the date when the costume first appeared in public. Aside from the fancifulness of

FIGURE II.

the idea, it really gave a most entertaining chapter from her social history. To the owner of course it would prove a book of memories, recalling to her many other wise forgotten events in her life.

A series of photographs, taken at different times, of any one person, never fails to be instructive. If you do not believe it, gentle reader, just collect all the work of art fondly supposed to portray yourself, from your earliest infancy up to the present day, and you will no longer doubt my words. You may marvel at the fashions in dress of your earliest period, but you will perhaps find more edifying changes in the wearer. All your little idiosyncrasies will come out in some picture or other, and you will arise from the study of this portrait gallery with some entirely new ideas of yourself. Collecting the photographs produce an effect which individually they could never have.

Do you carry a satchel when you go shopping? Wonderful how hard it is to trace a penny among all the stuff in the bag! Besides, you never know whether really is a penny there or not. To be sure you always drop your small change into it, but now that the clasp of the bag has taken to bursting open you can't be sure you don't lose a penny. Well, when you hold the bag on your knee and shake it you hear something rattle. Further you bend a package of steel buttons complacently to the bag last week, and you are always thinking the buttons are nickels. Of course you can't see; you just have to drop out whatever you get hold of. If you could only keep from getting the bag so jammed full, or induce the clasp to stay closed. It is so embarrassing to go along spilling pictures and pennies and letters out of a gaping bag; to slide, it is so dangerous. Of course you never meant to carry your pocket-book in the bag—it is so unsafe; but somehow you have got into the habit of just dropping it in, and every shopping day of your life you expect the bag to open and spill out all your wealth as well as your new purse. It would be so easy, too, for any one to open the bag without your knowing it and take what they want. To be sure you try to keep a clutch on the clasp all the time, but concentrate your mind as you may you will keep forgetting, and it drives you into a nervous chill whenever you recollect yourself.

Here is a shopping incident: What sort of a woman is she? Well, I'll tell you. She is the kind of woman that always gets a seat in a street car." I heard a woman say that in describing another. When pressed for an explanation she went on to say: "Why, don't you know that the woman who goes into a car, selects some man, and coolly and deliberately stares at him for a few seconds, always gets a seat? You see, her victim can't stand it. First he gets nervous, and tries to look unconcerned and preoccupied. Then he fidgets and shuffles about. Finally he weakens, and with a faint 'Take my seat, madam,' abdicates in her favor. I would scorn to do such a thing," concluded the speaker. "I am a working woman, but I realize that men sometimes are tired. I don't stare at any unfortunate, and I scarcely ever get a seat in a crowded train."

Those are unmistakably the palmy days of the feminine people with good figures. The latest utterances of those in authority say that dresses must be plainer and straighter than ever—tailor made of the tailor-made—without a drape or a wrinkle anywhere. Even the sleeves in these dresses are straight and plain, though rather high upon the shoulders. As a result, these plain costumes show an inclination toward figured or striped materials or even checks, and towards combinations. The engraving shown in figure 3 shows a happy compromise between extremes. The main part of the gown is of plain navy-blue camels-hair serge, and is combined with striped goods in blue-gold and brown, which serves for the lapels of the coat-basque, and for the cuffs and the bands which finish off the skirt. Without the demi-train it makes an admirable street costume.

The latest nice thing in stockings? Hey? A girl's foot, of course. But I mean the latest fad, which is to have stockings of contrasting colors. For example, a polo gaiter of silk on your right foot and a torn cotton on your left. Snakes and other reptiles of creepy inclination are now embroidered on hosiery. A serpent that is ambitious, or a lizard whose mother is excelsior, are popular adornments of my lady's stockings. Great care must be taken to show this collection of creeping things to unwonted eye. Then undoubtedly will ensue that old, old excuse: "It was the serpent that tempted me." At a reception a foot was repeatedly extended for inspection. Much, much may be pardoned a pretty foot daintily shod, but this pedal extremity of a well-known authoress was clad in a bright pink silk stocking, which tended to make her plump foot look of generous breadth. When will women learn that black is the only suitable covering for feet that are not fairylike in size?—*Daisy Dart, in Chicago Ledger.*

Trying to Cook Snow.

A little California girl, finding snow in the piazza corners one morning, and, supposing it to be a new kind of flour, made up several "putty cakes," and gravely took them into the kitchen to cook them.

She put them on top of the range at the back, and went out at once for more "dough." When she returned, her mother's Chinese cook stood by the range with a broad grin on his usually stolid face.

"Oh, Sam, did you go and eat my cookies?" cried Lily.

"Fire catee Lily's cooky," answered the smiling Sam.

After the little girl's mother had been called, and had explained the mystery, Sam told how he also had once been deceived as to the nature of snow.

Sam had been a laundryman in San Francisco when he first came to America, and it was quite natural that he should apply the unknown substance to the uses of his trade.

"Me no findee snow a' China, all samee here," he said. "Me findee heap snow down San F'an'sco one day. Me catchee pan full, all samee starch! Hot water! Starch all gone, all samee Lily's cooky."

His Family.

In making final proof before the United States land office, Judge Guichard, of Walla Walla, usually asks: "Have you a family?" Most of them answer in the affirmative, but the other day he got hold of a man who had the biggest family on record. "Have you a family?" said the Judge, as he pulled down his vest. "Yes, sir," said the man, somewhat confused. "What does it consist of?" continued Mr. Guichard. "Well," said the man, looking up toward the ceiling, so as to refresh his mind and give a true account, "a wife and twelve children, two married, a hired man, a gang plow, a sander a Bain wagon and a span of mules." "That's enough," said the Judge with a smile, and the settler got his papers without any further trouble.

THE man who is given to sober reflection seldom gets into a tight place.

HOW GLASS IS BLOWN.

AN HOUR IN THE INTERIOR OF A GLASS FACTORY.

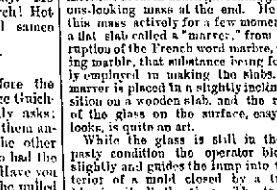
Many Beautiful Forms Produced Without Much Aid from Tools or Machinery. An Art in Which Little or No Progress Has Been Made in the Last Three Hundred Years.

BLOWING GLASS CARBOY.

THAT the glass-blowing industry ought to be one of the principal factors of the commercial prosperity of the United States is apparent at once to any one who considers how instinctively the average American takes to any mechanical art which demands personal smartness and activity rather than complex theories carried out to practical conclusions. Glass-blowing is perhaps the most striking illustration of diversity of forms obtainable with the minimum of tools, of the emancipation of the struggling operative from costly machinery and a long apprenticeship in many branches. Three hundred years of steady development in the technical arts have added little or nothing to the resources of the glass-blower, and the tools retain the primitive simplicity of the days of Queen Elizabeth and the Venetian artists in inimitable glass-work. The only important labor-saving invention, that of bottle-molding, is an American device.

Without, glass-blowing as an art has receded rather than advanced within the last three centuries, just as painting has done. The Venetian artists in glass have left no successors. Beautiful effects are still obtainable in stained-glass windows and ornamental goblets, but a collection of sixteenth century relics is not indicative of modern progress, or of any comparison which can be said to be other than odious.

Entering a glass factory, the first object which attracts attention is the great central furnace in which the glass is melted. The most unobservant person will have noticed that ordinary glass presents itself in three aspects—brown, green, and stainless white or flint glass. The former tints are due to the presence of iron-oxide in the sand, which is one of the principal ingredients. When colorless glass is desired the iron has to be eliminated, or the color masked by suitable means, and it is a noteworthy fact that a proportion of iron in the sand too small to be indicated by the most delicate assay will impart a distinct hue to glass. Different metallic oxides impart different hues;



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN GLASSBLOWERS.

thus tin or arsenic will render the product white and opaque, gold will give a ruby red, copper in the form of black oxide will give a little iron will yield an emerald-green product; cobalt-oxide a blue, manganese a purple, oxide of uranium a yellow, and so on.

It follows that where colorless glass is desired the greatest care has to be taken to insure the use of sand in which the metallic oxides referred to are distinguished by their absence.

The furnace takes up quite a large part of the room in a glass factory, and is circular in form, to allow the operators to approach the pots from all sides. The accompanying cut will give an idea of the arrangement of the melting-pots on the siege or true floor of the furnace. As these melting-pots are of large size (some are fifty-five inches in diameter) and have to withstand continuously a heat which will easily melt iron or steel, it follows that they have to be made of well kneaded, tempered and annealed fire-clay. There is a glorious uncertainty about the life of a melting-pot. It may give way and break up in eight hours, or it may last for months. In any case the sides wear through and get thin in the lapse of time from the absorption of the clay into the vitrified molten mass within. Just so long as a good pot can be patched up and fortified it is kept in use, but when a pot has to be removed, no matter under what circumstances, it means a hot, hard day's work for all hands. The first thing is to dislodge the broken fragments of the pot, or the whole affair bodily if not broken, by battering-ram

THE MARVER.

blows directed with a gigantic crowbar into the interior of a furnace heated like unto that into which Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were cast in the days of old. When the work is completed, the new pot, already annealed and heated to whiteness, has to be placed in position, and as the pot and contents may weigh many hundred pounds, the ordeal is necessarily a severe one. Burns and blisters are every-day occurrences in a glass factory, but the visitor soon learns one lesson. If he wishes to avoid burns and blows he will not seek to get out of the way of the men. He will act most wisely in recognizing that they have an independent intelligence. The man who keeps cool in crossing a street will be safe in walking under the noses of the horses; the nervous pedestrian who advances, turns back, and then stands still has only himself to thank if he is run over.

It is a busy scene, this interior of a glass factory in full blast. About 100 hands, men and boys in nearly equal proportions, are employed. First the operator sticks the end of a long iron tube into a glowing white hole and draws the instrument forth with a glistening gelatinous-looking mass at the end. He rolls this mass actively for a few moments on a flat slab called a "marver," from a corruption of the French word marbre, meaning marble, that substance being formerly employed in making the slabs. The marver is placed in a slightly inclined position on a wooden slab, and the rolling of the glass on the surface, easy as it looks, is quite an art.

While the glass is still in the soft, pasty condition the operator blows it slightly and guides the lump into the interior of a mold closed by a treadle, blowing it all the time. The transformation is almost instantaneous, and when the pressure on the treadle is released the tube is withdrawn with a "full-blown" bottle at the end of it. As already remarked, this bottle-mold is an American invention, and the saving in the case of cheap goods is very great. The bottles are annealed—a process of reheating and gradual cooling—and finished off at the necks, etc., by manipulation at the "glory-holes" of smaller furnaces.

In another part of the factory the visitor witnesses the making of carboys, or the huge jars employed to hold acids and liquids in bulk; the final shape in this instance also being given by pressure in a suitable mold. The carboy, before being taken to the annealing furnace, is detached from the blowing-rod by a dexterous flip on the neck with a stream of water, which cuts off the rod so as clean as if a knife or file were used. A similar expertness is exhibited by a neat looking workman, who, before expanding the "gathering" of molten glass into a carboy, examines it critically to detect flaws and impurities undiscernable to an ordinary eye. These flaws are picked out with a hot iron tool, just as a cook would extract a plum or cherry stone from a mass of dough.

Michigan Robins.

BIRDIE-KIN, birdie-kin, don't fly away," said Aunt Helen gently, as she drew near to a tiny fat birdling that sat perched on the porch railing one warm Sabbath afternoon, its little round head, tucked into the plump, thickly feathered body, making it look as if it had no neck at all.

But birdie did not seem to want to fly away; he only turned his head a little so as to see her better, and looked at Aunt Helen with his bright round eyes as if he would say:

"You won't hurt me, I know. Please let me sit still; I'm dreadfully tired."

So Aunt Helen stood over him a second or two, and then, as he didn't seem a bit afraid, quietly went back into the house and called the twin girls, saying:

"Come and see what I found on the back porch just now." And then, nodding over their heads to their father, said: "You come along, too, Charlie. I want you to put a little bird back into its nest for me."

"No use," said their father, shaking his head. "It'll fly away as soon as we attempt to touch it; they always do. I've tried it too often."

"Please try again," said Aunt Helen, coaxingly; "I am afraid the cats will catch it if we don't." Then to the children: "Softly, softly," as the little feet pattered and clattered on the bare kitchen floor, and the little tongues chattered and chattered as only twin girlies' tongues can. "Softly, softly, or you will frighten the poor, tired birdie."

But I guess he was too tired to be afraid of anything, for he only winked and winked the gray lids of his round eyes, as if he were getting sleepy, and nestled into a roundor ball than ever as the little girlies "Ah-ed" and "Oh-ed," and their father repeated:

"No use; he'll fly away as soon as I attempt to touch him. They always do!"

But this bird didn't; he didn't even flutter or try to get away, as the long, strong fingers closed so gently round him.

So they all went upstairs to Aunt Helen's room. First Aunt Helen, then papa, with the birdie, and then the little lassies.

Then Aunt Helen threw her window open wide and showed papa the cute little nest in the berry basket fastened close under the eaves, out of which, she felt quite sure, birdie must either have flown or fallen, as all summer long she had had a pair of olds birds there and fed them crumbs and seeds on her windowsill, and in the spring time given hair and threads to rebuild their nest to make it soft and nice for the little newcomers.

It was a good thing papa was so tall and had such nice, long arms, for he couldn't have reached the nest at all if he had been a little, short-armed man.

Well, he put the little birdie in, and the papa and mamma birds flew to the nest, and the little twin girlies "Ah-ed!" and "Oh-ed!" again, and they all thought what a happy little bird-family that now would be.

But by-and-by Aunt Helen heard no end of a fuss outside of her window, and when she looked out what do you suppose she saw?

The two old birds flying about that nest and chattering and chippering and scolding and flapping their wings at a great rate.

She tried to find out what it all meant, but she couldn't understand bird-talk, and the birdies couldn't talk English. But she began to be afraid that she had gotten a strange bird-baby into that nest, and that the papa and mamma birds had found out that it wasn't their child at all.

Pretty soon night fell and all grew quiet in eaves-land. But the next morning when she wanted to give the birdies their breakfast the nest was quite empty; the birds had all flown, and she never knew why or where.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Understood the Family.

Monsieur wanted the picture hung to the right; madame wanted it on the left. But monsieur insisted that the servant should hang the picture according to his orders. Consequently Joseph stuck a nail in the wall on the right, but this done he also went and stuck another in on the left.

"What is that second nail for?" his master inquired in astonishment.

"It's to save me the trouble of fetching the ladder to-morrow when monsieur will have come round to the views of madame."—*London Punch.*

"White in a Single Night."

Chemists have discovered that the hair contains an oil, a mucus substance, iron and carbonate of iron, phosphate and oxide of magnesia, besides a large proportion of sulphur. White hair contains also phosphate of magnesia, and its oil is nearly colorless. When hair becomes suddenly white, from fright or other causes, it is probably owing to the sulphur absorbing the oil, as in the operation of whitening linen clothes.

ONE of the items in a bill received by the select men of Eastport, Maine, for the maintenance of an estrayed Eastport pauper by another town was $10 for popcorn cakes.

A POUND of cure ought to be sovereign remedy.

VERY EXCITING SPORT.

CATCHING ALLIGATORS IN SOUTHERN SWAMPS.

Dope Laid for Saurians and How the Savage Beasts Sometimes Fall Into Them. Rejoicing in the Entire Colored Population When the Captive Is Finally Killed.

FOR days after leaving the plantation of Col. Jim Thompson, near Alligator Swamp, N. C., Denton, myself, and Caleb, our colored guide, continued our journey still horseback in a southwesterly direction toward the South Carolina line, writes a correspondent of the Chicago *Times*. The country we passed over was one continuous network of rivers, creeks, swamps, lagoons, and morass. A great portion of it was densely

EFFECTS OF THE SNEEZE.

timbered with cypress, pine, oak, and sycamore (the latter the old Southern buttonwood).

It was populated pretty thickly in a few sections only. The great swamp tracts, covering thousands of acres, continued but few whites, however, the population being made up of negroes, whose indolent nature and impervious organization rendered them proof against malaria and steady work.

Lassitude and superstition grew more prevalent as we journeyed toward the Gulf, until as we approached South Carolina we found the blacks, like the islanders of the south seas, idling away their time lolling about in the shade or congregated at corner stores in groups waiting for that long-looked-for and always expected "forty acres and a mule." Caleb wasn't one of that kind, however. He was much more intelligent than the majority, energetic as negroes go, and withal brave and somewhat rash—an almost unaccountable feature with the tar-heel darky.

One afternoon we approached a branch of Waccamaw River at the edge of a big swamp. A darky ferryman lay on the sand of the beach in the broiling sun, with his mouth wide open, sound asleep. His scow, a flat-bottomed boat perhaps twenty feet long, was tied to the shore awaiting doubtless the arrival of some travelers like ourselves. Beyond on the opposite side of the stream the country stretched away in a broad savanna with fields of cotton and corn, with here and there the typical log cabin of some negro tenant or laborer, while at a distance below of half a mile or more the white walls and ivy-covered verandas of some planters' residences brought the first pleasant relief to our eyes and senses for over a week past.

The old Virginia and North Carolina darky is as full of anything that partakes

TRAPPING AN ALLIGATOR.

of fun as an egg is full of meat, and Caleb was no exception. Begging us not to interrupt the slumbers of our prospective Sharon, he dismounted, took an immense pinch of snuff, and, quietly slipping up to the darky, dropped the whole mass fairly down his wide-stretched nostrils. The next few seconds were rife with a display of facial contortions it would be folly to undertake to describe. The old darky drew in his nostrils until his flat nose looked ready to disappear altogether. His immense mouth, which at a moment before had gaped open wide enough to frighten a rhinoceros, closed like a fly-trap, while his upper lip flew up over his nose. For an instant the entire black face writhed and contorted with the most surprising facility. Then his eyelids flew open and a volcano tore loose. No such sneeze was ever heard in that peaceful locality, and the noise startled the flamingos along the beach.

Just as the old darky gave vent to that tremendous sneeze Caleb let go a couple of shots from an old duck-gun over his head. That finished the old fellow. With a yell of mortal terror he went heels over head into the river. Fortunately the water was shallow and he ran no risk of drowning, but it was with some difficulty that we persuaded him that we were not devils and induced him to come ashore.

"Foro God, gemmen, dis niggah 'spected ole Gabe'd'a touted his hash. What foh you white folks want scare yoh ole Uncle Joe to def foh?"

When the old fellow found that there was no danger of getting hurt, he began to get mad, and the end would probably have been a fight with Caleb but for the present of a bright silver half-dollar. That settled it, and we were soon making our way at a snail's pace across the river.

When about half-way over a faint yell was heard, coming apparently from up the narrow stream which emptied into the river just above, coming from the depths of the swamp.

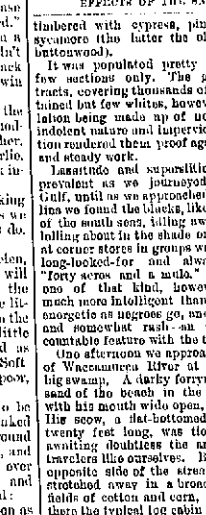
Old Joe began to get excited, and went to work with a vim, pulling on the rope which spanned the stream.

"What does that noise mean?" asked Denton, as another yell, louder than before, came floating down to us.

"Dat? Why dat jes means dat dem piggas out a 'gator, an' a big one at dat!"

"An alligator? You don't mean that there are any alligators in that swamp?"

"Dat I dus, honey. Dey's lots 'gators 'bout here, an' dey's def on pigs and dogs



and little niggas. We only lose 'bout a big gator pig 'cause I ryar an' runned two in de ole woman's pen. Yo' ole Jake Jones, he's a fine ole gemman, mawsah, I'se tells yo'."

All of us caught the excitement and it wasn't many minutes before we were ashore at the mouth of the little river. Old Uncle Joe tied up his scow and we fastened our horses to the trees, knowing we could not use them in the swamp. A walk of about 300 yards over the morass brought us to an open space where the creek widened and deepened into a small lake. Here we found about a dozen men and boys surrounding a tremendous alligator, which was doing his level best to get back to the water and to snap up some of the more venturesome darkies. He was fully 100 feet away, however, and the crowd had surrounded him with long poles and axes. Whenever an opportunity presented itself one or the other would hit him over the nose with his long pole, while two or three who had axes were trying to get in a blow at his head, but with poor success. However, they kept the saurian from getting away while one old fellow was trying to slip a noose over his head. The old darky had the rope hung over the end of a long pole with which he tried to slip it over the alligator's neck, but the old reptile was too smart, with all his apparent awkwardness, and he kept his long snout from being caught by swinging it out of the way or snapping at the rope.

Just as we came up, a little darky about 11 or 12 years old got within reach of the alligator's tail. That useful organ drew around and struck the boy just below the small of the back and knocked him twenty feet away, landing him in a big bunch of swamp grass. The boy was the son of an old fellow who had been standing in front of the 'gator, looking for an opportunity to fire a load of shot out of an old musket into the animal's eyes. Infuriated at his hopeful's mishap, and perhaps thinking that he was badly hurt, the old darky banged away. For all the damage he did the alligator, he may as well have aired at a sheet of boiler-iron. The shot glanced off the alligator's hide and frescoed three or four of the darkies, and then pandemonium broke loose. They forgot all about the 'gator, and went for that old darky. If it hadn't been for the new arrivals the animal would have got away doubtless, and the old musketeer would have got a thrashing, but we called them off, and went more systematically to work to capture the saurian.

While one stood on each side, poking their poles at his eyes whenever he tried to turn or back away, old Joe took the rope and pole and soon had the noose over his head. Then, with a yell of satisfaction, the darkies all got hold of the heavy rope and pulled it taut.

One end was turned about a tree, and as fast as a foot was gained the slack was taken up, until after a half-hour's hard labor the alligator's nose was pulled close up to the tree.

During the entire time taken up in landing the 'gator safely the air was interlarded with interjections and ejaculations of hatred from the darkies who had suffered to appease his ravenous appetite:

"Swallered my poller pup las' week, did yo', you 'fernal scamp'olf"

"Chawed up ole Gabe's cat, um! humph! Gess ye dun treatin' 'sturbance in dis yer unburhood?"

"I dun spec' yousse same ole 'gator what got Cato Sniff's boy las' summer. Won't have no more good times massa-catin' little niggas, you ole debbil!"

The alligator made a last struggle to escape. He snapped his great jaws with their rows of long, sharp teeth, thrashed his long, dangerous tail about, but it was useless; the negroes soon put an end to his career with an ax. After he was killed they drew him up and skinned him and knocked out his teeth. The fat was taken away to be tried into oil, and the rest of the carcass left for the buzzards, which were already sailing overhead, having scented their prey from afar.

On the way back to the boat, accompanied by the crew of 'gator-hunters, we learned how they had trapped the alligator. The saurian is extremely fond of dogs, which they often follow into the fields for quite a distance in hopes, doubtless, of capturing some unlucky cur. For some weeks past we learned an alligator had been creating havoc among the pigs and calves of the negroes along the edge of the swamp and they had determined to capture or kill it. Knowing its weakness they had tied a half-grown pup to a small tree about 200 yards from the river early that morning, and while one of their number stood on watch for the first appearance of their victim the rest of the crowd retired to the shade, and, negro-like, stretched themselves out for a nap. It was afternoon, just before we arrived at the river bank, when the boy on watch reported the presence of the 'gator. The negroes waited until he was within a few feet of the crying and howling pup before they broke cover. Whether they would have succeeded in killing their enemy without help is a question of serious doubt to my mind. However, when they did finally succeed in killing him they were the most delighted lot of darkies I had seen in many days.

"The Tail of Roberto."

Speaking of that stereotyped answer of the bookseller, "We haven't the book in now, but will send and get it," the "Listener" recalls a story. In a certain family every member wrote out a list of the Christmas presents that he or she would like to get, and hung it up on the chimney-piece, for the guidance of those who were going to make gifts. It was rather convenient and nice all around. But a young man of the family conceived the idea of throwing a little humor into the list of things that he wanted, and among the other articles that he put down as desirable Christmas present for himself he included "The tail of Roberto." Now Roberto was the name of a cat that lived in the house, and the young man could not possibly have the cat's tail for a present, because it was bob-tailed. It was a fairly good joke, but it happened that a member of the family, who wasn't very good at orthography, took this entry for the name of a book, and, having a partiality for the young man, started off on a tour through the book stores in search of it.

"Have you 'The Tale of Roberto?' she asked at a very large and entirely first-class store.

The bookseller scratched his head a moment and made answer:

"No, we haven't it in stock just now, but we can send and get it for you."

Embarrassing.

"Did you use your French while you were in Paris?" asked a young woman of a friend who had just returned from a European tour.

"Once or twice—but it was embarrassing."

"Why?"

"We nearly always had to tell what we wanted in English before we could get any one to understand us."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Obliging Indeed.

"Please tell me where I am to go. I was invited to see the transit of Venus."

"I am extremely sorry, madam, but you are too late. The transit was over fifteen minutes ago."

"Oh, that's no matter. The superintendent is a friend of mine, and I am sure he will have it done again for me."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

THE CHURCH CHOIR BOY.

A REMARKABLE INNOVATION IN A BROOKLYN CHURCH.

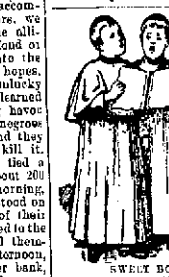
The Introduction of the Boy Soprano Promises to Put a Stop to the Squabbles at Feminine singers. Relief for a Disheartened Preacher.

A REMARKABLE innovation, which will probably extend to many Episcopal churches throughout the country, has lately been introduced by Rev. Dr. Vandervater, an Episcopalian clergyman, of Brooklyn, N. Y. In his choir, which is one of the finest in the city, the men and boy singers are surplised. Hereafter the ladies are also to wear the choral surplice. A dressing-room is provided, where they can remove their wraps and robe themselves in the long, snow-white robes and the regulation neck-band, and drop loose hanging sleeves. Dr. Vandervater contends that the change is made for the sake of

THEY SPLIT THE PARSON'S EARS.

preserving the picturesque uniformity of the choir, which, while surplices and fashionable toilets mingled together, was obviously in bad taste. The Rev. T. W. Shackelford, of New York, in an article upon the subject of church music, highly commends the introduction of the boy choir. It has, he says, come to stay. In the critics, a good quartette, apart from the question of ecclesiastical propriety, is an expensive luxury, which poor churches cannot afford; and if they are driven to the volunteer choirs of mixed voices, we have the old difficulty of temper, precedence, etc., to contend with, and unless the organist be a clever man, without temper and nerves, with a strong will and suave manner, the irritation is ever breaking out afresh, and is sure to injure the congregation.

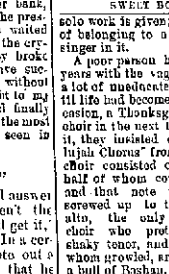
Substitute boys for women and this trouble disappears. The boys are directly under authority, and must submit to rules or be punished by fines if they are paid, or if volunteers, by suspension, a disgrace to which they do not like to submit. Boy nature is not morally jealous, as school-boys readily grant precedence to those who are superior to them in lessons or games; and it is so in choirs. The rank and file are not jealous of the boy with a fine voice to whom the



SWEET BOY SOPRANOS.

solo work is given; they are rather proud of belonging to a choir that has a fine singer in it.

A poor parson had been wrestling for years with the vagaries and tantrums of a lot of musical-tempered, screaming girls, until life had become a burden. On one occasion, a Thanksgiving Day, because the choir in the next town, Boreas, had done it, they insisted on singing the "Hallelujah Chorus" from the "Messiah." The choir consisted of sixteen trebles, one-half of whom could not sing above F, and that note very often was quite screwed up to the pitch; one feeble alto, the only young lady in the choir who pretended to read; one shaky tenor, and three basses, two of whom growled, and the third roared like a bull of Bashan. No sooner was the sermon ended than the choir burst out with the great, the sublime chorus. Alas! no longer great or sublime from their lips. They screamed, they roared, they yelled Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! The tone became more and more wavering; the tempo more and more uncertain, until, when the fugue was reached, the thing collapsed like Dr. Holmes' one-horse shay—all at once. A few high notes sounded alone, and there was a dead silence. The



BOY CHOIR IN TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.

congregation sat down with a sigh of relief; but the fate of that choir was sealed.

The parson had been trying for months to get his vestry to consent to a trial of the boys and now they yielded, and when, after a few weeks' training, the little boys took the place of the girls, the people rejoiced and the much rebuked pastor said a special thanksgiving.

And Then He Died.

Funny man (on his death bed)—Darling, you will grant me one wish ere I die? When I have breathed my last I want to be cremated and then have my ashes put into the stove.

Wife—Oh, Thomas, Thomas, what do you mean? Why do you wish to have your ashes put in the stove?

Funny man (with an effort)—So that they can mingle with the grate.

AN inventor expects to make a watch which will run a month without winding.

ROOT & COMPANY

EMBROIDERIES.

This is a genuine sale of Embroideries. We are satisfied that this is the best and cheapest line of Embroideries ever brought to Fort Wayne. Large additions to the stock of Embroideries will be made to morrow.

White Goods!

In Connection with our Embroidery sale, we will sell

PLAID NAINSOOKS

at 8c a yard. Excellent qualities.

Plaid India Linens,

At 10c a yard, nothing so good for the price before.

PLAID PIQUES!

At the remarkable low price of 20c a yard. Handsome novelties.

New Torchon Collars

For Children's wear. Hand made.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

Have you seen the grand line of

Night Gowns!

We are showing. We ask you to examine these particularly. Over 200 Gowns came in this week.

AND SUCH A LINE!
AND SUCH PRICES!

You cannot possibly get them up so cheap, nor so good.

Come and see them.

ROOT & COMPANY.

OUR $1.50 LINE

Of Ladies' and Men's fine shoes are of better quality, better styles and more desirable in every way than any ever offered at that price.

OUR $2.00 SHOES

Are of a high standard. We have them in any style desired and can assure you a perfect fit, every pair warranted. Our lines of hand sewed shoes for Ladies' and Gentlemen cannot be beat in this city, either for quality or price. We are bound to maintain our position as the Popular Price Shoe Dealers of Fort Wayne.

Redlick Bros.

Fort Wayne Sentinel

SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1890.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. Victor Wolf left for Chicago last evening.

Mr. Louis Wolf leaves for New York this evening.

Miss Grace Woodward gave a reception yesterday afternoon.

Miss Phoebe Selle, of Chicago, is visiting her uncles, the Dutzers.

The Madam Fry Boston Concert company will appear at the City Y. M. C. A. Monday evening.

The Sangerbund will give a ball on Shrove Tuesday, next week, which will be a notable social event.

The Catholic Knights of America will hold an important meeting to morrow afternoon at Library hall.

The funeral of Mrs. Ellen O'Neil occurred this morning from the Cathedral. Relatives from abroad were in attendance.

Considerable compliment is paid to the Wayne street M. E. church choir under the direction of Prof. W. F. Heath.

The business and professional class of the City Y. M. C. A. will exercise under the direction of Prof. Gage next Monday afternoon.

Mr. D. McKinney, representing E. C. Penfield & Co., medical supplies, Philadelphia, was in the city to-day. He called on the druggists.

The masquerade given at Standard hall by Mr. Ed. Cartwright and Miss Mary Farnan last evening, was largely attended. The affair was quite a social success.

Mr. Louis Cuttlive is in New Orleans.

Mrs. Caroline Weisell has returned from a visit at Chicago.

Mrs. Dr. G. W. Long gave a delightful euchre party last evening.

Allen Doctor was initiated into the order of the Golden Eagle last night.

Mrs. W. H. Stewart, of 432 East Wayne street, celebrated her forty-third birthday to-day.

William Reit, of the organ factory, is very sick with typhoid fever at his home on Nirdlinger avenue.

Mr. R. N. Van Sickle, of the Hawpatch, find us visiting his brother, pastor of the Berry street M. E. church.

The Plymouth Democrat says: "Mrs. C. O. Smith and Miss Rena Fulton left Tuesday for a three or four week's visit in Fort Wayne."

Silver S. Rose post held an interesting meeting last night The members are earnest, like other posts, in their efforts to have the encampment come here, where it belongs.

The broken winter has been hard on street car horses. Superintendent McNutt has been doctoring the equines, only in exceptional cases, when Dr. H. A. Read is called.

Mr. John McCarty is expected to arrive from Chicago to-night, to be the guest of his parents. He is now secretary of the Indiana auxilliary of the world's fair committee.

The funeral of the late August Kneeckber, an old settler of this county, will take place to-morrow afternoon from the residence, in Adams township, Rev. Zschoche officiating.

Mr. Louis Schmidt has returned from Chicago, where he purchased fittings and stock for the new drug store to be established in the Schmitz block, in which enterprise he has an interest.

Owing to the resignation of Mr. Louis Schmidt, who will open a drug store of his own, the duties of Mr. Gustave Goske will be divided between the Broadway and Columbia street stores of B. R. Noll.

Mr. George Gable, who arrived from Little Rock several nights ago to visit his relatives on Madison street, may decide to remain here. He is an engineer and may accept a run on one of the roads here.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Boyles leave to-morrow noon for Chicago, their home, after a brief stay with his parents, on Miner street. His wife was Miss Gertrude Bailey, a pretty and accomplished young lady. His marriage was quite a surprise to his friends in this city.

Mrs. Harvey Hinman, of Cleveland, who has been visiting at the home of M. H. Brooks, of 22 Baker street, spent the day in Larwill among old friends. She will return here previous to her return home. Mrs. Hinman's husband was formerly a contractor in this city.

The St. Paul Catholic congregation will give a fair two nights next week, commencing next Monday. The fair will be held in the school house. The big attraction Monday will be the appearance of Wayne Commandery C. B. L., in their elegant new uniforms.

Mr. H. J. Wilder has returned from New York.

Mr. Dixon Edgerton, the attorney, has returned from the north.

The ladies auxiliary of the City Y. M. C. A. will hold a regular meeting next Wednesday afternoon.

F. Granger, Detroit; Wm. Stacy, Philadelphia, and J. F. Getty, Logansport, are registered at the Aldine.

Mr. C. A. Munson, of the Chicago office of the Fort Wayne Electric company, is home to spend Sunday.

The "Flunking Bee" will meet at the residence of Dr. Weisell, No. 311 West Jefferson street, next Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Mrs. Fred Heath, of Grand Rapids who for the past week has been visiting Mrs. Frank Perry, of 127 Montgomery street, has returned to her home.

The farm of James Cole, in Washington and St. Joe townships, has been purchased by William Bleke, the consideration being $12,000. The farm comprises 158 acres.

Last Thursday evening Miss Mary Mulcahey and Mollie Condon, of Logansport, were tendered a nice surprise at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Golden, of 184 West Wayne street.

Another Lot of Shaker Sweet Corn.

10 barrels, very choice, reduced to half price, 5c quart.

FRUIT HOUSE.

The best bargains are at Golden & Monahan's. The goods must be sold this month.

All lamps at cost. China Bazaar.

Madam Fry, City Y. M. C. A., Monday, February 17.

NO M'GINTY JOKE!

Men's Sewed Government Shoes, 99 cents.

Men's Tap Sole Working Boots, $1.92.

Men's Rubber Boots, $2.

MASSACHUSETTS SHOE CO., 36 Calhoun street.

Hanging lamps at cost. China Bazaar.

Go to Golden & Monahan's closing sale for bargains in gents' furnishing goods, 66 Calhoun street.

For photographs give B. A. Strawn a call, at the corner of Calhoun and Columbia.

Take none but Fuss or B. & O.; all dealers sell them; best 5 and 10 cent cigars sold.

Men's Solid Made Dress Shoes, Lace or Congress, $1 50; just as good a shoe as is sold for $2 in other stores.

MASSACHUSETTS SHOE CO., 36 Calhoun street.

Madam Fry, City Y. M. C. A., Monday, February 17.

For photographs give B. A. Strawn a call, at the corner of Calhoun and Columbia.

The best bargains are at Golden & Monahan's. The goods must be sold this month.

Madam Fry, City Y. M. C. A., Monday, February 17.

Go to B. A. Strawn for photographs. He will please you. Corner Calhoun and Columbia.

The Massachusetts Shoe Company have removed to 36 Calhouf street, first door north of Main street.

Reduction on Butter, Eggs, and Potatoes.

Choice Roll Butter, 16c lb.
Good Jar Butter, 8c lb.
Fresh Eggs, 14c dozen.
Choice Early Rose Potatoes, 35c bu.
Best Smoked Picnic Hams, 6c lb.
Best Sugar Cured Hams, 10c lb.

FRUIT HOUSE.

HEADQUARTERS FOR FURTURE.

The largest line of Plush and Fancy Rocking Chairs ever shown in Fort Wayne. These goods should have been here for the holiday trade. Antique Rockers, with removable Plush Upholstering; good enough for a king and cheap enough for anybody. See our Parlor Suits. You will be surprised at the prices and variety. Lots of new designs and shades in Plush and Tapestry. Call and look through our stock and you will be pleased.

THE PAPE FURNITURE CO.

Do you smoke the B. & O.? It's as fine as silk; 10 cents.

NEW STRAW HATS.

Twenty-five cases of new Black Straw Hats received at MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR, N. W. cor. Calhoun and Main streets.

For a good cigar smoke the B. & O., the best 10 cent cigar.

Save 50 cents on every pair of Men's Shoes by buying at the MASSACHUSETTS SHOE CO., First door north of Main street

If you are going on a journey don't buy your tickets until you have seen the city ticket agent of the Nickel Plate, as he can save you from one dollar up on all tickets. Remember the place: 5 Aveline house block or depot office.

15-2t

FIRST IN THE FIELD.

New Spring Styles in Black Straw Hats just received at MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR.

For a good 5 cent cigar smoke the Fuss, made from choice stock.

For reduced rates to Chicago, Cleveland, St. Paul, Duluth, Portland and all points west call at the Nickel Plate city ticket office, 5 Aveline house block, or depot. 15 2t

For a good 5 cent cigar smoke the Fuss, made from choice stock.

Go to B. A. Strawn for photographs. He will please you. Corner Calhoun and Columbia.

WANTED—A Girl for general house work in small family. Good wages paid. Enquire at 100 West Berry street.

Bedroom Sets reduced to make room for other goods. Splendid assortment in solid Walnut, Mahogany, Antique Ash. We manufacture our goods in the city from the log. You don't have to be a cabinet-maker to appreciate the superior workmanship. Call and see.

PAPE FURNITURE CO.

Madam Fry, City Y. M. C. A., Monday, February 17.

Do you smoke the B. & O.? It's as fine as silk; 10 cents.

Between the Seasons.

It's a little too early to talk about house cleaning and the New Carpets you will be wanting at that time. And yet we have recently been able to pluck dandelions, in full bloom, in city dooryards. House cleaning is, therefore, likely to come early this spring, and so, right here, we want to enter into an agreement with you to sell you your Spring Carpets. We are getting in the Largest and Handsomest Line we have ever shown.

But it is not too early to purchase BABY CARRIAGES. We have a larger stock than all other Fort Wayne houses combined.

BABY CARRIAGES for fair haired babies.

BABY CARRIAGES for dark haired babies.

BABY CARRIAGES upholstered in all the new shades.

BABY CARRIAGES at one third less than usual price.

BABY CARRIAGES with the best wire wheels, best patent springs, best parasol attachments and best rubber tires.

DECORATED BED ROOM CROCKERY SETS in the largest assortment ever shown in Fort Wayne. Nearly two hundred different styles and colorings to select from.

HANGING, PARLOR AND ORDINARY STAND LAMPS at the same small profits at which we sell everything else.

FOSTER Furniture and Carpet Company.

—THE—

PEOPLE'S STORE

(PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK), EAST BERRY STREET.

We have just received our first shipment of

EMBROIDERIES,

To which we respectfully invite inspection of variety and prices.

Also, a splendid new line of

WASH GOODS!

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We shall continue to sell the balance of our Cloaks, Wraps, Blankets, and all Heavy Winter Goods at same prices as they were during our marked-down sale which is lower than manufacturer's prices.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

Pixley & Long Block
Berry street.

Dozois, Beadell & Co.

T. H. McCormick, M. D.,

Office—Rooms 7, 8 and 9, Pixley & Long building, East Berry Street.

Office Hours { 8 to 9 a. m. / 1 to 3 p. m. } Fort Wayne, Ind.

Calls Answered in the Forenoon.

J. E. WAUGH, D. D. S.,

Dental Office in Shoaff's Gallery,
21 W. BERRY St.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE NEW WORLD'S MUSEUM AND THEATRE

(Formerly Academy of Music.)

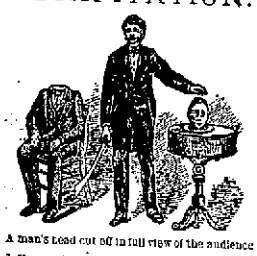
JAMES GEARY..... MANAGER.

Open every afternoon and evening. Catering only to ladies, gentlemen and children.

This Week the Great Zarro's

In their startling and sensational novelty

DECAPITATION.



A man's head cut off in full view of the audience

J. Hanson Craig, heaviest man alive.
John Ayers, snake charmer.
Capt. Baldwin, armless wonder.
Arthur Hall, man with the iron skull.
Master Leonzo, dancer on broken glass.
Professor King, the paper King.
Zeldeia, Caucasian princess.
Prof. Sewey, Bohemian glass blower.
Madam Zera, illusionist.
Kinnon & Brady's Shadowgraphs.
Harry Kinnon, Punch and Judy manipulator.
Prof. Z, ventriloquist and humorist.
Chas. Anderson, profile artist.
Professor Jones, electrician.
Barrett & West, European artists.
Delaney & Reed, comedians.
Alexander, the musical wonder.

All the above and much more

FOR ONE DIME.

Open every afternoon from 1 to 5 p. m.; night, 7 to 10:30.

Coming next week, Big Eliza, largest woman alive. See her unloaded with a derrick.

NATURAL GAS FITTING.

H. J. ASH is prepared to do your Natural Gas Fitting very promptly and give you first-class work for the least possible sum of money. Give him a call at No. 9 E. Columbia St. Stoves of every description for all kinds of fuel. Also Kitchen Furnishing Goods.

I. G. CLARK,

No. 181 Calhoun St.,

Has on hand a large stock of mouldings and will frame pictures to order cheaper than the cheapest. See his stock before buying. feb 7tm

COLUMBUS BUGGY CO.

Road Wagons.
Road Carts.

13 E. Columbia St.

JOS. W. BELL.

World's Museum!

(FORMERLY ACADEMY OF MUSIC.)

JAMES GEARY, - - - - - - - - Manager.

The Popular Cheap Priced Family Resort.

Presenting each week the Latest Novelties. The world's Greatest wonders. A school for the instruction of the old and the young.

OPEN EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

WEEK COMMENCING FEB. 17.

BIG ELIZA! Largest, biggest, heaviest fat woman alive; weight, 927 pounds. The earth trembles when she walks, the building shakes when she laughs. $1,000 challenge that she is the largest human being alive, or that ever did live. See her unloaded with a derrick at the depot, Monday morning, Feb. 17, and paraded up Calhoun street to the Museum. A treat. The sight of a life time.

WANTED—Twenty able-bodied men to assist in unloading her next Monday morning. Everybody should see this living, breathing mountain of human flesh.

GALATEA—A marble statue turned to Life, breathing, laughing and sleeping in full view of the audience. The finest illusion in the world.

Special engagement of 4-Paws original

Fiji Princess and Daughter!

Every scholar has read about the Fiji Cannibals.

Now you have an opportunity to see one.

RETAINED FOR ONE MORE WEEK

Capt. Baldwin—Armless Wonder.
Prof. King—The Paper King.
Prof. Sewey—The Glass Blower.
Madam Zera—Illusionist.
Master Leonzo—Glass Dancer.
Kinnon & Brady—Shadowgraphy.
Harry Kinnon—Punch and Judy.

AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY taken from one of the Pyramids of Egypt, by Prof. Ward, of Rochester, N. Y. An embalmed body, in a good state of preservation, at least three thousand, three hundred years old.

THE ALLIGATOR BOY, Captured of the east coast of North Carolina.

ON THE STAGE:

Miles, Breen & Ireland's Comedy COMPANY,

Introducing Tom Miles, Jr., Master Breen and Little Miss Ireland.

CHAMPION IRISH DANCER OF THE WORLD.

Positively 21 Medals.

☞ This show will be a treat. ☜

DEVIL KID.

Of all the wonderful Freaks of Nature that has ever come into the world, the Devil Kid is certainly the greatest. It is the same which created so much excitement in Cleveland, O., where born. It has horns sprouting from its head, tusks protruding from its mouth in place of teeth, claws in place of hands, hoofs instead of feet, and a tail two feet long.

All the above and much more for One Dime. Children 5 cents. Open every afternoon and evening. 4 stage performances each day, at 2:00, 3:30, 8:00 and 9:15 p. m. Doors open at 1:00 and 7:00.

Coming Next—ANNIE NELSON, the smallest little lady in the world.

Chattel Mortgage Sale

—OF—

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBER GOODS.

No. 29 Calhoun Street.

Mr. M. McDonald, of this city, holding a mortgage on the entire stock of Boots and Shoes of Hugh Dyer & Co., one of the largest retail shoe stores of Toledo, O., they being unable to meet the demands of the mortgagee, were, on the 10th of this month, Closed by the SHERIFF, who by order of the COURT, shipped the entire stock to Fort Wayne, to be closed out at once for less than

33c on the Dollar.

Owing to a great deal of "Humbug," so called "Sheriff's Sales," who are nothing more than stores traveling from town to town selling inferior goods, the public of this city may be suspicious of this sale, we therefore take the precaution to announce this a

Genuine Chattel Mortgage Sale

All our goods are strictly solid, and made by such makers as Pingree & Smith, Ludlow & Co., Gray Bros., John Kelly and Reynolds Bros. The above makers have their name stamped on the goods. Thus, assuring the public that they get what they bargain for.

THE MORTGAGEE

Demands a speedy settlement, and we are ordered by the COURT to close out at once. "Sell the goods no matter how big the loss," that's our orders, and we will SACRIFICE every DOLLAR'S worth for 33c.

This is a chance of a life-time. Don't miss it. You can't afford to. Remember we guarantee to save you from 50c to $3.00 on every pair of shoes you buy.

CHATTEL MORTGAGE SALE

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